This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

MIRABEAU:

A Life-History.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

"Strange lot! Forty years of that smouldering with foul fire-damp and vapor enough; then victory over that;—and, like a burning mountain, he blazes heaven high; and for twenty-three resplendent months pours out, in flame and molten fire-torrents, all that is in him, the Pharos and Wondersign of an amazed Europe;—and then lies hollow, cold, for ever!"

CARLYLE's *French Revolution*.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEA AND BLANCHARD.
1848.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. K. AND P. G. COLLINS, PRINTERS.

PREFACE.

In these times, when the whole continent of Europe is more or less distracted, and when France is stultifying herself in her third revolution, and only our own country stands firmly dignified, any work treating of the former great revolution must call for some prefatorial remarks.

When the present pitiable mais-planting farce was far hidden in the womb of Time, the materials for this work were being laboriously collected; and, before the memorable 23d of February, a considerable portion was ready for the press. It was not, therefore, suggested by this new eruption. I am, however, free to confess, that my selections from Mirabeau's productions, in the latter part of the volume, have been greatly influenced thereby. I have endeavored to choose such passages as were still sound practicable advice to Frenchmen, and, in fact, to every lover of order and of peace.

I was induced to attempt this biography by many reasons. 1st. We have no life whatever of Mirabeau. 2d. The French have no readable memoirs of him. 3d. In all our sketches, &c. of him (and they are as numerous as lives are scarce) not only are very many malignant and scandalous false statements fastened upon him, but the actual actions of his life are misstated, misdated, or omitted. Lastly, I considered him as an ill-used and misjudged man: taking, amid the wrath of parties, the wise, moderate course which lay between them; hating

mob-rule and anarchy as fervently as despotism and absolute monarchical rule, he has fallen in for the plentiful abuse of both parties: which I deemed it quite time—the secret of correct judgment not lying in extremes and excesses—to endeavor to wipe away.

But beyond these, there was another and a higher one. I believed that the moral, deducible from a veracious consideration of Mirabeau's life and actions, would be advantageous to all earnest men, whether politicians or not. To the non-politician, this moral—That a man without steady principles, a sincere devotion to the mysterious spirit-laws each man more or less feels within him, and which we name Conscience and Religion, is a dangerous man; for, though his bad actions may not result from corruption of heart, there must ever be a looseness, a vagueness of principle about him, ruinous to himself, and hostile to the very fundamentals of social virtue.

To the politician, this moral—That in no case, however scrupulously correct be the ulterior object, is it other than culpable and rash to sweep away good and evil promiscuously. The parable teaches, that to let the wheat and tares *grow* together, and root out the tares in the harvest, is wisdom; to pull up the young shoots, throw away the tares, and then attempt replanting the wheat, is not wisdom: is folly; and, it may be crime. The great Mirabeau lamenting, at the close of his life, his youthful violences: and expiating his political rashness by undertaking and perishing under the salvation of the monarchy—dying with the hell-riot he unintentionally had aroused, ringing in his ear—conveys a moral to be recommended to all politicians: to be recommended, above all, to his own countrymen at the present time; whom, judging dispassionately, one would hardly censure for being *too* moderate, *too* temperate in their most organic reforms.

Though no panegyrist, I am nevertheless an ardent admirer of Mirabeau; considering him a man not hateable: a man, in fact, who demands sympathy and pity; his faults being the

result of an improperly-trained, a scandalously-neglected childhood. His errors were but half his; his brilliancies, his goodnesses, were his own, entirely and alone. If, however, to any it should appear that in some instances my sympathy has been too strong, I would beseech such to reflect how far their scruples are conventional—how far vitally Christian: I would remind them that the clinging to the hollow outside when the inner life-principle has long been extracted, is the source of all insincerity, rottenness, and sin.

That, at the commencement of a new National Assembly in France, when the Utopian era of universal brotherhood is once again endeavoring to be established, and the Marseillaise era of universal silliness, fanfaronade, fête-holding, &c., is already established; that what the greatest of all Frenchmen thought, said, and acted amid such scenes, will be interesting to the reading and reflecting world, I cannot but think.

The labor of amassing an accurate account thereof has been protracted and wearying; but if, thereby, a sound conclusion on French politics is facilitated; and if, beyond that, any fellow creature is led to regard this illustrious Mirabeau less as a monster and more as a man, and, instead of hating him with an indignant hate, to love him with an admiring and a tearful love, my purpose is indeed answered, and my labor amply rewarded.

MANCHESTER, *May* 1848.

The following is a list of the principal works from which the historical portion of this work, after careful comparison, has been compiled :—

Adolphus's History of France.
Alison's History of Europe.
Bailli's Memoirs.
Bertrand de Moleville's History of France.
Bouillé's Memoirs.
Campan's Marie Antoinette.
Carlyle's French Revolution.
Droz's History of the Reign of Louis XVI.
Ferrières' Memoirs.
Grönvelt's Letters.
Histoire Parliamentaire.
Impartial History of the French Revolution.
Lafayette's Memoirs (by his Family).
Lamartine's Girondists.
Mignet's History.
Michelet's History.
Pictorial History of England.
Prudhomme's Crimes of the Revolution.
St. Etienne's (Rabout) History of the Revolution.
Secret History of the Revolution.
Smyth's Lectures.
Staël (Madame de) on the French Revolution.
Thiers's History.
Toulongeon's History.
Williams' (H. M.) Letters from France.
Weber's Life of Marie Antoinette.
&c. &c. &c.

CONTENTS.

BOOK I.

THE EDUCATION BY LETTRE DE CACHET.

Chapter		Page
I.	Introductory	15
II.	Genealogic	20
III.	The Heir with no Friends	29
IV.	Corsica—Mirabeau—Paris—and the Court	37

BOOK II.

THE HUSBAND AND THE LOVER.

I.	Marriage—Embarrassment—Quarrel—Imprisonment	47
II.	Castles of If and Joux	52
III.	Sophie!	58
IV.	The chase—Hounds at fault—Game escaped	63
V.	Holland—Love and Literature—Arrest, but not a rest	69
VI.	Vincennes	75

BOOK III.

THE TRAVELING VOLCANO.

I.	Freedom—Conciliation—Sophie—Pontarlier	85
II.	Inaction in Switzerland—Action in Aix	95
III.	Paris—Belgium—Poverty—"A New Heloise"—For England	107
IV.	Residence in England	112
V.	Paris—Calonne and Stock-jobbing	121
VI.	Berlin—Frederick the Great—Return to Paris—Berlin again—Paris	128
VII.	The Works on Finance—Flight to Liege—Return—Visit to Prussia, and final return to France	139
VIII.	Paris and Politics	150
IX.	Paris and Literature—Advice to the Dutch—"Prussian Monarchy"—Romilly and Pamphlet on the Bicêtre	161

Chapter Page
X.—Political ferment—Ministerial advances—The sun rises over the waste waters—Land in the distance - - - - 166
XI.—Struggles for election—To be, or not to be? - - - 172
XII.—Provence—Battles with the Noblesse—Sublime defiance—Expulsion—The third estate—Paris—Provence—Triumph - 178

BOOK IV.

THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

I.—Introductory Observations—The Procession—Opening of the States—Mirabeau's Newspaper - - - - - 195
II.—Battle with the Privileged Orders—Appeal to the Clergy—Advances to the Court—First and second oration on the verification and name of the Assembly—The sitting of the 23d of June - - - - - - - - - 204
III.—Speech on the dismission of the troops—Death of Mirabeau's father, and taking of the Bastile—Splendid outburst of eloquence - - - - - - - - - 215
IV.—Address to the king—Necker's recall—Visit to the ruins of the Bastile—Massacre of Foulon and Berthier—Speech in favor of the inviolability of letters—Rights of Man—Oration in support of the veto—Brilliant effusion—The mob at Versailles - 224
V.—An inquiry into Mirabeau's connection with the Duke of Orleans 235
VI.—Foresight and misgivings of Mirabeau—Brief alliance with Lafayette—The Assembly at Paris—Mirabeau's share in the debates—Great speech on the subject of the Clerical Proprietors, and on the Genevese loan - - - - - 244
VII.—On the territorial division—Liberty of the Press—The Abbe Maury—The murder of Favras—Great effusion on the term of the Assembly—Orations on the right of declaring war - 260
VIII.—Mirabeau on the slave-trade - - - - - - 270
IX.—Mirabeau speaking—Eulogium on Franklin—Miscellaneous—Monetary speeches—The Chatelet impeachment—Speech on the Clerical affairs—Miscellaneous - - - - - 282
X.—On the clergy again—War measure—On the tobacco duties—Mirabeau President—Deputation of Quakers—Speech on the emigration laws—Miscellaneous—On the regency - - 293
XI.—Mirabeau's connection with the King and Queen - - 313
XII.—Mirabeau's private life - - - - - - 330
XIII.—Last efforts—Illness and death - - - - - 340
XIV.—Sensation created by his death—Post-mortem examination—was Mirabeau poisoned?—Funereal—Episodic - - - 351
XV.—Conclusional - - - - - - - - 364

BOOK I.

THE EDUCATION BY LETTRE DE CACHET.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." SOLOMON.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

In looking forth upon the broad and murky aspect of the French revolution, one individual above all others pre-eminently great, strikes the eye, and arrests the admiring attention of the hero-worshiper—and that one is, Gabriel Honoré de Riquetti, Count of Mirabeau. In the dreary annals of that arid eighteenth century, he appears as a bright oasis upon some wide Sahara-desert; as a glorious Geyser-fountain, bubbling from the lone Icelandic soil; or, as a resplendent scintillation gleaming from the black immensities of night!

To the memory of this man, as yet, no adequate biographical monument has been raised; let us therefore be pardoned, if, in the absence of a mighty statue, we endeavor to raise some smaller bust—humble, but we hope a faithful representation of the man. Previous, however, to doing which, it may not be unadvisable to say a few words on our predecessors in the same path.

In England, we have no life of this man at all, either translated or otherwise; which, considering the voluminous lives of Napoleon, by Scott, by Hazlitt, and a crowd of *literati*, reflects small honor upon the discerning faculty of our nation. We have a translation of Dumont's *Souvenirs*, and of half the *Fils Adoptif;* beyond that, not a line, that the present writer, after searching every accessible catalogue, can discover. Nor, in fact, are the French nation very much better: the number of lives they possess is, we believe, none; the number of *attempts*, about seven.

Of the lives by Chaussard and others, it is sufficient to say

that they had no resemblance to Mirabeau's real life, beyond the wide facts, that he was born, that he spoke well in the Assembly, and that he died; and also, that they have long since been consigned to that oblivion which all such entirely false books justly merit.

The biographies of Peuchet and Vitry, however, claim more attention; inasmuch as they are true, and that till of late years they were the standard lives of Mirabeau. But, if we except the afore-named attempts, falser and duller works never issued from the press of any nation. Both were entirely ignorant of his private life, and not very conversant with his true public career: the one, Peuchet, is an avowed and implacable enemy of Mirabeau, whose book is comprised of an untrue and purely fictitious narrative of his personal adventures, in which every scandalous anecdote floating in France has found ready insertion; the other, Vitry, is the undisguised panegyrist of his friend, and would perhaps have written a correcter life, had he possessed any other material than his own imagination. To sum up all, both these lives are execrable: we have no biography in the English language so utterly and unblushingly false, and at the same time so thoroughly tedious, as these seven volumes. They have ceased to be read, or perhaps even remembered, in France, save by life-writers and historians, and no edition of either has appeared for many years.

The French nation were well aware of this glaring deficiency in their biographical literature, and not a few authors were willing to commence so honorable a task; but then it was not apparent where truer materials than those of Peuchet and Co. were to be obtained; for the forty years of Mirabeau's private career were only known by the family papers—these lay in the hands of his adopted son, who, it was currently reported, was engaged in compiling a life therefrom. This was quite enough to deter any man, however self-sufficient, from attempting one, and it is therefore no discredit to the French that none were written till that of the adopted son's appeared in 1834; the only wonder is, that since then no clear and vigorous condensation thereof has been given to the world. In 1832, however, great expectations were excited throughout the reading world, by the announcement of some "Recollections of Mirabeau," by his friend and *collaborateur*, Etienne Dumont of Geneva. These were doomed to undergo fearful disappointments; for, except three or four piquant anecdotes, there is

hardly an interesting or veracious fact in the three hundred pages comprised under the head of *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau*. Not that we would insinuate that Dumont knowingly and wilfully lied in these Recollections; he was doubtless upright in his intent, but it must be borne in mind that they were first penned, from memory alone, at least thirty years after the actual occurrence, and by a man who informs us several times that he always had a radically defective memory. Nevertheless, as several historians have seen fit to believe and give currency to all such details as are depreciatory to Mirabeau, it may be as well to make a remark or two on the claims Dumont prefers, as to the authorship of several orations of his friend. It is impossible to prove that he is wrong, but there is strong presumptive evidence to show that he is so: for instance, in cases where names, events, and personages are mentioned, the correctness whereof can be indubitably ascertained from veritable sources, in nine cases out of ten Dumont's memory has been treacherous, and they are erroneous in his book; if, therefore, these which *can* be proved, are so equivocal, is it not probable that the other unprovable ones are of a like apocryphal nature? Then, again, if Dumont could compose, as he says he did, the brilliant and world famous orations laid claim to by him, how is it that he could not continue to infuse such genius into the numerous works appearing under his name; and which are all flat, stale, and leaden productions, unillumined by the faintest glimmering of genius of the most meagre kind? The case is this: several orations lie before the world, claimed alike by Mirabeau and by Dumont: the latter, in all his other works, evinces no such power of writing; the former, in all his works, manifests more or less of the same brilliance; and on one or two occasions (as when De Brezé entered with a repetition of the king's commands to separate), when it was altogether impossible that the words uttered could be anything else than extemporaneous, he rises into a strain of sublimity far superior to the contested orations. Let, however, the respectable M. Dumont's questionable little book pass: if all come to all, Mirabeau can resign these same speeches, and his fame be none the less brilliant for their sacrifice. But when, in 1836, the work of the adopted son (by name Lucas Montigny) issued complete into the world, in eight large octavo volumes, bearing the title of *Mémoires Biographiques, Litteraires et Politiques, de Mirabeau; écrits par Lui-même, par son Père, son*

Oncle, et son Fils Adoptif, the world imagined that the true work had at length arrived, and that, as regarded the grand Riquetti, its biography would be now complete. One can easily imagine with what eagerness the noblest and most original writer of this century received those volumes; how he was disappointed in the same, let his own magnificent review thereof testify. We cannot better describe M. Montigny's work than in the words of that review, which runs thus:—

"This biographical work is a monstrous quarry or mound of shot-rubbish, in eight strata, hiding valuable matter, which he that seeks will find. Valuable, we say; for the adopted son having access, nay, welcome and friendly entreaty, to family papers, to all manner of archives, secret records, and working therein long years with a filial unweariedness, has made himself piously at home in all corners of the matter. He might with the same spirit (as we always upbraidingly think) so easily have made us at home too! But, no; he brings to light things new and old; now precious illustrative private documents, now the poorest public heaps of mere pamphleteer and parliamentary matter, so attainable elsewhere, often so omissible were it not to be obtained; and jumbles and tumbles the whole together with such reckless clumsiness, with such endless copiousness (having wagon-loads enough), as gives the reader many a pang. . . . Call it a mine,—artificial, natural silver mine. Threads of beautiful silver lie scattered, which you must dig for, and sift; and suddenly, when your thread or vein is at the richest, it vanishes (as is the way with mines) in thick masses of agglomerate and puddingstone, and no man can guess whither. . . . Undoubtedly, the adopted son's will was good. Ought we not to rejoice greatly in the possession of these same silver mines; and take them in the buried mineral state or in any state, too thankful to have them, now indestructible, now that they are printed? Let the world, we say, be thankful to M. Montigny, and yet know what they are thanking him for. No *life of Mirabeau* is to be found in these volumes, but the amplest materials for writing a *life*."*

With this judgment, having, to the sore trial of our patience, waded carefully through the "eight strata," we must cordially agree; for the book is, indeed, a dust-heap containing diamonds. We have pages and pages of familiar prattle between

* Carlyle's Miscellanies, iv. 14.

persons whom nobody cares about, on topics which nobody cares about; and we have lines upon subjects of world-interest; nevertheless, one thing may be said, *which cannot be said of any other account of Mirabeau whatsoever*, that in these eight volumes no lie is to be found: no statement is hazarded, that cannot be proved beyond all controversy.

Feeling a deep interest in this Mirabeau, and seeing that in biographical dictionaries, and histories of Europe, and such like, nothing but the grossest falsehoods have hitherto been propagated; and believing, moreover, that, as it is the vilest sin to traduce or disbelieve a hero, so is it the noblest purpose pen can be applied to, to untraduce and make clean that hero, and to cleanse his effigy from the filth which ignorance or malevolence have flung upon it; we have endeavored, with much expense and more labor, to concentrate from this *fils adoptif*, and other accredited sources, a concise and veracious life-history of Mirabeau.

The whole of the private history has been taken from the invaluable family papers printed by M. Montigny, but not without comparison with other accounts; the public portion has been compiled from the papers of the times, and the endless shoals of histories of the eventful period wherein Mirabeau flourished. The margins, therefore, have not been burdened by innumerable references, since the former portion has been collated from M. Montigny's productions, and the latter is generally known, and little differing from ordinary historic narrative, save in its exclusiveness to what relates to Mirabeau. On the word of a true man, we can state, that in these pages there is no single fact promulgated, the truth whereof we have not taken every pains to discover; the truth whereof we ourselves do not implicitly believe.

Come, then, therefore, O thou reader, who—in these times of artificiality and money-worship, when dancing harlots drive Heaven's own inspiration to the shades, and the senseless, the sensual, and the frivolous are worshiped as more noble than the high, the pure, and the celestial—still hast an eye for truth, and reverencest God and the godlike in man;—come, and we will trace together the life-struggle of this giant-man—mark how he lived, fought, conquered, and finally went to his rest elsewhere. And when, at the conclusion of our traveling, we have gained the mountain-top, and look down upon the prospect of a life outstretched beneath us, believe me, we shall

find it as a beautiful Chamouni-valley, with azure skies, sunbeams, starlight, dew-tears, sweet bird-melodies, and at times with loud-roaring avalanche-thunders!

CHAPTER II.

GENEALOGIC.

1267—1749.

It is among the numberless characteristics of great men, that, by their own original lustre, they bring into notice, and throw some interest around, many other individuals; who, had it not been for them, might have remained in undisturbed oblivion: they are like midnight lightning, which not only manifests its own radiance, but flings a glow upon the lengthened landscape far as the eye can follow it. We may safely say that, had it not been for the subject of this biography, the long and illustrious line of the Riquettis, individually and collectively, would never have attracted attention at the present day. Not even the brave Jean-Antoine, nor the Friend of Man, would have been known: save, perhaps, in some very minute encyclopædia. For the most part it is popular curiosity which thus prompts the life-writer, ere introducing his hero, to make the public acquainted with his ancestors—rejoicing unboundedly if they but chance to be of gentle blood. But it is a higher and a deeper reason which urges us to speak of Mirabeau's predecessors. It is because a sketch of them will manifest a fact, on which, in judging Mirabeau, we must lay much stress —that all his errors were not the result of his own vicious propensity, but simply of a constitutional fire-bloodedness and headlong stormfulness, traceable in all his ancestors, and evidently concentrating itself, and becoming more flameful, in his more immediate progenitors.

The feud between the mighty parties of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, divided in endless vicissitude the city of Florence: the Guelphs banishing the Ghibellines to-day, and tomorrow the Ghibellines returning in force and banishing the Guelphs, and so on. The first notice we get of the existence of the Riquetti or Arrighetti family, is in the year 1267, when

Azzucius, or Azzo Riquetti, and all his connections and relatives, were, with many other Ghibellines, banished from Florence, by the then dominant faction. Azzo, thinking it better to establish his family permanently in a less distracted country, did not lie in the neighborhood waiting feverishly for a reaction, but with the decision of a brave man, took ship and landed with his son on the coast of Provence, and proceeded at once to establish himself at Seyne, an Alpine town of some importance. That the name was far-famed and noble in those days is indubitable, since the banished Azzo was ranked on the spot with the nobility around, and his son Peter married the beautiful heiress of the Count of Provence, Sybil de Fos, the Troubadour's heroine. "*Juvat Pietas*" was the family's motto; in keeping with which, and no doubt with the more tangible purpose of establishing a good name, Azzo founded an hospital at Seyne. His descendants, at different periods, erected Jesuits', Chartreux, and Récolet's convents at Marseilles; but did not show any devotion to the church by entering into its priesthood, as was the fashion with younger sons: they were of a wilder and fiercer nature. Anthony I., his son, rose to the highest honors, being elected chief judge of the province—an officer who must be of the purest nobility, and from whose judgment there was no appeal. This man it was, says tradition, who, in fulfilment of a vow at sea, chained two mountains at Moustier together, by a large iron chain, with an immense five-pointed star in the centre: whether this remains yet we cannot say, but it was in existence in 1770. Anthony died in 1412, and was succeeded by his son Jacques, who purchased the co-lordship of the town of Riez, and whose grandson Honoré I. transplanted the family to Marseilles, where it soon rose to great splendour. Marseilles was at that time a second Venice—a proud, imperious, mercantile city, making terms with kings, and having its own independent government, with a first consul chosen from a noble and military family solely. Jean, the son of Honoré, seems to be the first clearly distinguishable great man of the Riquettis. In 1562 he was chosen first consul of the city. The protestant religion first appearing in plots and conspiracies in Marseilles in his day; this Jean, being a chivalrous catholic, scattered them like smouldering ashes, and trod them under foot: not without danger from friends and enemies. The populace, his friends, tore in pieces the deputy of the protestants, and Jean was

wounded in endeavoring to save him. However, he succeeded in driving the innovators from the town, sent from his own private resources three hundred men to the catholic army, and, from the same source also, provisioned the garrison with necessary food. Despite these extensive outlays, Jean amassed a gigantic fortune by bold and successful speculation; he purchased the estate of Mirabeau, near Marseilles, whence his descendants took their title, as well as several others, and established a large country house, with immense pleasure-gardens in the town itself. But though a zealous catholic, he was not a bigoted one, as his reply to the Bishop of Digne testifies. Charles IX. granted to Jean de Riquetti some feudal rents which he had previously granted to the bishop. A dispute naturally arose, and the bishop wishing to be sarcastic with the layman, called him in some correspondence, in a sneering manner, "Jean de Riquetti, a merchant of Marseilles;" to which Jean replied, "I am, or was, a merchant of police here (a high office eligible for the nobility alone), much in the same manner as my Lord the Bishop is a merchant of holy water." A bold man, evidently; who saw his own path clearly, followed it, and truckled to no man. A sudden anti-royalist reaction, however, drove him away from his estates for several years; until at length, in extreme old age, he who had held out the town for Charles IX. saw its gates open to receive the representative of the good Henri Quatre, and himself and family reinstated in their former glory: having beheld which, he departed in peace elsewhither. Honoré II., his son, succeeded him, and was a royalist also, and when Louis XIII. besieged Montpellier, he headed a gratulatory deputation to him; and the monarch took his son to court, being pleased with the father, who died in 1622. Thomas, his son, was educated at court, and introduced liveries into Marseilles for the first time; his own color being crimson: he lived in magnificent state at Marseilles, and wasted the estates grievously in so doing. Apropos of this man, a word may be said of the wives of the Mirabeaux. They seemed to select women of the same high and dauntless spirit—women who would have appeared as men, mated with any other race than Riquettis. Thomas married Anne, daughter (as the *Morning Post* of those days worded it) of the "magnificent Lord Pompey de Pontèves and de Bous, and the magnificent Lady Margaret de la Baume de Suze." This lady coming out of church once, and going

to the holy water font, when a lady stepped before to cross herself, thrust her on one side with a blow, saying, "Here, as in the army, the *baggage* goes behind." With such mothers and such fathers, no wonder that from the Riquettis sprang the king of the revolution. In the days of this Thomas, there were again anti-royalist disturbances, and he and his son were wounded in quelling a revolt. This was, however, compensated by Louis XIV., then a youth, lodging, in his visit to Marseilles, at the house of Thomas, together with the Queen-dowager and Cardinal Mazarin. The constitution of Marseilles was altered by this royal visit: the office of First Consul was abolished, and a merchant corporation of aldermen (elected by tradesmanship and obesity of course), and such like, established in its stead. This caused the Riquettis to take less interest in the town, and devote themselves more to Mirabeau and its lonely castle, standing grayly on a barren rock in a secluded valley. The king, however, left a patent, erecting Mirabeau into a marquisate; with which title of first Marquis De Mirabeau, Honoré III., son of Thomas, took the family estates. These being entirely dissipated and disarranged by his father's reckless profusion, Honoré, like a brave man, drew in at once all unnecessary expenditure, and withdrew for several years to retirement at the castle, where he studied the classic writers diligently. He emerged, however, from this seclusion with great pomp, on being elected first Procurator of Provence; and, while he held that office, resided at Aix. As if to compensate for his hermit-like manhood, his decline was one continued scene of action—action after the Riquetti manner—hot, bold, and haughty. When the Count of Hamilton advanced against Aix, he found the gates closed: and Honoré, as procurator, went forth to explain the reason. Hamilton, in true English haughtiness, demanded the reason of the closure of the gates; but was surprised when Honoré answered him, "Young man, lower your tone, I beg!" and he had to lower it. Shortly after, taking a petition from Marseilles to court, the minister to whom he presented it received him with ministerial frigidity, and even insolent haughtiness. "I see, sir," cried Honoré, proudly, "that it is better to treat with the king personally than with his servants; I shall therefore proceed to his majesty." Upon which the minister, being frightened, recalled him, and granted his request. He died at Marseilles in

1687, and was succeeded by the celebrated Jean-Antoine, surnamed *Col d'Argent*, grandfather of Mirabeau.

The life of this individual has been written by him whose life we in our turn humbly essay to shadow forth, and is a readable work of some hundred and fifty pages. This man, save his grandson, was the most illustrious of his race: he possessed all the qualities of that race in a finer and more vivid degree. At twenty-one he became marquis; he was tall and imposing in his stature, elegant in carriage; with a polished manner, ready wit, indomitable daring, and firm decision of character: and yet, with all these advantages, he did not marry till he was forty; wounded, crippled, and his disposition warped by trial and danger. Like all the nobility, he entered the army: but *un*like all the nobility, he suffered as much from actual warfare as any soldier in any age. There are many anecdotes, all demonstrating his courage and wit in his early army days. One day there was a review, and just when the troops had defiled before the crown inspector, Jean-Antoine, their captain, cantered up. Dismounting from his charger, he went to the inspector to notify his presence; but was informed that, not having been there when the troops were inspected, he had been marked as absent, and would be reported so. The major standing near, with whom the strange captain was no doubt a favorite, commenced pleading with the inspector to change the report, but fruitlessly; when Jean-Antoine marching up to the official said, "I am absent then, sir?" "You are, sir," was the reply. "In which case this occurs in my absence," whereupon he inflicted a severe horse-whipping upon the man in authority before the whole parade. His early life is one series of such scenes; all original; all more or less noble. But in battles was his chief business; he fought incessantly. The Duc de Vendôme used to speak of him as "his right-hand man." He took an active part in numerous battles most celebrated in those days, but of which the very names are fading away now: in all his campaigns he was ever the same sprightly, dignified, fiery, original man—the one man of his corps. In the intervals of active service, he rushed down to Marseilles to half-kill excise officers, punish refractory priests, discharge tyrannous stewards, and generally superintend his estates. In 1705, however, when he was thirty-nine and unmarried, his life was placed in the greatest jeopardy at the battle of Cassano; which took place under the command of the Duc de Vendôme, with the Austrian forces

under Prince Eugene, near the Lake of Garda. The brave Jean-Antoine on this occasion performed almost incredible feats of valor—carrying bridges, storming mills, mingling in hand to-hand death-battle heroically, receiving *twenty-seven* wounds in two hours' fighting; until, sinking bleeding upon the ground, he was borne away for dead. But although he was covered with wounds, and had his neck nearly severed in twain, dead he was not. He had to reproduce himself in the shape of another Marquis de Mirabeau: and so he had to get a silver collar for his neck, and balsam for his wounds, and recover as soon and as entirely as he could. He did recover; but was ever after, of course, a broken down man, and a man of strong splenetic eccentricity. To the end of his life, he spoke of this battle as "the day when I was killed." The year following, being in a weak state of body, he retired to Digne to drink the waters. At this place, he became acquainted with Mademoiselle de Castellane, the last decendant of an ancient but very poor house. Money alliances Jean-Antoine scorned, and he therefore determined to marry her. But his courtship was abrupt and singular; it consisted of a proposal to the lady to marry him clandestinely, without the knowledge of any of her relatives, till the day after the ceremony. This was naturally refused, and the hero of the silver-collar, to forget his disappointment, made a visit to Paris. The Duc de Vendôme, proud of his fellow-soldier and veteran, introduced him to the king, Louis XIV., in all his splendor. But the infamous court, and court-purlieus, were not pleasing to the proud Riquetti; and when the monarch was complimenting him blandly upon his prodigious valor and many services, he surprised the whole court, by exclaiming, indignantly, "Yes, sire! and had I deserted my standard, and come up hither and bribed some prostitute, I should have had promotion, and fewer wounds!"* A man like that is not fit for court society: he is fit alone for man's society; and so the choleric marquis was dispatched to Provence once more, as soon as convenient. On his return, he contrived to conclude his marriage with Mademoiselle de Castellane, whom he espoused in May 1708. Several children succeeded this union; of whom all died early, save three—two of whose names will frequently occur in these pages. He pursued his military occupation for a few years more, and then, retiring into private

* Fils Adoptif, i. 140.

life, employed himself in all manner of quarrels and uproars. in which he ever acted as a Riquetti alone could do; until, in 1737, he sank to his rest, at the age of seventy-one. This was a brave man and a true man: the very man one could have supposed as ancestral to Mirabeau: a man whose memoirs, well-written, might make as agreeable and altogether a less sensual volume than those of the Count de Grammont: detailing the story of a man you could admire and love. The names of Jean-Antoine's three surviving sons were Victor, Marquis de Mirabeau, born in Provence on the 5th October 1715; Jean-Antoine-Joseph-Charles Elzéar (!) born in Provence two years later; and Louis-Alexandre, born in 1724. Of this latter, it may be sufficient to say, that he was a knight of Malta—a captain; fought at several battles; married a lady on whom virtue sat easily, by no means incommoding; was hunted out of France by his eldest brother; and died, estranged from his family in 1761, without issue. The next elder to him, with the astonishingly lengthy prenomina, was a much more amiable character; and, as he survived his nephew, the great Mirabeau, and was throughout life intimately connected with his destiny, claims more notice. He was a knight of Malta, as usual, at three years old, and early in life entered the galley service; he was at an engagement, and taken prisoner by the English. After his release, he rose to be captain, and was appointed Governor of Guadaloupe. Ill health, however, drove him home, and after a little more warfare, he accepted the office of Bailli of Mirabeau, and retired for the remainder of his days to the castle thereat. By the name of the bailli, he was ever after known. In character, he was gentle for a Mirabeau; but had still all their ruggedness and obstinacy: insomuch that he could not flatter, for a long space, Madame Pompadour, when he had an interview with that illustrious harlot, but broke into a hot reply, which effectually ruined his prospects at court. He was lively, witty, and affectionate; and it was to him that the marquis addressed the shoals of epistles, from whence the history of Mirabeau has to be gleaned.

But it was Victor himself, the eldest, who—both from his being Mirabeau's father, and for his own singular and, at bottom, loveable character—more particularly interests us now. Stranger man than this marquis never came forth upon the earth. Perverse, crabbed, obstinate, vehement-tempered, and tyrannous, he was one mass of conflicting elements confined

in too narrow space, and ever bursting out, often in fiery brilliance, often in empty wind, and oftener still in lurid smoke. Professing in his theories unlimited love for his fellow-creatures *en masse*, and being known by the title of the Friend of Man, there was no individual with whom he was in daily intercourse with whom he did not quarrel: excepting, perhaps, a questionable lady and her allies. He believed himself to be the regenerator of France; was determined that all his relatives or friends should be *him*; and when they would be themselves, he had one invariable specific, a *lettre-de-cachet* and prison cooling: until, at length, the minister informed him that he had had no less than *fifty-four* of these missives, and that more could not be granted. With his wife he had a fifteen years' law-suit and quarrel, of scandalous recrimination and mutual severity; until the marquis lost the day, and the marchioness obtained a separation. As a writer, he was by no means despicable: but it was his becoming an economist and literary man, that "soured the genial current of his soul," by making every man who could not digest his *Ephémérides*, or *Leçons Economiques*, his personal enemy. He was a warm, unwearied partisan of the theories of Dr. Quesnay: a kind of romantic Benthamism; a barren system, wherein feudalism and philanthropic reform are endeavored to be united. He poured forth volume after volume of his rough and vapory essays, with untiring rapidity; which were eagerly read by the followers of Dr. Quesnay, whose successor the marquis was looked upon to be. In all, they numbered about eighty volumes: but written in such a manner! Conceive, if such a thing be conceivable, Goethe or Carlyle sitting down in a state of intoxication to write a volume in a night; pouring forth copiously the ravings of their distorted intellects; dusky, unintelligible, unfathomable, but with every here and there a ray of the sober intellect and mighty genius of the man flooding in among it. Such a thing conceived, and the marquis's eighty economy-tomes lie before you. He writes straight forward to his goal with a headlong impetus: tedious, dull, and unreadable for the most part, but flinging off, every now and then, a scintillating spark, a real gem of genius. Besides these volumes, he wrote twice the quantity of letters, to all manner of persons, in the same murky style of composition: for the weakness of his character was a want of reticence. Whatever happed, silence to him was impossible; and so, for

some years, we have a ceaseless tide of epistles, hissing, screaming, moaning, whining, snivelling, or swearing at the passing events, political or private. But his character will unfold itself in his connection with his son. His story is soon told. At three he was a knight of Malta; at fourteen he entered the army as an ensign, and soon rose to a captain. He was at a few battles, and was honored with the Grand Cross of St. Louis. At twenty-two he succeeded to the title and estate; and thenceforth devoted himself body and soul to the propagation of his theories on political economy. At twenty-seven, conceiving like Benedick that "the world must be peopled," (for the Friend of Man had small love for woman in his constitution: for which defect, perhaps, his son compensated!) and deeming, moreover, that the Mirabeaux must not die out, he led to the altar Marie-Geneviève De Vassan, of high birth and great fortune, but not beautiful. She was a maid-widow when he married her, having been united to the Marquis De Saulvebœuf at twelve, who died before he consummated the union. Connected with this marriage, the marquis manifested an amusing instance of paltry credulity: being anxious for a *son*, the Duc De Nivernois informed him of a certain method (not known to us, and therefore we cannot insert it: did we know it, however, it might perhaps be *un*insertable) whereby the parent could insure the masculinity of his child. He had had one boy and four girls (the boy dead), when this plan was communicated to him. He adopted it; and Gabriel Honorè, and afterwards Boniface, being the result, he became a firm believer in its efficacy: accordingly, when his eldest child was married to M. du Saillaint, he informed the happy bridegroom of his wonderful secret: the bridegroom, son-loving, gleefully and faithfully put it into practice, and the result was—a nice family of *eighteen daughters!*

Shortly before his marriage, he purchased an estate not far from Sens, called Bignon, and took an hotel in Paris; being the first Mirabeau who had resided fixedly away from Provence, since Azzo Riquetti first entered it. This was one of the marquis's many incongruities; for his own theory advocated the strict following out of the spirit and habits of ancestors. At Bignon he lived in a state of quarrel with his wife and all around him, laboring at his delusive task: a brave man asceticized, a good man marred, a light struggling in coppery fogs and pestilential mists. Thus, from the days when the Ari-

ghettis were hurled forth from Florence, through Henri Quatre's battle days, and through many centuries, we have brought this singular race down even to an era of Louis Quinze, and skeptical Voltairism. They have been fierce-tempered, wild-blooded, lion-hearted, noble-minded: truly a right illustrious house of manly men. Victor, their gnarled representative, has now had five children, his heir dead: a somewhat fruitful marriage. But, now in the year 1749, when cold ice-bearing February is going out, and bluff March coming in roaringly, the Friend of Man is looking anxiously forward; for another child is expected: an heir is wanted, and Nivernois promises that this *shall* be a male. Madame la Marquise, weakened with a stormy pregnancy, saunters slowly in the bowery groves and on the stone terraces of Bignon, silent, contemplative; with such thoughts as a mother can imagine. That a child is on the eve of being born she feels, she knows: that that child shall, with his wild forest-roar and his giant intellect, shake the world, she knows not, feels not, dreams not. Yet it must be so. The times are pregnant with the gestation-product of the crimes of a thousand years: even now, the world is restless, anticipating the hour; and ere very long that hour shall come, and amid the cries of a rapturous France and a wonder-stricken Europe, REVOLUTION will be born. And lo! so inscrutably moves the Lord Eternal, on the eighth day of March, in remote Bignon, a woman lies down-stricken, crying in her awful travail-throes, who shall bear the man to rule, to direct, and to compel it!

CHAPTER III.

THE HEIR WITH NO FRIENDS.

1749—1769.

GABRIEL-HONORÉ DE RIQUETTI, Count of Mirabeau, was born at Bignon, on the 9th of March, 1749. Poor Marie-Geneviève, his mother, had no easy time of it. All political births are dangerous, if not death-births; and the birth of this great political king was perilous in an alarming degree. During the period of her gestation, the marchioness had not enjoyed good

health, so that she was but ill prepared to undergo what she *had* to undergo: for the unnatural magnitude of the child's head caused her much torture, and placed her life in imminent peril. It had, perhaps, been happier for her had she died then: but she did not, and the child was brought safely into the world.

When the marquis went to see his son, the nurses thought it necessary to prepare him by saying, "Do not be afraid:" and well they might, for the child was of a size and vigor never before known—at least never chronicled. He had an immense head, almost amounting to a deformity; a twisted foot; two molar teeth were found cut, and his tongue was tied by the *frænum*. It is very remarkable that the greatest modern orator should have been born tongue-tied. A wonderful being, however, this was—wonderful at his birth as well as exit; but trebly wonderful in his peculiar life-lot.

There are few chronicles regarding his early days: the marquis, gossiping on every little paltry subject, forgets for the most part this most important subject in France. At a year old he is described as an enormous fellow, whose pastime consisted chiefly in beating his nurse. At three years old he lay in a precarious state for many days with the smallpox, confluent and malignant, preying upon his very life. His mother, in mistaken kindness, poured some quack ointments upon his face, so that, when he recovered, his features were disfigured and deformed by huge seams and furrows; so much so that, at five years of age, his father, in describing him to his uncle the bailli, thus speaks: "Your nephew is as ugly as the nephew of the devil."

It was now time to commence the instruction of this ugly being. On this topic the marquis was decided, even before his birth. He was determined to beat nature; to fight and wrestle with her; banish her from the young count, and mould him entirely in the model of his father; so that, when he died, his son might succeed him as chief of the economists. In this fight the marquis was to be defeated, not without much struggling; and Mirabeau was to be as God saw fit he should be, and not as the marquis would have fain cramped and docked him to; and, as in all fights the battle-field is sorely torn and wounded by the conflict, so Mirabeau, in this struggle, suffered all the grievances of the encounter.

M. Poisson (a kind of factotum to the marquis) was dele-

gated to the responsible office of tutor. He seems, from what can be gleaned concerning him, to have been an amiable man; loving his pupil sincerely, taking much trouble with him; and, as a natural consequence, Mirabeau progressed under his tutorage. He was, however, more a brilliant child than one of steady learning; and manifested more vivacity, and even wit, than knowledge and education. His wondering father (who had raised a spirit he feared even then, and consequently all his life strove to repress or keep down the same) wrote generally twice per week to the bailli; in most of which letters he gives some notice of Mirabeau; usually calling him "a marmot," and such like epithets—never by his own name. These accounts varied alternately as the child pleased him, or as his own *Ephémérides* succeeded: "All Paris," writes he, "speaks of his precocity;" shortly after, "the marmot has all at once grown a wag, very inquisitive, and very troublesome."

About this time Mirabeau gave several instances of this precocity. On day, before company, he was asked to write something (he was then six);—he accordingly addressed the following remarks to his tutor:

"Sir, I beg you to be careful with your writing, and not to make blots upon your copy; be attentive to what any one does; obey your father, your master, your mother, and never contradict. Have no deceit; but honor above all things. Attack no one, unless they attack you; defend your country; be not arbitrary with the servants, neither familiar; conceal your neighbor's faults, because you may fall into the same."

Rather remarkable for so young a child. About the same time also he was confirmed by a cardinal; and, at a large supper given in honor of the cardinal's presence and the event, surprised and annoyed the room by a too-acute reply. Explaining theology to the young confirmed, some one remarked that God never made a contradiction; and, on Mirabeau inquiring what a contradiction was, instanced a stick which had only one end; "but," cried the boy, "*is not a miracle a stick with only one end*?"

Day by day as he grew in body, he grew also in spirit and wit, and soon became quite too self-willed and rough for the meek Poisson. "He is never out of punishment," said the marquis: and spoke truly. The chief error of his father was in being extreme to mark what was done amiss: the smallest child's frolic he handled with the severity of a father dealing

with the headlong dissipation of a grown-up son; and any sensible parent knows that the great secret of educating children is a judicious blindness to faults now and then.

At ten years of age, Mirabeau's life was again in much peril, from a very violent fever, under which he suffered for a long period. When his son's life was thus in danger, the marquis awakened to a little regret, though it was chiefly on account of the succession; but after his recovery every particle of love seemed to be banished from his father's constitution, and sour perverseness implanted there instead. One of Mirabeau's first characteristics, manifested after this recovery, was directly in opposition to the whole economic scheme of the marquis; who was sorely exasperated by seeing this dereliction from the appointed path: it was the habit of expending all his moneys upon objects of charity, and even collecting for such. "*Manual* charities," writes the marquis, "are most positively in opposition to my principles." Truly so: a charitable *theory* being of course far better.

When Mirabeau was eleven, prizes were given at Bignon for various feats, and he was so fortunate as to gain a hat for running. He immediately turned to an old bystander, who had but a poor cap, and covering him with the prize hat, said, "Here, take this. I have not two heads!" "He appeared at that moment," writes the son-producer, Nivernois, "as the emperor of the world!"

Nevertheless, to this child, only eleven, beloved by everybody, with a fine open, free, generous soul, the marquis manifested a daily deepening aversion;—calling him the foulest epithets—epithets, which the most degraded sexagenarian blackguard could no more than have merited.

At fifteen, having entirely outgrown the control of Poisson, he was removed to a military school at Paris, kept by the Abbé Choquart; who had orders, above all things, not to spare the rod. Another still more bitter punishment was inflicted upon him; that of being entered under the assumed name of Peter Buffière (from an estate of the family in the Limousin), with the promise that he should resume his own when he had proved himself deserving thereof.

The Abbé Choquart, by nature and occupation, was a stern man, and was, by the marquis's account of his new pupil, prepared to exercise all his sternness upon Mirabeau. But one glance upon the frank, pock-seamed, but still genius-

beaming features of his charge, told him a truer tale than his father's prejudiced jabbering. He was not severe, nor was severity wanted; for Mirabeau devoted himself with unwearied industry to study, and manifested an aptitude and a memory which astonished and delighted. Besides the dead languages, he studied English, Italian, German, and Spanish; in all of which he grew a proficient. But his darling study was mathematics, united with architectural drawing. He was a musician, and even composed some few melodies; while in all the gentlemanly sports he excelled his fellow-students. In short, nothing to the inexhaustible maelstrom-appetite of Mirabeau came amiss. All was grist to *his* mill; and he filled himself with whatever came to hand, good or bad; until, when at forty, he stood with his hand upon the bridle of a Revolution to control it and govern it, no man in Europe had such an immense heterogeneous agglomeration of learning, human, devilish, and divine.

The imprudent kindness of the marchioness contributed at this time to embitter the marquis still further against his unfortunate child. Shortly before the birth of Mirabeau, the marquis, who divided his time between Paris and Bignon, imagined that it would not be disagreeable to have a wife at both ends; and, as the law would not allow this, he kept his legal wife at Bignon to produce Mirabeaux and Barrel-Mirabeaux, and another lady, by name de Pailly, who performed all the functions of a wife at his hôtel in Paris, without the expense and formula of hymeneal rites. She was young, beautiful, artful, designing; and in her hands the gnarled Friend of Man was a puppet. It is to her hatred of Mirabeau that the harsh and unjustifiable conduct of the marquis is attributable. With this arrangement, the marchioness kept peace; but when her husband, adding insult to injury, brought this harlot wife to Bignon, the fierce indignation of an injured woman arose in her soul, and she left him in disgust and wrathful exasperation. A quarrel ensued, which lasted for nearly twenty years, and which ended in the marquis being conquered. Mirabeau, being bare of cash, applied to his mother, whom he always loved dearly; and she, in opposition to the commands of the marquis, supplied him liberally. On this gaining the ears of the marquis, he burst into violent anger (being roused thereto by Madame de Pailly, whose interest it was, of course, to widen the breach), which vented itself in fierce words towards

the marchioness, and in increased severity to his son; who was prohibited from writing to anybody, and denied all subsidies. He, moreover, meditated some sweeping punishment; which was, however, changed for the more rational idea of entering him in the army, he being then eighteen.

Accordingly, on the 19th of July, Mirabeau joined a regiment (as a volunteer, bearing no commission, but being a kind of attaché), then commanded by the Marquis de Lambert, stationed at Saintes, on the river Charente, and not far from Rochelle. This regiment was selected by the marquis, because De Lambert was the most rigorous commander, and the strictest disciplinarian in the service. For about a year everything was favorable regarding the young subaltern: even his father expressed himself satisfied, and procured him a commission. It was a delusive calm, however, and a storm quickly succeeded it: for which the marquis had but to thank his own parsimonious inconsistency. With the most exalted notion of his rank and influence, and anxious that his son should maintain the honor of the family, he refused to supply him with funds anything like adequate to his name and descent: for, though he bore the cognomen of Buffière, it was well known of what lineage he came. The consequence was that Mirabeau contracted a few debts, and then, falling into the hands of those black-legs who always live upon young officers, lost forty louis at play. All this was a mere peccadillo; it was nevertheless treated as a sin unpardonable, and a *lettre-de-cachet* hovered over him from his father. Moreover, it was made the subject of the commander's inquiries; and as Grévin (a creature of Madame De Pailly, and an agent, or rather ruler of the marquis, who resided with Mirabeau, keeping charge of him, and reporting to the father,) advocated severe measures, he was rigorously dealt with. But another case followed up this—an *affaire de cœur*. M. De Lambert was paying his court to the daughter of an archer at Saintes, when, unfortunately Mirabeau beheld and fell in love with her, instanter. Armed with his immense power of ugliness, his eloquence, and, above all, his open air of manly nature, with no subterfuge or sham detectable, he laid siege to her heart, which yielded, forcing the colonel to retire before the sub-lieutenant. Burning with rage, De Lambert revenged himself by having a gross caricature of Mirabeau drawn, which, being circulated through the regiment, made him a general butt for ridicule and

insult; while, at the same time, the colonel used all the innumerable opportunities which his commandership gave him to tyrannize over, and to wound his rival.

Finding such a life unbearable, Mirabeau left his duty, and fled to Paris; where, placing himself under the protection of the Duc De Nivernois, he complained of the severity with which he had been treated. M. De Saillant, who had married his sister, acting for the marquis, confined him in the duc's hôtel, and then carried him down once more to Saintes, and delivered him over to the military tribunal, who passed the sentence customary in such cases,—a short confinement. This, however, did by no means satisfy De Lambert, who panted for an overwhelming revenge; and Grévin, miscalled his mentor, abetted him in his attempts to obtain a decisive vengeance. De Lambert demanded some arrangement from the marquis, and Grévin backed him by sending daily accounts of the extreme perverseness of Mirabeau; calling him a "horrible monster," and other similar names, to demonstrate the applicability whereof no one fact, no proof was ever adduced: but, having a perpetual and all-influential ally in Madame de Pailly, they soon succeeded in working up the marquis to the necessary pitch of wrath.

In this state he decided upon imprisoning his son—more sinned against than sinning—in the prison of the Isle of Rhé. Accordingly, one morning a note was placed in the hands of Mirabeau, which he was requested to deliver to M. De Senneterre, at Rochelle; upon delivering which, he found he had been his own executioner, since the letter contained an order for the arrest and transfer to the Isle of Rhé of Monsieur Peter Buffière, which was instantly complied with.

The bailli of Aulan, governor of the fortress, was charged to confine him closely, allowing no relaxation; and also to watch him narrowly, and report the result of these watchings. Shouly they be unfavorable, the scheme was to send him to Surinam, where blood-fevers, malaria, and all manner of diseases were rampant; so that, to use the cold-blooded summing up of the bailli, (who was led by the marquis, having never seen his nephew,) "we may never behold him again on the horizon:" which speech and purpose, that a respectable fiend might, without inconsistency, have patronized, was duly revealed to Mirabeau; not tending to add pleasure to his prison-life, and infuse charity and love within him.

To us this picture of young Mirabeau at twenty, is one of the most melancholy in the annals of biography. He stands alone with fierce passions, but a noble heart and intellect, and has never had all his life one true guiding and correcting friend, to curb the one, to elevate and exercise the other. Whatever crimes Mirabeau might hereafter commit, we could forgive him: for, how stands he at present? His father hates him, noting every foible, every blemish; and, for the follies of so young a lad, there is no friendly advocating voice to speak one extenuating word: but there are many eager to blacken and deface his character, ever more and more; for the marquis has money, and when his son is in punishment, squanders it on others: therefore have these others a game to play, and they play it well. Grévin* hated him: we have just said, why. Prostitute De Pailly hated him, for a similar reason; and in the hands of these two evil spirits, the marquis is as clay in the hand of the potter, fashioning not for good, but for evil. He condemns a son with a promising genius, unheard, unseen even; purposes his death by the putrefactions and corruptions of a poisonous climate, and loads him to all men with obloquy and contempt. Looking at this injured young Mirabeau at twenty, with that open soul and dawning genius of his—with his wild Provençal blood, the blood of all the Riquettis, running riot through his veins; uncounseled, unloved, yet loving; with his thoughtlessness reprehended as vice; foibles punished as crimes: looking upon, and bearing this in mind, the questionable actions of Mirabeau grow less questionable, and the leviathanic incontinent of forty, appears as the only result expectable from such treatment. He is one in a thousand, who could, with such a prison-life of it, survive till forty: one in ten thousand who could have lived through that, and been such a wholesome man after all. Had he been a cynic, an atheist, a man-hater, one could well-nigh have pardoned him.

O reader, who, lolling in thine easy chair, readest in some half-true history of this Mirabeau, of his liaisons, his amours, his vices, and with strong invectives condemnest him; pause a little, and remember this portion of his life-story: remember these things: that he came of a fiery kindred—that a greater than us all saw fit to breathe into *him* the *hottest* soul of all his

* About a year after this, Grévin visited the bailli, who remonstrated with his brother for placing any reliance on the word of such a fellow as he found him to be.

too-hot race—that in his infancy and golden youth-hood, fair seed-time of his life, no mother taught him godliness; no father pointed out the path of virtue, honor, and integrity; but that villains maligned him; that his friends deserted him; that his father abused him, and hunted him to almost death itself. Weigh against it, how that thou wert born in a chiller climate, of a colder nature; how in thine infancy, morn and even, thy prayers, childlike and beautiful, rose up to heaven; how a mother kissed, a father blessed thee; how the grand God's book was ever in thine hand; the grand Christ's precepts ever in thy mouth; how thy youth has been one of calm instruction in goodness and in virtue; and then ask thyself, how, by what law, right, claim, or reason, thou darest to judge this Mirabeau!

CHAPTER IV.

CORSICA—MIRABEAU—PARIS—AND THE COURT.

1769—1771.

At the Isle of Rhé, as elsewhere, Mirabeau won the friendship of all around him. At Saintes, as his enemy De Lambert was forced to confess, he "divided the town and province between himself and reason:" reason clearly a loser. And scarcely had he been a week in the fortress of Rhé, before he was permitted by the bailli of Aulan, to promenade the citadel: to the vexation of the marquis, who had expressly prohibited any kindness or relaxation; and he had not been a prisoner two months ere this same bailli became his firm friend, and wrote to his father, entreating him to withdraw his *lettre-de-cachet*, and restore Mirabeau to liberty.

All this time Mirabeau was in much uncertainty regarding his future destination; determined alone on one thing, *not* to return to De Lambert's regiment, "I swear upon mine honor," he writes to his mother, "an oath which I will never break, that I will resign my commission, and go abroad, if they force me to serve under his command."

But his affairs, chiefly owing to the favorable report of the Governor, took a turn much more pleasing to the peculiar tem-

perament of Mirabeau. The war, with which the readers of Boswell's Johnson are so well acquainted, was then raging in Corsica, and it was decided that Mirabeau should be enrolled in some regiment destined for active service in that island. The Legion of Lorraine, commanded by the Baron De Viomenil was selected, and he was entered as second lieutenant in the infantry.

About the 20th March, Mirabeau bade farewell to the Isle of Rhé and its kind governor, and landed at Rochelle. Scarcely had he arrived there, before he had the misfortune to embroil himself in a quarrel, the result of which was a duel. This event was cited by Grévin, as another proof of his innate badness, and gave rise to many severe measures on the part of the marquis. And yet Mirabeau was blameless in the affair; which was as follows:—When at Saintes, an officer had been cashiered for dishonorable and disgraceful conduct; and on Mirabeau's arrival at Rochelle, this man meeting him, manifested an inclination for establishing an intimacy between them. His advances being judiciously repulsed by Mirabeau, the officer, in passion, challenged him. A duel ensued, in which the foolish aggressor was very justly wounded; receiving a lesson against pugnacity, we will hope, not soon forgotten.

The embarkation was to take place at Toulon. Mirabeau had, therefore, a long and tedious journey across the country; having to traverse the mountains of Auvergne, and the Languedoc chain. It was not unattended with danger even; for the winter had been remarkably severe, and in some passes the snow lay as deep as twelve feet. At the same time his sister Louisa, then fifteen, was being married to M. De Cabris, and all was festivity at Bignon; where the son and heir was forgotten in the gay rejoicings. This Madame De Cabris will cross us once again ere long.

He arrived at Toulon early in April, and left that port on the 16th for Corsica. That the war then raging there was one of injustice and tyranny there can be no doubt: but a young man escaping from a prison does not weigh such things very much. Mirabeau himself afterwards regretted the share he took in the subjugation of the Corsicans, reproaching himself therewith from the tribune of the National Assembly. In this campaign he distinguished himself by his courage, zeal, and general nobility of conduct; his commander, chosen for his severity and firmness, became his warm and changeless friend;

as did also the lieutenant-general of the army, and many other illustrious officers. He, moreover, devoted his leisure to study, and wrote, during his year's sojourn on the island, a history thereof, not by any means despicable. He is also accused of some amorous feats during his residence; but there is no validity attached to them, they being proofless: and in Mirabeau's life there is such a sublime multitude of the like, that it is quite superfluous to believe any more than can be duly proven.

[1770.] On the 8th of May he re-arrived at Toulon, having strict orders not on any account to allow himself to be recognized. Nevertheless, he was discovered by several old school-comrades; which of course gave umbrage to his tender parent. Having received permission to visit his uncle the bailli, at the castle of Mirabeau, he went to that individual to demand an interview. This was granted, and on the 14th he visited him. As the people of Saintes—the archer's daughter—the Bailli of Aulan—the Baron De Vioménil—so was the Bailli of Mirabeau: he became, save in one or two instances, the staunch supporter and admirer of his nephew. His letters to the marquis about this time, manifest a man almost admiring to dotage.

"I found him," says he, "ugly; but he has not a bad physiognomy: and he has, behind the ravages of the small-pox, and features which are much changed, something graceful, intellectual, and noble." Again, "He appears to me to have a sensitive heart: as for wit, the devil has not so much. I repeat to you, either he is the most adroit and consummate humbug in the universe, or else he will be the best subject in Europe for a naval or military commander, for a minister, a chancellor, a pope: in short, anything he will. You were something (to the marquis) at twenty-one, but not half what he is." Again, "I can swear to you, that we have found in him a little vivacity and fire, *but not one word which did not denote uprightness of heart, elevation of soul, power of genius; all, perhaps, a little exuberant.*"

Such was the testimony of the bailli to his noble nephew: and what does the marquis? Does he write for his son, and give his parental love and confidence so long and so unjustly retarded? Not so: he dispatches a series of the stupidest letters imaginable, declining any connection with M. Buffière at present, but strongly urging that outcast to apply himself zealously to the study of his father's multitudinous productions.

"I wish," he writes to the bailli, "you would make him read the *Economiques* and the *Ephémérides*. Tell your nephew, that wolf's cub, who always writes to me off-hand, and never deferentially, that the young Prince of Baden has sent me an 'Economic Summary;' and that he who succeeds to my name, should occupy my place in that branch of science. Let him read the *Economiques* and the editor's preface: it is the most elaborate work I ever wrote; though I was ill at the time."

But to the clear-seeing vigorous intellect of such a man as Mirabeau, this sterile and even cold-blooded system of economics, whereby man is not permitted to be different, cold, hot, lukewarm, good, bad, nonentic, the child of destiny, of God's will; but rather a being, eating, drinking, marrying, begetting, thinking, by fixed rules and laws, always with an eye to the revenue and population tables: an intricate machine worked by some cunning, little logicist; such a course of study could, to such a man, present small satisfaction. Mirabeau did *not* study his father's book; but, on the contrary, openly expressed the profoundest contempt for his theories, and panted eagerly for active military service, or any *real work:* which depreciation of his works tended not a little to exasperate the marquis. On account of his valor and valuable services at Corsica, having been presented to the king, he was at this time appointed a captain in the regiment of dragoons; which appointment, however, did not call him to any duties, being a sinecure.

Mirabeau had resided half a year with the bailli, during which time he had made himself acquainted with the whole family estate; forming energetic plans for its improvement: meditating the embankment of a rapid and overflowing river: in short, transacting the entire work of the bailli to his infinite satisfaction. "I assure you," writes the bailli, "that with the exception of his having used my eight months' stock of paper in as many weeks, I am well satisfied with him; his is a head of fresh verdure, and full of vivacity and fire; but I see nothing therein save verdure, which will, I think, become fruitful."

The legion of Lorraine arriving from Hières, Mirabeau left the bailli to join his regiment. But his uncle did not allow the interest his presence had excited to cool in absence: twice a week, sometimes more frequently, he addressed lengthy letters to his brother, laying before him ever more forcibly, the good conduct of his son; and praying for his recall. Mirabeau had

won the love and veneration of all the peasants and inhabitants on or near the estate, as well as of the higher classes. "Oh, my lord," said the former to the bailli, when inquiring concerning his nephew from them, "you should have followed him as we have, to know how good he is!" The bailli also made inquiries, through his chaplain the Abbé Castagny, from his messmates. "Why, sir," they replied, "he is a lad confoundedly active; and then he has the wit of three hundred thousand devils, and is, moreover, a right-brave fellow."

At length, about September, after a large volume of epistolary remonstrances had passed from the bailli, the marquis, having business to transact in the Limousin, in which he fancied Mirabeau might aid him, decided upon allowing him to behold the parental physiognomy, and fall down and worship the sublime economist, had he felt so disposed: which he did not.

Mirabeau departed from Provence by the same route as he had taken to reach it from Rochelle, passing through Languedoc and Auvergne, but in different weather. After experiencing two accidents—the one, a horse breaking its leg under him, thereby bruising him fearfully; the other, his post-chaise breaking down with him, which completed his bodily overthrow—he reached St. Léonard, and from thence sent for his father's assistance. By this assistance, he was conveyed by slow stages to Aigueperse; which place he gained on the 21st of September, completely recovered: and where he beheld the Friend of Man.

According to his own account, the marquis received him kindly, "even with tenderness"; and was much pleased with him: so much so, that, at the solicitation of Madame du Saillant, Mirabeau's noble-hearted sister, he consented to his assuming his title of Count of Mirabeau.

[1771.] Shortly after his arrival, a visitation of Providence gave scope to Mirabeau's activity. A dearth fell upon the land, and the peasants of Limousin were starving: and might have starved perchance, had not a man like he been upon the spot. Even the marquis was forced to admire his son's energy, genius, and beneficent activity. He persuaded the marquis to buy a supply of rice, and also give employment to the unfortunate people: and having received permission to do so, put his plans into action: he worked with the people, talked to them, cheered them, and partook of the same food. So that

whenever Mirabeau appeared, faint hearts received courage, and the sorrowful grew glad. Not alone to mere acts of charity were his energies directed. The marquis had contemplated establishing a court of arbitration, wherein all quarrels should be adjusted free of charge: this he had given up as *impossible*. But the design coming across Mirabeau, he at once saw its feasibility; set himself energetically to the task, and established the court successfully in a little time; to the surprise of the marquis, who cried, half-admiringly, half-wonderingly, half-jealously, "*He is the demon of the impossible!*" meaning thereby, that in *his* dictionary that word was not inserted.

During his residence at Aiguéperse, commenced the great law-quarrel between his father and mother; which travelled slowly, but with acerbity, over fifteen dreary years. The extreme ill-health of the Marchioness of Vassan, mother of the Marchioness of Mirabeau, and life-possessor of all her property, had called the marquis to Limousin, in which province she resided. The Marchioness of Mirabeau, forgetting her quarrel, also came—came not with a desire of reconciliation, but simply to claim her heritage in opposition to her husband. The Marchioness of Vassan died, and the rich heritage lay between the claimants. Separation both of body and property, demanded the Marchioness of Mirabeau. Of body, with pleasure, replied the uxorious husband, but not of property, seeing it was for that I married you. Whereupon ensued uproar and personal dispute; noise of shrill woman-rage and roar of gruff man's-passion; pot-house blackguardings, and polite abuse; all of which, their fire-tempered son had to witness and be neuter: which he contrived to be, for the time being. It is not deemed customary, or even proper, for a child to castigate his parents; yet had our Mirabeau seen good to whip these same brawling parents of his, the crime had not certainly been unpardonable. They separated in disgust, and the marchioness commenced a formal demand by law shortly afterwards.

At the close of January, the marquis returned to Paris, and after several weeks' cogitation and reflection, gave Mirabeau permission to follow him. This was what he had long ardently desired; accordingly, he lost no time in availing himself of this permission. On the 11th he left Limoges, and, performing a journey of two hundred miles in three days, arrived at Paris on the 14th.

He was then in full favor with his father, and had a most kind reception; as he himself acknowledges to his sister Madame du Saillant. He was introduced to his Corsican commander and friend Viomènil, to his quondam enemy de Lambert, to the Marshal Broglie, the Duke of Orleans, and the Prince of Condé: with all these, and the whole Versailles court, he was a prodigious favorite. The marquis was evidently proud of him, for he wrote rapturous letters to the bailli, descriptive of his son's triumph. Mirabeau was on familiar terms with the highest at court: to the surprise of the formal and experienced. Once, when at Versailles, the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards so well and so unfortunately known, then six years old, amused the whole court, when inoculation was the subject of conversation, by looking up at Mirabeau's rugged and seamed countenance, and inquiring whether *he* had been inoculated.

From March to June, the family were all assembled at Bignon; and as, consequently, no letters were written, there is no history of Mirabeau's occupation during that period. Early in June, however, he returned to Paris, but was not much at court; his time being devoted to study and the consultation of public libraries. He was intimate with M. de Pompignan, who commented "lamentably on the Lamentations," and he lived the life of a mercurial book-worm.

But this sunshine of parental favor was too bright to last long. Dame de Pailly discovered that he was becoming too much of a favorite, and too expensive also, to suit her views; she, therefore, when a piece of dangerous and intricate business presented itself in Limousin, prevailed upon the marquis to send Mirabeau to transact it. On the 14th of June, Mirabeau departed for Aigueperse, and remained there till November; when he returned to Bignon, having performed all that was wanted, and far more than was expected. He found, however, that his father had been tampered with, during his absence; for though he had achieved more than was hoped for and had been guilty of no new indiscretion, frigid thanks were all he received: and a few quarrels ensued.

From this life he was released by a commotion at Mirabeau, between several communities and the agents of the marquis, which had even gone to the length of manual argument, and which he was dispatched to settle as best he could. On the 2d of December, he sat out for Provence; and as usual, his

perspicacity and eloquence, for he had a little oratory to perform, had due effect; and peace was restored as 1771 went out, and 1772, an eventful year for him, came in: veiling, as new years' advents ever do, "good-hap and sorrow."

Mirabeau was now well nigh twenty-three, and, although the rod was held over him till thirty-three, we may say, since he had grown *a man* and was no more a child, that the iron education was now completed. One thing, too, became apparent to all, except Mirabeau; that the race of the Mirabeaux must be perpetuated, and that monsieur le compte must marry: his ugly, eloquent face, his captivating word-music, and his "terrible gift of familiarity" must win himself a wife. "There is," the marquis wrote, "little Marignane, who, should she even have a brother, will always have 600,000 francs," and could we only do away a little bar sinister, "little neighbor Peyrolle" might do, having cash; for cash in the marquis's eyes was the grand specific in wife-choosing: as, indeed, it is deemed so in every other case by other men than the Friend of Man. The Lord Jesus said, "Therefore shall a man leave father and mother, and sister and brother, and cling unto *his wife!*" the spirit of modern times says, on the contrary, "Therefore shall a man leave father and mother, and sister and brother, and God and his own salvation, and cling *unto his cash!*" In which hell-doctrine the writer of this book can find no beauty, no good; and against which he will wage incessant war, as against sin and death, while God gives him strength to do battle. If a person should ask us, what, above all other causes, brought on the French revolution, we would answer: The overthrowing of the worship of the living God, and the idolatrous adoration of a golden idol; the sacrificing love, youth, and the natural impulses of the heart to the narrow plotting of old and sin-polluted life-gamesters! Be that as it may, this fact is certain, that Mirabeau has received his orders to marry some eligible lady forthwith (his father will, perhaps, communicate the grand son-producing secret, if his confidence therein be not shaken by Du Saillant's failure); and though he sees none, and has no wish to unite himself to one he loves not, is forced to obey the parental mandate, and so must e'en use those wide, glaring eyes of his, and look around and choose: the speedier the better!

BOOK II.

THE HUSBAND AND THE LOVER.

"What are faults, what are the outward details of a life, if the inner secret of it, the remorse, the temptations, true, often baffled, never-ended struggle of it, be forgotten? '*It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.*' "

HERO WORSHIP, *Lecture II.*

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

MARRIAGE—EMBARRASSMENT—QUARREL—IMPRISONMENT.

1772—1774.

[1772.] MARIE-EMILIE DE COVET (the "little Marignane" of the marquis) was the only daughter of the Marquis of Marignane, the richest Provençal nobleman, who resided at his château in the vicinity of Aix. She was eighteen years of age, diminutive in stature, of a brown complexion, and was, says M. Montigny, vulgar looking *at first sight:* which may mean that she seemed vulgar until her lineage was discovered; when, of course, vulgarity would be impossible to a refined beholder!

This lady having been recommended to Mirabeau by his father, with hints almost verging to commandful threats, he determined to take measures for obtaining her hand. Backed by a handsome settlement from the marquis, he forwarded a cold, formal proposal; but as he possessed no personal attractions, and had not troubled himself to manifest his invincible mental endowments, this offer was declined, and Mirabeau, perhaps thankfully, retired and raised the siege.

A torrent of abuse and scornful sarcastic reproaches from the marquis, and the advances a much less noble suitor was making in the lady's favor, roused at length the pride of Mirabeau; and awakening himself from his apathetic indifference, he determined to scorn all disadvantages, and try once again. Against all manner of opposition he pushed resolutely forward, and in a very weeks had gained the love of the "little Marignane," to the utter discomfiture of his rival. He was just on the verge of renewing his former offer, when the marquis, with

his usual caprice, withdrew the settlements he had before made, and his son was therefore reduced to the necessity of retiring a second time. But his great power of captivation had made some tangible impression on the lady, and she expressed her willingness to share even poverty with *him*. Accordingly, he did not retire, but on the 22d of June was united to the heiress of Marignane; her father settling out of his great superfluity only a paltry allowance of 125*l*. per annum, while his father granted a similar one of 250*l*. With such a prospect of monetary affluence did the representatives of the two oldest and wealthiest Provençal houses enter into holy matrimony.

After the wedding, which was costly in the extreme, the newly-married couple opened house in an elegant hôtel at Aix; and, as might have been expected, were very soon immersed in pecuniary difficulties.

A too reckless expenditure and profuse lavishness was, to the period of his death, Mirabeau's chief fault; and if his error was on that side, that of his father was even more reprehensible on the other; for Mirabeau never, at any period of his life, had the allowance of a tradesman's son. During his residence in Provence, while his marriage was negotiating, he had contracted a few debts; which, shortly before that ceremony took place, he acknowledged to his father, requesting him to make him an unembarrassed man, on his start in domesticity. This the marquis refused to do; and, though he expressed his wish that the lustre of the Mirabeaux should not be lost sight of at the wedding, never offered the necessary funds for the liquidation of expenses incident to that ceremony.

The most exiguous customs of society had been complied with by Mirabeau at this wedding; pageant and pomp had been procured, splendid wedding garments and other presents given to the bridesmaids, and the hôtel at Aix had been fitted up most sumptuously for the reception of the wedded pair. Thus when he settled down with his 375*l*. a year, to enjoy the comforts of wedded life, he had contracted a formidable array of debts, amounting to about 3,000*l*.; the payment of which was not likely to be speedy.

After waiting a month or two, in expectation of his father discharging his wedding costs and other engagements, and finding that he was becoming daily more and more involved, Mirabeau laid his circumstances before the Marquis of Marignane. That gentleman immediately offered a loan of 2,500*l*.,

provided the Marquis of Mirabeau approved of his son accepting it: but, unfortunately, the Friend of Man would neither assist his son nor permit another to do so; and Mirabeau's letter, praying for his sanction of the loan, was responded to on his part by furious invectives and menaces.

The last hope being thus destroyed, Mirabeau at once broke up his splendid establishment at Aix, and retired with his countess to the Castle of Mirabeau. There, however, were no apartments fitted for a lady, and so, with extreme thoughtlessness, Mirabeau commenced restoring and adorning, for the use of his wife, the apartment which Anne of Pontèves (the lady who struck the woman in the church) had occupied of old. The cost of this beautifying, as is customary, greatly exceeded the estimates, and added, of course, to Mirabeau's difficulties. Every circumstance seemed to conspire to the augmentation of these difficulties. In surveying the Mirabeau estate, it became very apparent to him that it was capable, with draining, planting, repairing, and a few other alterations, of doubling its revenue directly. He accordingly urged it upon the marquis to make the required advances: but with no avail; and so, in the end, growing sick of beholding a fine estate so sacrificed, Mirabeau put his plans in practice at his own expense: or, rather, at that of his creditors.

This gave the finishing stroke to his economical distresses; for the cry of debts and duns having become so loud that it reached Bignon and Paris, the marquis obtained another *lettre-de-cachet* [1773], and by its influence compelled his son to withdraw from his ancestral residence, and retire to Manosque, an insignificant town in its vicinity.

Here, amid sickness, poverty, and an accumulation of misfortunes, the unfortunate couple resided for a year or more. Here, on the 8th of October, was a son, whom they named Victor, born unto him; and here, by way of driving away brooding melancholy, he composed his second work, entitled, "*An Essay on Despotism.*" Of this book, Mirabeau himself gives the best criticism, and the truest account, writing of it in after years. "It is," he says, "a poor pamphlet, wherein are a few truths, some pictures, perhaps warmly colored, which reveal a high and noble soul, and some fire in the head: but, once for all, the book is detestable, for details do not constitute a book. It is a tissue of shreds, united without order, filled with all the errors incident to the age at which I wrote: It has

neither plan, nor style, nor revision, nor method." To this just view of the work, we may add, that it is valuable as a refutation of what has been stated; namely, that Mirabeau only became a despot-hater when he scented, or thought he scented, something to be gained by the advocacy of such sentiments.

[1774.] The marquis was not, however, contented with retirement at Manosque: he applied to the Court of the Châtelet at Paris for an interdict against his son. This interdict was a judicial censure, and suspension from action: reducing, in fact, the interdicted to the position of a minor. In pursuance of this application, Mirabeau underwent an examination before the lieutenant-general of the seneschalship of Forcalquier, residing at Manosque; the result of which was, Mirabeau receiving permission to vindicate himself by a remonstrative address to the Paris Court of Châtelet. This remonstrance is, of itself, a monument of the forcible and dignified eloquence so natural to Mirabeau. It opens with a firm protest against a tribunal sitting in judgment on debts contracted four hundred and fifty miles from the place of sitting; at the same time affirming that he does not protest from opposition to his father, but rather to manifest his reverence for that father by, in obedience to his views, entering into explanation with a court whose authority he did not acknowledge. He then proceeds to give a manly and succint history of his debts, showing how one led on to another until ruin stared him in the face; and the whole is concluded with a lengthy and most touching appeal to his father, praying him to grant his parental love, to be lenient to his errors, and offering him his sincerest respect and filial reverence.

It was, however, all in vain; and the interdict was passed upon him: added to which, the marquis procured a letter of exile, whereby his son was confined within the town of Manosque; not being allowed to pass the boundary thereof, save under peril of severe punishment. A noble action, honorable to Mirabeau, caused him to transgress this restriction, and brought on his imprisonment in the Château d'If: caused, we may further say, the French Revolution; for the Castle of If led to the Castle of Joux, and near Joux dwelt a certain Sophie, with whom Mirabeau must e'en fly away: by which act he became a man hated of the world, avoided; by which hatred, high thoughts, the fruits of the solitary reserve an ill-name gives, arose in his soul, which found in due course a time and place

for utterance, outblazoning the ill-fame, astonishing the world. Thus, like a curb-chain, intertwined in indivisible concatenations, are the human destinies!

The Chevalier De Gassaud, a cousin of the Countess of Mirabeau, had become enamored of his little brown relative; and, as she had married Mirabeau partly for the license marriage in France confers, and as a release from parental tyranny, an amiable dalliance, epistolary and personal, was established between them, to their mutual satisfaction. Not so to the husband; who, being by nature proudly jealous and strong-passioned, no sooner discovered the liaison than he challenged M. De Gassaud: and a duel would have been the result, had not the father and friends of the foolish young Lothario, knowing well Mirabeau's capacity for fighting, with tears and supplications persuaded Mirabeau to accept a cringing apology, and dismiss the wife-corrupter, unwounded, with contempt. Unfortunately the matter did not rest there. Young De Gassaud was engaged to the daughter of the Marquis of Tourette; but, when the tidings of the very questionable behavior of the *fiancé* reached the Tourette family, a rupture instantly ensued between the betrothed. This, Mirabeau considered as too severe a punishment for the young man, whose liaison had not gone beyond verbal love-making; and as, moreover, an aspersion upon the fair fame of his countess. He therefore set all Letters of Exile at defiance, and departed secretly from Manosque to Tourette, some sixty miles distant. A few hours saw him at the château pleading with the offended family; a few minutes more saw him returning again homewards; having, by the magic of his irresistible eloquence, achieved his object, and placed De Gassaud in his primitive situation. But, coming home, another horseman was descried by him in the distance; as they drew nearer, his features became plainer, and Mirabeau discovered that it was the Baron of Villeneuve-Moans, a person with whom he had long wished for an interview. This Villeneuve-Moans, having a quarrel with the Marquis of Cabris (who, as we stated, married Mirabeau's younger sister) could not find a manlier revenge than publicly insulting the marchioness before a whole fashionable promenading assemblage. But though Villeneuve-Moans might insult women, he should have been aware of exasperated brothers, with Mirabeau blood in their veins. With rage fast mounting to overboiling passion, Mirabeau stopped this courageous baron, and demanded in-

stantaneous satisfaction. The baron refused this demand haughtily: with insolence, with insult; and so, there being nothing left but that, Mirabeau, with a face white-hot, and set teeth, clutched "the bold baron" by the collar, and horse-whipped him till he considered himself avenged.

As ill luck would have it, this spectacle was not quite private: several peasants witnessed the castigation, and the affair was soon the talk of the province: suggesting many questions, foremost of which is this—How came the Count Mirabeau, who was confined within Manosque, to be flogging Villeneuve-Moans some twenty miles away from there? The answer to which question is, that on the 26th of June, as Mirabeau sat in his house—a house of tears, alas! for his son was dying, as they thought—tending his sick child; behold! myrmidons of the law entered, who, deaf to even *his* eloquence, amid the sobs of the heart-broken countess, and sick moans of the afflicted boy, dragged Mirabeau away from it—from Manosque afterwards—and so by slow removes from place to place, until in the end, on the 23d of August, they finally deposited him in the safe keeping of the Castle of If: to muse upon his strange destiny, and reflect upon his future prospects, if he chose to do so.

CHAPTER II.

CASTLES OF IF AND JOUX.

1774—1775.

[1774.] The Castle of If stands on a barren rock, the whole surface whereof the fortress covers, arising from the waters of the Mediterranean, within sight of Marseilles. Deep beams the blue of the unclouded sunbright skies upon the castle, and the hot day-god gilds the gray bastions and flanked towers, smiling as a ray from heaven upon the earth-abandoned captive. From his lonely cell in the narrow turrets, the prisoner can look forth upon the expanse of waters, and behold the ways of the Almighty when he walks with his grand omnipotence upon the billows, now smoothing them to a gently undulating ripple, now tossing them heaven high amid thunders and lightnings, and the whole terrorial armament of the skies;

can see the vessels, with their white-brown sails, skim the surface proudly, like Cleopatran Cydnus-barges, sailing in and sailing out, while innumerable birds and fishes play around them gleefully. All these can the poor captive behold from his prison in the lonely sea-girt castle, noting the freedom Heaven so kindly grants, but which man so madly mars.

Mirabeau was placed in this castle by royal order, professedly for violation of his exile, and also for his attack upon M. Moans; who had the mean cowardice to publish his castigation by procuring a judicial sentence against him. But behind this royal agency was the marquis, as usual, swaying the destinies of his unfortunate son: swaying more rigorously than ever, for the commandant, M. Dallégre, was instructed to treat his new prisoner with the utmost severity; to withhold from him all communication whatever, whether verbal or personal, not even excepting the bailli of Mirabeau or the marquis himself. As Mirabeau's character had been represented to M. Dallégre as one mass of atrocity and crime, these instructions were, for the first few weeks, strictly adhered to.

Besides these persecutions, Mirabeau's sensitive heart received another blow, from the selfish conduct of his wife, whom he had dispatched to Bignon on his confinement in August, to use her influence with the marquis on his behalf. Finding all her efforts in vain, she returned in September to her father's mansion near Aix, and positively refused to share her husband's apartments at the Castle of If. She had united her life-lot with his, for richer, for poorer; for better, for worse; and, as far as the "better" and "richer" were concerned, had no objection to fulfil her marriage vow; but, as regarded the other portion, she respectfully declined acting up to it, seeing that there was brilliant society at Aix, and she, being married, was no longer debarred from its full enjoyment.

Thus deserted by every living being, by his nearest and dearest relatives; imprisoned under a rigorous governor, upon a solitary rock-prison, for no crimes but simply for a little half-pardonable extravagance, how did Mirabeau demean himself? Like a brave and a great man: he did not weep and moan in feverish Byronic sorrow, but he bowed himself calmly and with dignified humility before the Inevitable; and banished reflection upon his unhappy situation and beclouded prospects by writing a spirited and highly interesting Life of Jean-Antoine de Mirabeau, of the *col d'argent*, his grandfather, to which he

prefixed a graphic sketch of the family history from their expulsion from Florence: from which work our genealogical history of the family has been taken.

But, with a man like Mirabeau for a prisoner, it was impossible for M. Dallégre to continue his strictness and acerbity: the open-hearted frankness and brotherly freedom of the captive won upon him, and after two months' residence, he permitted him to correspond at will, and have interviews with all whom he desired to see. Beyond this, he took a lively interest in his affairs, and interested himself to procure his release.

In November, while he resided at If, Boniface de Mirabeau, his brother, crosses our history. This young man had resided since early youth in Malta, of which place he was a knight, and went by the name of the Chevalier. Having heard of his brother's unjust imprisonment, despite an attack of sickness under which he was suffering, he set out from Malta, and reached Marseilles in due course. Let him tell his own story.

"It blew hard, and not one of the boatmen would leave the port; I induced two of them, more by menaces than by money, for you know I have not much of that, while I have any quantity of the former, God be thanked. I arrive at the Castle of If; gates shut, and the lieutenant, in the absence of Dallégre, informs me quite sweetly that I had better depart as I came. 'Not, if you please, without seeing Gabriel.'—'You cannot see him.'—'I will write to him.'—'Not that either.'—'I will wait for M. Dallégre then.'—'Be it so: for twenty-four hours, not more.' Upon this I take my measures: I go to La Mouret (a canteen-keeper's wife), and we agree together that in the evening, after roll-call, I shall see this poor devil. I reach him, not like a paladin, but like a thief or a gallant, which you will, and we open out together. They were afraid that he would have heated my head to the height of his own: they do him little justice, for I can assure you, that while he was relating his story, and when the indignation his narrative excited burst forth in these words, 'But, although yet weakly, I have two arms, and good enough to break those of M. de Villeneuve-Moans, or his brothers at least,' he answered, 'My friend, you will ruin us both;' and I acknowledge to you, that perhaps that consideration alone prevented me executing a project badly enough conceived, and which the fermentation of a head of my age could alone excuse."*

* Fils Adop. ii. 42.

And so, being attempered by his elder brother, young Chevalier de Mirabeau returns once more to Malta, and never again crosses our story; until we find him in a state of quarrel with Mirabeau, seated on the opposite side of the National Assembly, blown out into a fat-paunched viscount, and surnamed "Barrel."

This young man's sympathy was speedily followed by that of one far dearer to Mirabeau; that of his sister, Madame De Saillant: the sister who alone of all her family had never been abused and tyrannized over by her father, and yet who, despite this predilection of her father's, sided not with him, but rather with Mirabeau; loving him till his death, loving his memory long years after his death (for she was alive in 1836,) and never varying in her constant love. This lady, early in January, [1775,] addressed a letter to her brother, full of condolence, of hope for happier days, of sincere affection; and the proud, brave heart of Mirabeau, which would melt before no adversity or persecution, softened into tears before this kind tribute of a sister's affection.

"You make me break my oath, my dear sister," he wrote in reply. "My father has written to M. Dallégre, that the order of the king did not except either my father, or my uncle, or any person, from the prohibition that I had from correspondence. I did not expect that new severity, and in the bitterness of my heart I had sworn not to write to any of my relatives, since my father repulsed me with a kind of horror; but I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of answering you two words: to thank you, weeping, and to tell you that they shall make me die of grief ere they shall harden my heart."*

Such notes, even amid persecution and distress, could come from the stormful heart of Mirabeau: he had tears in him; and he that has true tears in his composition, like he that has laughter, cannot be wholly bad; but, on the contrary, however obscured his external appearance, the basis of him must be good. He was as some sweet-toned rock harmonicon, which, when forcibly struck without discretion, yields only noisy and uproarious discord, but when touched mildly, with tenderness, breathes forth seraphic melodies. But the boldness with which Mirabeau bore up against his sea of troubles, and his "terrible gift of familiarity" (*terrible don de la familiarité*, as the mar-

* Fils Adop. ii. 41.

quis called it,) had made the commandant entirely his own. Shortly after his arrival, as we mentioned, he permitted his prisoner to correspond freely; and now in May, after Mirabeau having been at If nine months, compassion and a sense of injustice caused him to write several letters to the marquis, urging him to release his injured son at once. "Since," wrote he, "Monsieur the Count of Mirabeau has been detained at the Castle of If, he has never given to any one the least cause of complaint, but has always conducted himself perfectly well; he has sustained with the utmost possible moderation all the altercations I have several times excited to try his temper, and he will carry away with him the esteem, the friendship, and respect of all the place."*

The natural answer to such an appeal would have been the instant release of his son; but the marquis, moved by his own prescribed rules, determined quite otherwise: determined that, since he had won over the commandant of If, and borne up against the prison on its solitary rock, he should try another severer governor, and another more unpleasant prison. As was the spirit to the man in the story, whom he had raised and whom he must keep employed, and could not dismiss, so was Mirabeau to his father; who set him all manner of tasks, ever the same, yet ever-changing: governors, cold-hearted and lynx-eyed, to subdue and win their friendship, and so soon as one was conquered another was substituted; until at length, as we shall find, growing weary, he dismissed the spirit to wander at its will.

Scarcely, therefore, had the marquis received M. Dallégre's testimonial of his son's good conduct, when he decided, as a reward for the said conduct, to remove him to the Castle of Joux, and reduce his allowance from two hundred and fifty to fifty pounds per annum. Early in May, Mirabeau bade farewell to the rock of If, and under the care of M. Duveyrier, a kind of prisoner's conductor, proceeded to Joux.

Such a wretched prison was the Castle of Joux, that M. Duveyrier was cautioned not to name to his charge their place of destination, lest he should endeavor to escape. But as Duveyrier was anxious as to the safe keeping of his prisoner, and as he had no escort, he requested Mirabeau, before they started, to give his word that he would not escape; but as

* Fils Adop. ii. 45.

Mirabeau would not agree to this until he knew his destined prison, Duveyrier informed him whither they were bound. Determined to the very last persecution to submit himself mildly to his father's will, so that he might be blameless, although the Castle of Joux was noted for its horrible situation and nature, and although he had pistols and Duveyrier was unarmed, and the road solitary, he did not attempt to escape, but on the 25th of June entered into the Castle of Joux.

This new prison, in point of comfort and situation, was far worse than the Castle of If. Situated within a few miles of Switzerland, in the jaws of the Jura mountains, the Castle of Joux stands upon a tall cliff-pinnacle hanging over the valley, so high up that few visitors, save compulsory ones, ever reach it; while on its walls and the mountains round about lies perpetual snow, and even in the finest summer weather, the whole fortress is invisible from the valley, owing to the clouds which abound at such an altitude.* Of the internal arrangements, it is sufficient to say that they vied with the external eligibility of situation.

For a little time after his arrival at Joux, Mirabeau gave way to great depression of spirits, and shutting himself up in his cell, refused all intercourse with the outer world. His governor, M. de St. Mauris, was the worst he had hitherto encountered: nevertheless, a fortuitous event tended to alleviate his unpleasant situation. On the 11th of June, Louis XVI. was crowned; and Pontarlier, situated about a mile from the castle, among other towns, had great festivities, in which the Count of St. Mauris played first fiddle. Being a vain old man, he was anxious that this era in his life, perhaps his culmination, should be duly chronicled; and accordingly, by granting a kind of half liberty, he prevailed upon Mirabeau to witness these festivities, and draw up an account thereof: which he did in a very leaden and dull manner, and which was printed at Geneva.

Being now at liberty to make daily visits to Pontarlier, it was natural that he should seek to enter into the enjoyment of what society there was at that place: which society consisted of but one family of equal standing with himself. To this family he was introduced by his governor, St. Mauris, who was related to its head. This was that of the Marquis of Mon-

* Voyages Pittoresques, &c., dans l'ancienne France. Franche-Compté, p. 168.

nier, an old dotard of seventy-five, of unlimited means, and very limited intellect. The society of such a one could have few charms for Mirabeau; but then there was his wife, young, lovely, fascinating: *she* alone was the society of Pontarlier to Mirabeau; and so—

"Prepare a sigh, prepare a tear,
For I 've a tender tale to tell."

CHAPTER III.

SOPHIE!

1775.

ALL the biographers of Mirabeau have hitherto introduced the episode we are about to enter on with backwardness, with hesitation, and with apologies; wishing, were it possible, to omit the affair entirely. With very different sentiments do we commence upon this theme: we do not hesitate at all, since we are writing the life of a man, and not that of a mechanical, sinless image; and the man himself has gone to his rest, where the praise or blame of this very interfering world falls alike idly on his ashes, unrecked of and unheeded. Rather with thanks than otherwise do we narrate; since it demonstrates the fact, that, even amid the artificialities and hollow perfumed mummeries of eighteenth century life, there was a man who, even in his very sins and errors, was no mannikin, but a man and a colossus! To the tale, then.

The Marquis of Monnier, lord of Courvière, Mamerole, and other places, was, as we stated, a foolish old dotard of seventy-five at the time when Mirabeau became acquainted with him. He had held a high government situation at Dôle; from which he had retired, laden with money, with an only daughter, to his mansion at Pontarlier, about ten years previously. But this daughter, having married M. de Valdahon against his will, and the husband having besides gained a large dowry from him, he resolved, as a revenge, to marry; and so, on the 1st of July, 1771, being then seventy-one, he led, like Winter espousing Spring, Mademoiselle Sophie de Ruffey to the hymeneal altar, she being then eighteen: the marriage was celebrated

at Tronchant, in Burgundy. Such a union might be pleasant to the old bridegroom, but to the young bride how terrible: to reflection what a mockery, to humanity what a disgrace, to GOD what a fearful crime! It was doubly pitiable, considering that on her side it was compulsory, and that her maiden life had not been happy. Monsieur and Madame de Ruffey were gloomy bigots, such as for the most part have died out with feudalism and ignorance; and their home was the abode of stern and melancholy ascetism. Their eldest daughter had been forced by them to enter a convent, and the second, Sophie, had, when but seventeen, been allowed her choice between the naturalist Buffon, and a convent also. Some accident, however, broke off the connection with Buffon; and the marquis being then in the market, armed with money-bags and estates, bade a handsome settlement for her, and so she was sold to him: resisting tearfully, but in vain. Were a Constantinople slave-market to be opened in a Christian country, public decency would, no doubt, be outraged, and cry out lustily; but behold! a blacker iniquity, an unholier traffic in young hearts, occurs day by day, and public decency takes no notice whatsoever: nay, perhaps, calls it a "good match," instead of an accursed match of Lucifer. Such an empire has Humbug on this nether world!

Monsieur and Madame de Ruffey mated their beautiful, young, blooming rose-bud to this gray, old, sapless man; and, when in swift-flying chaise they drove away to the Marquis de Monnier's residence, doubtless imagined they had done a wise and clever deed in having wedded their flower to this money-bag: and yet, what had they done? O, Heaven! had they but known it, and stopped in time. They had blasphemed, in the fearfulest manner, the Maker of heaven and earth. From the beginning of the world was it ordained, that every *man*, at a certain passion-age, should meet in his travelings some other beautiful fellow-soul, and uniting himself with her, call GOD to bless that union by solemn ceremony; which ceremony in modern times is named Marriage. So had GOD ordained: but M. de Ruffey, president of the Chamber of Accounts at Dijon, being wiser than HE, acted differently, and taking his lovely child in his hand, he said—in fact, if not in word—Thou, O GOD, hast decreed that young woman-beauty should wed young manly strength, and so reproduce themselves, that our race die not. Behold *I* (M. de Ruffey) think not so; and do, therefore,

give my budding girl to a dried-up, decayed plant, knowing that no increase, no effect *can* come; and so dexterously defeat THY purpose in sending my daughter upon this world! Whenever a gray old man stands before the altar to espouse a young maiden, let the parent giving her away use some such words as these: so shall the ceremony be less like nonsense; so shall fewer victims be offered up before the shrine of hoary, wealthy lust, and God's shrine seldomer turned into a despicable Plutus-temple.

They wedded the fair spring flower to chill, lifeless winter, and she could not flourish: was it wonderful that when the warm sun shone upon her with genial brilliance, she should woo the rays, bask in them, and so bloom floreal, and germinate?

In her severe and gloomy maiden days, and in the no less gloomy period of her unconsummated married life, there had dawned into the ardent and impetuous soul of this most lovely, most unhappy woman, the noble theorem, that before the world was formed, unto every soul had been given *one* other soul, of similar temperament, age, and intellect, whom one time at least it must meet; intercourse with whom alone is marriage—intercourse with any other than whom, though never so many marriage-rites had been priest-performed, is nothing else than foul adultery! Such true love-evangel had been the sublime theorem of this lady's girlish fancy; and upon this she had raised an ideal of that other soul, whom as yet she had never seen.

Nursing such like ethereal day-dreams lived the fair young Sophie: and behold!—now in the appointed season—this soul has been persecuted and hunted, until he is hunted into her presence; and so Fate's edicts are in a fair way for being fulfilled, despite man's selfish scheming.

Mirabeau was most kindly received by the Marquis of Monnier; upon whose heart and intellect his eloquence prevailed, as all conqueringly as over his numerous governors and commanders. What Mirabeau's conversation was, we cannot clearly define; but there must have lain therein some inconceivable grandeur, insomuch as his bitterest enemies were not proof against it: when his father, his uncle, governors, friends, and, in after years, Sir Samuel Romilly and the Queen of France, were ravished by it, what wonder that a servile Marquis of Monnier loved to dwell upon his accents; what wonder

that the romantic Sophie worshiped it as the language of Heaven, and adored its utterer as her realized ideal?

One can well imagine the first interview. When the tall, thick-set, athletic man, with his shabby garments (he was poor and in debt), and with his immense head and ugly features, deep-pitted and scarred with small-pox defacings, entered, doubtless the marquis would look at him with suspicion through his spectacles, and the fair young Sophie withdraw from him, with anything rather than with love. But when the lips opened, and the mouth poured forth the riches of the brain, and in deep, low, musical bass notes, the tale of his persecutions, of his faults, of his strange life, of his strange wild ideas, and strange, high, heaven-scaling aspirations; why, then, with the old man suspicious peerings would open into an admiring gaze; then to the maiden a golden aureole would sport lambently around him, and the huge rough-seamed visage (like rude mountain scenery which, when the sun is overcast, frowns unlovely, but when the light out-floods upon it, revealing the numerous lights and shades, seems fair and verdant) grow strangely beautiful, genius-illumined.

To the eloquent prisoner, to the unmarried married one, it was soon evident that Love was born between them: the lady, with the fierce impetuosity of woman's passion, pressed madly, blindly forward; the man, with a man's majesty, made one great effort to resist it. Finding that he loved Sophie, and that she loved him; seeing that with every interview the passion increased; and knowing to what a Niagara-fall they were necessarily drifting, Mirabeau, summoning up all his resolution, retired for two months away from the syren, and confining himself in his prison-house, endeavored to expel the very recollection of Sophie, by commencing a flirtation with a village coquette in the neighborhood. But finding this in vain, and the influence of Sophie fast tending to lure him to Pontarlier once again, as a last life-and-death recourse, he wrote in half-frenzied despair to his absent wife, a letter of eight pages, of such eloquence as the subject must have enkindled; telling her how he was on the brink of an awful precipice; how he wished to sin not, but how he felt that alone he could not long restrain himself; but that were she there, with their son, that would strengthen him so that he should not fall; and urging her by her former love, by their mutual marriage-joys, by her

solemn marriage-oath, by their child, by all ties and laws, God's and man's, to come and join him.

This letter, could it but be obtained, would, one can well imagine, be entitled to rank as a prose "Fare-thee-well! and if for ever," wrung from a heart like the poet's, only immeasurably nobler. But unfortunately, and it is a strong argument in favor of Mirabeau, acknowledging its receipt, she steadfastly refused to show it to any one. "Madame de Mirabeau," he wrote to his dear sister Madame du Saillant, "has not wished to show thee, neither will she show thee, the letter I wrote from Pontarlier, before my fall; before I was even entirely intoxicated by the philters of love. If I am called, at my last day, to appear before the Sublime Reason who governs nature, I will say to him, 'I am covered with enormous stains; but thou alone knowest, O great God, if I had been as guilty as I am, had she but answered as she should have done unto that letter.' "*

We shall see, hereafter, how Remorse and Penitence visited this lady quite too sternly. For long days, half-distracted, his inner struggle preying on his very life, did Mirabeau await her answer. At length it came: she was on the road to join him, to share his prison, to save his reputation? Not in the least: she was immersed in festivals and feasts; had no inclination to leave them, though it was her duty, and so sent "a few frozen lines, amiably insinuating that the man was mad."

Then was it that fierce indignation took possession of his heart; then was it that he flung all world-formulas and society-claims to the winds; then was it that he shut his eyes to all worldly consequences, and plunged forward to the crisis.

Ah, me! one might weep for this unfortunate Mirabeau: for this unfortunate Sophie! Taken young, radiant, just when she was budding into her ripe womanhood; taken from a dull uncomfortable home, and married to a weak, imbecile, worn-out dotard, and borne by him to a penurious and still more uncomfortable home; the hot blood of woman burning passionate in her veins unsatisfied; her young heart filled with beautiful day-dreams of love, of joy; her hours passing in solitude and in sadness, what can a follower of *Christ* do but weep for her? *Must he throw a stone?* O, Charity, my brother! there is none that sins not: Charity!

* Fils Adop. ii. 80.

Mirabeau also: he came from captivity in the Castle of If, to a harder and more solitary prison in the Castle of Joux, lonely amid the Alpine avalanches; sad, deserted, abandoned by all; with the fiery passions of his fiery kindred so concentrated in himself, standing like a huge dammed-up passion-lake in his heart's recesses. Was it then wonderful, surprising, that these two young hot-blooded beings, so unfortunate, so unhappy, meeting as they did: she all so angel-lovely, he so nobled-souled, so eloquent: was it wonderful that they found each too lovely for the other, and so rushed, blinded and empassioned, to madness, to rapture, and to crime?

Let him who heretofore, judging from the false and unjust accounts of Mirabeau in our History of Europe, has been accustomed to shriek shrill condemnations over him, let him peruse this question: *Has he ever endeavored, deeply-searching, long-searching, never-tiring, to trace out the inner struggle of this man?* He has not: he has taken the elegant historian's word; he has taken rumor's word; he has stood upon the simple fact of *adultery*, and so has condemned him. That is not as it should be.

To him who looks deeply into this inner soul-struggle, the whole affair will seem simple; not surprising. When he reflects upon the history of the twain; the rigid ascetic education and forced marriage of the one; on the incessant punishments and iron education, and wife-abandonment of the other; on the hot temperament of both, and their peculiar situation; he will not be surprised nor shudder, when the biographer chronicles that, on one of those evenings of December, the chaste moon, from her starry canopy beaming silently forth upon Pontarlier, looked down upon a deed of ecstatic and delirious sin!

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHASE—HOUNDS AT FAULT—GAME ESCAPED!

1776.

THERE appears to have been no such thing as jealousy in the composition of M. de Monnier, for he did not see what to

all else was very manifest; or, if he did, winked at it. But M. de St. Mauris, the governor, was very different: he had, it would seem, though seventy himself, made advances to Sophie, which were repulsed with scorn; when, therefore, he discovered the success his prisoner had achieved in the same quarter, he determined to use all the power his situation afforded him, to annoy his luckier rival. An opportunity for recalling him to Joux soon presented itself.

A bale for Mirabeau from Neufchatel was intercepted, and on being opened, was found to contain copies of the "Essay of Despotism," which had been published at that town. At the same time a promissory note of Mirabeau's came to light; the issuing whereof, he being under a lettre-de-cachet, was illegal. Making these his pretexts, St. Mauris wrote a very furious letter to the Marquis of Mirabeau, and shortly after, receiving instructions from him to secure Mirabeau in a cell "not unwholesome, but well barred and bolted," and to deny him all intercourse whatever, he issued an order to the prisoner to leave Pontarlier and return to the castle.

But Mirabeau had everything to dread from the malevolence of a man who neither lacked inclination nor power to render his life unbearable; and he had, moreover, heard that, in pursuance of his father's request, the tower of Grammont, famed for its horrors and inconvenience, was being prepared for him. He therefore refused his obedience, and after flinging an indignant reproachful farewell at his tyrannical governor, stepped over, on the 16th of January, into Switzerland; and took up his abode at Verrières. After two days' residence there, finding life insupportable away from Sophie, he slipped back covertly and concealed himself at Pontarlier; holding stolen interviews with her when such were practicable.

During this concealed residence, he did not remain idle, but used all his energies to procure some amelioration of his state. He wrote a plain, manly letter to Count St. Germain, the war minister, soliciting a commission, and referring fearlessly to Baron Vioménil, and his other comrades and commanders. To this he received no reply. He also plied his father incessantly with appeals, which were backed with much zeal, and at the same time prudence, by M. Michaud, king's procurator at Pontarlier, whom Mirabeau had won over to his cause. But the barriers between the marquis and his son were firmer now than ever; for the law-suit with the marchioness was at

its height, and, as he expressed it to the bailli, "You see I am interested in prolonging the imprisonment of this scamp, lest he should fly to defend his mother:" and so he treated Mirabeau's letters with indifference, and Michaud's with polite vagueness; until those of the former growing too eloquent, and of the latter too bold and plain-spoken, he silenced them both by a threatening roar. Mirabeau then wrote to his mother, mentioning a scheme for suddenly appearing at court, and by the weight of his eloquence taking St. Germain by storm, and so winning his cause: from this characteristic idea the marchioness dissuaded him. Hesitation soon had to change to action. During this time St. Mauris had not been quiet an hour: by his agency Mirabeau was hunted from house to house; and, guiding M. Monnier's plans by the same means, Sophie was subjected to all manner of insults and persecutions, until, on the 25th of January, she flew to Dijon, and sought refuge with her parents. She flew from bad to worse; for the stern, ascetic de Ruffeys, seeing no fault in the compulsory marriage and disparity of age, punished her with the severity of a convent: taking from her all means of correspondence, and confining her to her chamber, over which sentinels were always kept watching.

Scarcely had she departed for Dijon, ere her lover was on the same route; but no sooner had he set foot in that town than he was arrested, through Madame de Ruffey's denunciation of him to the grand provost. Here, as everywhere else, the genial manliness of Mirabeau stood his friend: an hour's conversation with M. Montherot, the grand provost, entirely conquered that gentleman's heart, insomuch that he risked situation and almost honor for his wonderful prisoner. He entered him in the prison under a fictitious name, that his whereabouts might not be known to his father and Pontarlier enemies; gave him liberty on parole; and, when a letter came from the ministry ordering him to be passed again to Joux, even ventured to send back the order unexecuted, with an appeal to the minister on his behalf.

On the 24th of March, Sophie left Dijon for Pontarlier, to rejoin M. Monnier; who, in his servile dotage, had promised to overlook everything, and treat her with the utmost kindness: and, as no unkindness could be worse than that of her parents, she had preferred returning to him. Mirabeau, on her departure, entered the Castle of Dijon, and, with the aid of the

kind provost, commenced energetic plans for procuring his liberty. With this intent he applied to the good Malesherbes, requesting to be allowed to take his place in his regiment. The minister's heart was ever open to the unfortunate, and to Mirabeau it was eminently so. He sent commissioners down to examine into his crimes, and the justice of his detention. The report of these was highly favorable, and Mirabeau's imprisonment would not have long continued, had not the marquis suddenly pushed forward with all his influence to procure his son's removal to another prison, and confinement during his pleasure: despite the commissioners' report, an order was issued on the 30th of April to transport him to the Castle of Dourlens; a prison even more revolting than that of Joux. Unable to resist these measures of the marquis, Malesherbes nevertheless maintained his regard for Mirabeau; and, as he was on the point of retiring—feeling it would be out of his power to assist him officially any more, and knowing that officers were ready to conduct him to a new prison—he suggested to him the advisability of flight beyond the frontiers, and service in a foreign army; until time, that great adjuster, should adjust these now-entangled affairs.

Seeing nothing left but this, Mirabeau retracted his parole, and, with the connivance of the governor, on the 25th of May left alike the castle and town of Dijon, and, having assumed the name of Count Beaumont (from an estate of the family), traveled to Verrières once again. As this place was but a mile and a half from the French boundary, he did not deem it safe to tarry there, and so pushed on to Geneva; nearly being wrecked as he traversed the lake.

In the mean time, on the 4th of June, the marquis had procured, from the minister Amelot, a warrant for his apprehension; and Inspector Muron and M. Brugnières, two of the expertest bloodhounds in France, were placed upon the scent: charged not to lose it until they had hunted down the game. And for two months a pretty chase they had of it: always within two days' march of the fugitive, often within two hours', yet never succeeding in laying hands upon him; so cunning a doubler was this hunted hare: with a lion's heart, though!

From Geneva he went by roundabout roads to Lyons, where he remained some days concealed with his sister, Madame de Cabris; who had also been imprudent, and even then lived in close intimacy with a low-born adventurer, named Brianson.

This silly lady entered warmly into the romance then enacting; suffering Sophie to write to her as "dear sister" (as did the marchioness also as "dear *mother*"), and urging forcibly upon her brother to return and fly with his love to another country; offering herself to accompany them with the rascal Brianson. This man and Madame de Cabris were, however, useful to Mirabeau in his flight, and helped not a little to baffle the bloodhounds; until Brianson turned traitor and placed them on the track, so that they almost caught their prey when he was about to escape altogether from their clutches.

From Lyons Mirabeau slipped down to Avignon, and skulked about in Provence for a week or two; until, his ways becoming known, he had to abandon that part of the country; when proceeding to Nice, he struck off to Turin.

While Mirabeau was thus flying—if not for his life, for his liberty—from town to town, from province to province, the beautiful cause of all this troublous delirium-dance was undergoing a fearful persecution. Directly Mirabeau's escape from Dijon, and his flight to Pontarlier, had become known, Madame de Ruffey dispatched her son to that place, to seize Sophie and convey her to a convent. But old Monnier, doting upon her, would not consent to this, and so she remained with him; but watched, and persecuted, and tormented, until she grew

> Mad from life's history,
> Glad to death's mystery;
> Swift to be hurled,
> Anywhere—anywhere,
> Out of *that* world.

She would fly anywhere, do anything, crime or not crime, rather than endure such life longer. As for the convent, she told M. Monnier that she loved Mirabeau; that she would ever love him: and that, if it came to a convent, poison or flight should be employed.

Daily, in loud passionate epistles, did these two parted lovers correspond; and daily did the epistles grow ever more and more passionate, till they mounted up to the fierce white-heat of frenzy: and then came the denouement. See how writes the love-sick lady:—

"Hear me! I can no longer endure this state of suffering: it is all too terrible to be parted from my *husband*, and to know that he is wretched. Let us unite ourselves, or let me die! Next year I shall not see; for I neither can nor would endure

till then: to live separate from thee, that is to die a thousand deaths daily. After what we have already done, we cannot recede; let us hasten, therefore, to render ourselves happy. Thyself is all I ask—all destinies will seem sweet to me, provided I but share thy fate, and do not quit thee ever! Shall I never, then, receive the signal of our flight? Thou toldst me that we should not be in poverty in our place of retreat; but that thou wouldst teach languages, music, painting: without doubt, thou think'st so still. And I—what could I do? I would labor at our residence—in a shop—as a governess; yes, whatsoever might be necessary, so that we might only be together. My present situation terrifies me—no longer can I endure it—end it must soon. I repeat daily—My Love or Death!"*

So writes, in the hot ebullience of her woman's love, the fond Sophie. See how heat enkindles heat, and how Mirabeau acknowledges her prayer.

Bursting out from his lurking den at Turin—with his route betrayed to the bloodhounds by the rascal Brianson, and they flying across country to surprise him in his intended action,—regardless of labor and peril, he plunges into the heart of the Swiss Alps; crosses almost alone the great St. Bernard; dives into the mountainous Valais province; turns northwesterly to the lake of Geneva; and on the 23d of August arrives at Verrières once again.

The same evening, under cover of the night, Sophie, habited as a man, by aid of a ladder, scaled the garden wall of her prison residence; and, flying to the trysting-place on the wings of love, fell safely into the arms of her tried and devoted admirer. Let him who has loved—*loved*, I say, not meaning had an attachment—let him who has *loved*, picture to himself that meeting in the lone country, under the void face of night, with no eye save the many-eyed heavens to mark their transport!

"Madame de Monnier," wrote Mirabeau, "had only myself for a resource: she was compromised, and laid open to ruin by my fault. Should I have abandoned her when I could defend? After leading her to the very verge of the abyss, should I have precipitated her into it? I had then been a prodigy of cowardice, a monster of ingratitude: in that case I should have merited my fate—I should have been the vilest

* Fils Adop. ii. 122.

of men! The bare idea makes me shudder! She claimed my assistance and the performance of my oaths: I flew, I ran, I traversed the Alps; and she came then, and delivered up herself, undoubting, to my honor and my truth."*

Two days after, when Brugnières and his fellow bloodhound reached Pontarlier, they found that they had come a day too late, and that the prey had escaped their grasp: deluded, outwitted, and evaded them.

As for the united lovers, they resided three weeks in undisturbed retirement at Verrières: and though, by their late rash act, ruined and broken in the world's eye, think ye, they were not happy? "*Whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart!*" Have a care, my brother! those are His words. If thou wouldst know how to express thyself on this most questionable act, we say—in silence; but if silence be impossible to thee, why then weep!—weep for the whole race of man: how we are at best but weak, sinful creatures; and the strongest, and the purest, and the best, foolish, frail, and impure before the searching eye of God!

CHAPTER V.

HOLLAND—LOVE AND LITERATURE—ARREST, BUT NOT A REST.

1776—1777.

[1776.] The fugitive lovers had never, of course, for one moment thought of settling at Verrières: its extreme propinquity to France, and the impracticability of obtaining a livelihood by the pen in that locality, rendered it ineligible, if not impossible, for their residence. The three weeks, therefore, of their sojourn there, were occupied almost entirely with arranging plans for their future course, and in borrowing a small stock of money necessary for their journey. The report that they had plundered M. Monnier was totally false; since they had barely enough to carry them safely away. Their measures being at length prepared, they left Verrières on the 17th of September, and on the 26th of the same month reached Rotterdam: at

* Fils Adop. ii. 143.

that city they tarried a few days, and then departed for Amsterdam; at which place they arrived on the 7th of October.

They selected neat and comfortable, but not expensive, apartments at the house of one Lequesne, a tailor, who resided in the Kalbestrand. Their slender means being then exhausted, Mirabeau, who had assumed the name of St. Mathieu (from an estate of his mother's in Limousin), began taking active measures for securing some literary employment: as, indeed, *in*activity was at all times a thing impossible for him.

The Dutch publishers at that period transacted all the business which is now done at Brussels; printing things which a French printer dare not, pirating copyrights, and underselling in all quarters of the globe. To one of these individuals, by name Mark Michel Rey, whom Rousseau had tried with indifferent success, Mirabeau applied for employment under his assumed name, in the following letter:—

Amsterdam, Oct. 2d, 1776.

"To M. M. Rey, Bookseller.

"Sir,—Accumulated misfortunes, of which it is useless to give you a detail, have compelled me to leave my native country. Little imports it to you who I am, how my persecutors have been implacable, and all the other circumstances which, in a country less exposed to the tales of adventurers, ought to interest a feeling man; but I do not doubt that you will willingly seize the opportunity to aid a man of letters, when you find the pleasure of doing good and the interests of commerce are united. I am the author of the Essay on Despotism; a work which, although printed since several times at Neufchâtel, where it went through two editions in six weeks, is only commencing to create a sensation in France: perhaps too great for my tranquillity. This essay was written very rapidly, without plan, without order, and rather as the confession of the faith of a citizen, than a literary attempt. It may, however, be sufficient to give you some idea of the manner and style of a man not yet seven-and-twenty. I have much facility in writing, and have the will as well as the necessity for working.

"See, sir, if you can employ me upon anything: we will speak of pecuniary arrangements when you have seen what I can do. The only thing that I shall request of you, if you make proposals for some undertaking, is to procure me such

books as I shall stand in need of. I beg you to respond with the same frankness with which I have written: they will call for your letter to-night.

"P.S.—They are selling at this moment the 'Essay on Despotism' very dear in France. The typography is very defective; if you think you can make an advantageous speculation of another edition, I will improve and augment it considerably: but that will require time.

"If you have in view, at present, any valuable edition, I think you will find few editors as exact and as diligent as myself."*

The response to this would appear to have been surly, since we find him, on the 24th, writing another stronger letter to the same individual; which had no more success, for it was not till after he had been in Amsterdam three months, that he obtained employment. Then, however, it flooded in upon him by wholesale. Michel Rey gave him much to do, and Changuyon, another bookseller, offered much more work than he could possibly perform; and so, by laboring incessantly from six in the morning to nine at night, he contrived to earn between them a louis per diem: exclusive of plunderings by Mr. Rey, who proved himself a hard and not over-honest taskmaster.

The work produced by Mirabeau in the short space which elapsed between his first employment in December (1776), to his arrest in May (1777), sufficiently demonstrates his unflagging industry. His first work was a pamphlet of twelve octavo pages, entitled, "Advice to the Hessians sold by their Prince to England." Frederick II., landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, had promised the British Government a subsidy of 6000 men to aid in subjugating the refractory Americans, then fighting for their rights; and this "Advice" consisted of a fiery denunciation of this banding together of the strong ones of the earth, to work not good but evil. It attained to the widest celebrity at the time, being circulated in no less than five languages. The first volume of a History of Travels followed this, and a pamphlet on Music. He also translated the first volume of a History of England, by Mrs. Macauley: the celebrated republican, to whom Dr. Johnson entertained such an antipathy; and a considerable portion of the Life of Philip II. (of Spain),

* Fils Adop. ii. 158.

by Watson. Added to all which, he, being a free-mason, entered warmly into the affairs of that singular secret-preserving society, and concocted a design for a kind of branch association, which was in the end to lop away a few excrescences which Mirabeau conceived to have grown upon free-masonry: this plan was embodied by him in a series of propositions found among his papers; but of which it is impossible to say whether they ever saw the light at all in Holland. He also contrived to obtain the friendship of all the neighboring literati, as well as of many influential and respectable citizens.

[1777.] This period must have been the most really happy —perhaps the only happy one—in all Mirabeau's strange life; for occupation begets content: and though to rise at six and bend over a desk till nine be wearisome and hard, it is immeasurably superior, consider it how you will, to rising at twelve and retiring at three in the morning, conscious of having done no one real act of worth. Of their life at this time he himself paints a sweet picture.

"Study occupied nearly all my time, and a man who was double my age might have been less sedentary—this thy love remembers. I had at times involuntary outbursts of vivacity and impatience, which thou mightst have taken for ill-humor; but one of thy kisses ever restored serenity to my countenance and peace to my spirit. . . . An hour of music delighted me; and my adorable companion, though nourished and bred in opulence, was never so gay, so courageous, so attentive, so affable, so tender, as in poverty: her unchangeable warm-heartedness displayed itself to its utmost extent. We did not appear like an insensate couple whom a passing madness had driven from their country; and, indeed, we were *not* such."*

And Sophie must not be silent either.

"Thou refusedst my caresses," she says, "for fear that they might make thee forget thy books; but with what rapture didst thou not return shortly—with what transport did I not hold thee in my arms! How often didst thou not tear thyself from these arms to fly to thy labor, to thy tedious occupations: but nothing was wearisome to thee if it brought comfort to thy Sophie. Ah, dearest! truly thou wert the model of true lovers!"

Truly this is very beautiful: a finer picture of united love

* Lettres Originales du Donjon de Vincennes, i. 406.

it might be difficult to draw. If, as we believe, in plodding over the weary mountain of Life to that unknown much-loved Shadow-Land which lies on the further side of the Death-river, flowing through the valley beyond the Life-mountain—if, in traveling over that, there is a time in every man's life when he takes a glimpse of that fair far country, and has a foretaste of its joys, surely this was that time in the life of Mirabeau. Pomp—a world's admiration—splendor—triumph; these came: but, O! they did not, they could not, fall so sweetly on his heart as those nine months of love and poverty, when he dwelt in exile, a despised and ruined man.

O! das sie ewig grünen bliebe,
Die schöne Zeit des jungen Liebe.

But such moments as these could not last: nay, when we reflect upon it, however comfortable to Mirabeau, it was not advisable, for the world, that they should last. Had they done so, he might have lived some twenty years as a Bookseller's drudge, or perhaps by his transcendant abilities raised himself to a wealthy bookseller and burgess; and then, when the marquis departed, have returned unto his own territories and titles, a gouty choleric man, with a large family of questionables. But, as we said, at his birth REVOLUTION was coming into the world, like a terrible Bucephalus, whom no man could or dare mount, save this Alexander of a Mirabeau, who dare mount and *could* manage; and it was necessary, to the proper management of this wild world-charger, that the rider himself should understand, from stern practical persecution, *why* and how that Bucephalus was so untameable—so dreadful.

Owing to Mirabeau's confession of being author of the Essay on Despotism, well known as his in France, the secret of his retreat became divulged to all men. M. Monnier sent offers, begging of his wife to return, promising to forget and forgive everything; and even offered money to the fugitives. Sophie, sensible that she was an insuperable bar to her real husband's prosperity, though she refused to accede to this proposal of her husband by law, expressed, in a letter to the Marchioness of Mirabeau, her willingness to retire into a convent in Limousin, near the residence of the marchioness. Although urged by his mother to consent to this, Mirabeau was far too generous to submit to any such thing; and so M. Monnier, irritated at Sophie's refusal, commenced formal proceedings

against his wife and Mirabeau, to regain his settlements and her dowry. The result of which proceedings was, that on the 10th of May, the tribunal of the Bailliwick of Pontarlier formally decreed Mirabeau "guilty of abduction and seduction;" condemned him to be beheaded in effigy; to pay a fine of five livres to the king, and forty thousand livres to the Marquis of Monnier; while Sophie, guilty chiefly of *being* abducted and seduced, was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in the Besançon House of Correction; to be there shaved and punished like the females of the place, and to forfeit all her rights and privileges of every kind: her marriage portion going to M. Monnier. At which judicial froth, Mirabeau, secure in Amsterdam, could very well afford to laugh: the effigy decapitation would not harm him; and as for the forty thousand livres, seeing that he had neither money nor chattels, they had best distrain for that.

But, unfortunately, hotter enemies than the Bailliwick of Pontarlier were at work. The de Ruffeys were determined to recover their daughter; and the Marquis of Mirabeau, being more embittered than ever against his son, on account of his conduct and his alliance with the marchioness, readily joined measures with them. Inspector Brugnières, who had dogged his steps before, soon scented out the exact residence of their prey; and the marquis's influence prevailed upon the Count of Vergennes to issue orders for their arrest, *whether alive or dead:* with which Brugnières was dispatched to Amsterdam; having, moreover, a letter to the Duke of Lavanguyon, the French ambassador, urging him to procure from the States a permission to arrest. This permission was easily obtained, but not without news of the application getting abroad. The French Consul called on Mirabeau, and offered him money and a passport, would he but give up Sophie to her fate: but he would not hear of it. He did, however, take measures to escape; and, hearing that their arrest was fixed for the 15th of May, on the 14th they decided upon disappearing from Amsterdam. This flight was doubly difficult and dangerous, as Sophie was then pregnant. In the evening, however, fearful of being seen together, Mirabeau left the house, and a friend was to have conducted Sophie by another road to an appointed rendezvous. Scarcely had he turned out of the Kalbestrand, ere tidings reached him that she had been arrested at the very moment of leaving the house. In an agony of grief he flew back and

found it too true—found Sophie about to apply poison to her lips, in the wild madness of her boundless anguish. Appealing to her love to him—to her duty to their unborn child, Mirabeau, by aid of his captor, Brugnières, contrived to extort from her a promise that she would do no such rash action: with the reservation, however, that, did she not hear from him in a certain time, DEATH should end all love and suffering for ever. And so these two unfortunate lovers parted, never to meet again for several years; and then in a state of quarrel, love being ended between them.

St. Pélagie, a house for common prostitutes, had been selected for Sophie by her kind friends: but Brugnières, who, after having hunted them down, was excessively kind and good-natured, wrote to M. Lenoir, the head of the police at Paris, to change this infernal order. As his remonstrances were also backed by the ambassador, it was changed to a kind of genteel house of correction for erratic ladies, kept by Mademoiselle Douay, in the Rue De Charonne at Paris; in which establishment she was entered under the assumed name of Madame de Courvière.

As for Mirabeau, his destination was soon apparent; on the 7th of June he entered into Vincennes: not into the fortress, merely, but into what is termed the Donjon of Vincennes, in opposition to the castle; and commenced his longest, most rigorous, and fortunately *the last* of all his forced imprisonments.

CHAPTER VI.

VINCENNES.

1777—1780.

THERE is nothing much more melancholy in the history of man than the early portion of Mirabeau's imprisonment in Vincennes. Parted abruptly from the woman he had loved so fondly, just when she was about to give him a pledge of their love, to which his extremely sensitive mind looked forward eagerly; hardly knowing her fate—being debarred from all writing or speech; one hour a day only being allowed for ambulatory exercise in the corridor; the very turnkey enjoined

to speak no more than was absolutely necessary; his food stinted and coarse; allowed to remain three weeks without changing raiment or seeing a barber; added to all which having during that period a fever and spitting blood: surely his situation was not delectable.

Madness, from despondency and uncertainty, had well nigh overthrown the minds of both the lovers: for Sophie in her residence was hardly more comfortable. Her room was small, and had four inhabitants: she had to write in bed, with her curtains drawn, upon what paper she had contrived to smuggle in with her, with ink manufactured from nails put into vinegar. Mirabeau also had contrived to procure a few scraps, upon which he poured forth his burning tears, writing with tobacco water; but rashly expending this little stock, and having no book to employ his mind, no friend to reveal his overflowing sorrows unto, a delirium took possession of his soul, and he foamed and chafed like a strong mountain-eagle, beating against his prison bars in the mad impotency of despair. Besides all this, what he had written to Sophie lay there unsent; correspondence being "banned and barred—forbidden fare!"

Had Mirabeau, so afflicted in body and in mind, put into execution a project of flying, God-abandoned, into suicide, as a relief from such an earthly hell as that—which did float like a boding spectre through his brain—one might have forgiven him; and deemed him a strong man, after all. But when he did not do it—when he fought through it, conquered it, and rose to what he did rise to, how strong a man must we not consider him.

A mitigation of the severest part of all this soon came: Mirabeau's extreme wretchedness won the lieutenant-general of police, M. Lenoir, to his cause; and permission was accorded for him to correspond with whom he chose, under the discretionary perusal of M. Bouchier, senior clerk of the Secret Department, to whose charge Mirabeau was given.

Then arose simultaneously from Sophie and Mirabeau, such a melancholy wailing melody of distraction and heart sickness as the world has rarely heard; letter after letter of regretful lamentation, faint-glimmering hope, and defiant indignation, teemed out in miraculous fecundity. These, stolen by Procurator Manuel from the desk of M. Boucher, after Mirabeau's death, (Boucher's only restriction in correspondence had been that the letters should be returned to him,) and published in a

garbled and mutilated form (with no distinction between the temperate epistles of a sane man, and the distorted ravings of a delirious sick man, as Mirabeau was during several periods of his confinement) under the title of *Original Letters from the Donjon of Vincennes*, have hitherto served as the ignis-fatuus guides of Mirabeau's biographer; misleading more than leading. This eloquent and mournful correspondence between Sophie and him, is there; and the admirer of the Abelard and Eloisa style of composition will therein find perfection. Nevertheless, the first passionate foaming being ended, Mirabeau soon found better employment than singing this invariable dirge-duet with Sophie, and turned himself with all his powers to the procuring of his release. With this view, on the 17th of November, he addressed an appeal to the Duke of Noailles, a relation of his mother, and a man in authority; on the 20th of February [1778] and on the 1st of May, he likewise appealed to M. Maurepas, then minister, and on the same day to the minister Amelot. He likewise drew up for his father's especial benefit, a series of extracts from the various works of the Friend of Man, exposing in strong terms, lettres-de-cachet, imprisonments without trial, &c. &c., and contrasting therewith the marquis's own conduct towards his son.

All these produced not the slightest effects; and so, as his father allowed him nothing, and his clothes were nearly worn out, leaving him half-naked, he was necessitated to raise some money by literary labors. Not, however, by any means ceasing his epistolary labors: for the man moved heaven and earth to obtain his liberty; writing ceaselessly, by turns, the most eloquent, calm, fervid, fiery, bombastic, humble letters imaginable to his dearly loved sister Madame du Saillant; to his uncle the bailli, now looking doubtfully upon his strange nephew; to Sophie; to M. Boucher, his most tender and noble-hearted governor; to Dupont de Nemours, an old friend whose society had been granted him, and who had influence with the family; to his father; to his mother; then imprisoned by her husband, the law-suit being still at battle—in fact, to any man, woman, or child, on whom a written word could have effect, and which effect could ameliorate his hard lot.

To give a detailed account of Mirabeau's captivity at Vincennes, which were possible perhaps from his own letters therefrom, would be useless and uninteresting; for it was, of course, a monotonous and dull life. And that period, which

to him was no doubt the most tedious in his existence, must be passed over here very briefly. We shall merely give a catalogue of the principal literary productions during that space, and then follow out his efforts to obtain a release to their final success.

In looking at the vast amount of actual writing performed by Mirabeau during his three years' residence in Vincennes, and regarding it in a simply mechanical point of view, it appears a great monument to his prodigious industry: the only thing to be lamented is, that this industry was not applied to a better object than his literary efforts in Vincennes for the most part were. But in condemning these, let it be borne in mind that there were few of them written from choice, but from the sternest compulsion; and that, therefore, he had to pander to the saleable, and so neglect the laudable; and if in some portions, a savage defiance of all worldly conventionalities be apparent, let it be remembered that, considering the way in which, since his birth, he had been treated, the world, take it altogether, could have small claims upon his love.

Of the majority of his works nothing is known: translations of Homer, Ovid, Catullus, Propertius, and Tasso; a tragedy, a drama, and a multifarious stock of sundries, have been entirely forgotten and lost—and those which did not share the same fate should have done. If, as we said, every man in life has a vision of heaven and a foretaste of its joys, so has he no less surely a foretaste of hell, and undergoes an eclipse; his intellectual radiance being obscured by the sombre shadow of the nether influences—and this Vincennes captivity was that period in Mirabeau's life. It was then that his body had the seeds of death sown in it by repeated diseases, and it was then that his mind suffered a complete agglomeration: bright scintillating flashes, however, darting ever and anon vividly through the gloom, as if to declare brilliantly that it was not *dead*.

The works of which authentic account remains, are:—1st, a translation of Tibullus, which the French critics have pronounced to be passable; 2d, a selection from the Decameron of Boccacio; 3d, a translation of the Kisses of Johannes Secundus, which is, we are informed, gracefully rendered; but the work itself, being not readable by women, should never have occupied the time of a man: for what a woman may not read, a man may not write, neither translate! 4th, an original

work on Lettres-de-Cachet and state prisons. This was by far his most important work hitherto; except, perhaps, the Essay on Despotism. The marquis called it "an outrageous and seditious folly;" but Mirabeau thought much more highly of it, and even went so far as to state that "it should not die" (*qui ne mourra point*): however, as lettres-de-cachet have vanished from off the face of the earth, and the state-bastile been overturned, this essay has followed in their track, and is now dead, and eaten by worms ere this. 5th. The Spy Discovered (*L'Espion Dévalisé*); a mad medley of Mirabeau's personal adventures for the most part, and which was first published in London some years after. 6th. *L'Erotica Biblion*, or Erratic Bible, and *La Conversion;* wretched and sickening abortions which all good men will forget: but which bad men, who love rather to dwell upon the insignificant sun-spots upon the luminaries of this world than their glorious effulgence, will not forget; but will, when it suits their depreciating purpose, thrust prominently forward, hurling the nobler attributes on one side to make room therefor. In addition to these he took part in some memoirs of the Duke of Aiguillon, a treatise on Inoculation, and a few others; of all which works the present writer, in taking a farewell of them, would heartily say, *Requiescant*, if not *in pace* then *in pulvere*.

A few months after their mutual imprisonment, Sophie was delivered of a daughter, whom they named Sophie-Gabrielle. This occasioned a sweet hallelujah-chorus between the luckless parents: which, however, speedily changed into a shrill lament; for no sooner was the child weaned, than, regardless of a mother's feelings, and such a mother as Sophie, the de Ruffeys seized upon their nondescript grandchild, and took her from the sorrow-stricken parent: about the same time, also, Sophie was removed from the Rue de Charonne to the convent of Gien, near Montargis, and not very far from Bignon.

On the 8th of October, 1778, died Mirabeau's son, the heir of the house; and thus the total extinction of the race seemed imminent: for the younger Mirabeau, owing to his obesity, did not appear of a child-producing kind; and the elder was not likely to have any legitimate increase, at the rate he was going on. Some feeble attempts to procure Mirabeau's liberation followed this event; but they fell to nothing. His daughter, by Sophie, was not destined to live either, for, on the 23d of May, 1780, she also died, in her second year. Upon this

sorrowful event the epistolary wail was renewed, and a thrilling threnody ascended alike from the cells of Gien and the dungeons of Vincennes.

Mirabeau's father seems to have been determined to complete his work this time, and not to listen to any entreaties or consent to Mirabeau's release, till he had broken his spirits entirely, and rendered him a docile machine. To show what kind of a father and general Friend of Man he was, it may be as well to state that, except Madame du Saillant and Boniface Mirabeau, all his family were at the same time under restraint. The marchioness, having lost her suit for the present, was confined at the convent of the Dames de Sisteron; and Madame de Cabris, whose headlong licentiousness had become too notorious, kept her company; while Gabriel Honoré languished, half naked and diseased, in a damp dungeon in Vincennes.

This we have from the marquis's own account. Writing to his brother, the bailli, he says:—

"Four days ago I met Monpezat, whom I have not seen for twenty years, and who, like an ass, drew on himself a regular set-down.

"'Is your action with madame la marquise finished?' he said to me. 'I have gained it,' I replied. 'And where is she?' 'In a convent.' 'And your son, where is he?' 'In a convent.' 'And your daughter in Provence?' 'In a convent.' 'Have you, then, contracted to people convents?' 'Yes, sir; and had you been my son, you should have been in one long enough since.'"*

But Mirabeau contrived to encircle himself with friends. M. Boucher, his governor, treated him so kindly, that Mirabeau always called him his good angel. Dupont de Nemours acted as adviser-general, and managed all his out-door affairs. M. Lenoir used his influence with the ministry, and Madame du Saillant with the marquis. All their united efforts were nullified for a long time by the unfortunate quarrel between the marquis and marchioness; for weekly almost came out printed pleadings for her, all abusing the marquis, and introducing, of course, Mirabeau's imprisonment, which was too favorable a topic to omit; and several of the most violent the marquis attributed falsely to his son: all which tended, of course, to widen the division between them.

* Fils Adop. ii. 185.

In the course of time, Mirabeau's situation grew to be such, and the captivity had been so lengthy, that it cried out thunder-tongued to the marquis, denouncing shame against him for his inhumanity. For, devoid of money, Mirabeau's raiment had not been re-supplied, and he was destitute of the common necessaries of clothing; added to which, inflammation of the face haunted him: so much so that, at times, his eyes were closed entirely, and blindness was feared. These things coming to the knowledge of the ministry, there was a probability of their interference, and ordering the release of the prisoner. The marquis, therefore, determined to take steps himself in that direction: not desiring any but himself to interfere with his son.

We therefore find him, in May 1780, when Mirabeau had been three years within a few days in his prison, coming to the conclusion, that when his wife and the Marquis of Marignane should consent to his release, it should take place. This gave rise to another almost incredible shoal of letters.

First, there go tender appeals to sweet sister Saillant, to use her benign influence with the little marchioness; then, long and hot appeals direct to his wife, waxing ever hotter and hotter, and more eloquent, until even the stern father pronounces them models, and all their readers melt into tears over them, so touching are they. But no pleading, no intercession could touch the heart of the old Marquis de Marignane; who vehemently refused all conciliation, and launched out into terrible imprecations even at the sound of Mirabeau's name. As for his wife, she displayed herself to be a weak, selfish woman; for, though she acknowledged her desire for a re-union with her husband, she took no measures for procuring it, and suffered herself to be entirely governed by her father. Living the gayest of the gay, as a wealthy widow, queen of the Court of Love at Aix, there was little inducement for her to bestir herself on behalf of her imprisoned husband. "If she could see him by her side free," she said, "she should rejoice beyond expression; but the trouble of acquiring that freedom she could in no wise undertake:" and so the apathetic little woman went on in her round of gaiety, and soon ceased even to answer his letters.

But by this time several fortuitous events contributed to bring about his release. In the first place, the ministry had become exceedingly rusty about the Marquis of Mirabeau's

lettres-de-cachet; positively refusing to take part any more in his private persecutions: secondly, the Marchioness of Mirabeau had just recommenced her suit, with prospect of success, and this disgraceful litigation was the scandal of the place: as Mirabeau possessed, or was thought to possess, influence with his singular mother, it was considered that perhaps he might arrange an amicable agreement, and so do away with a new law-suit; and thirdly, very likely the marquis was growing extremely weary of the incessant appeals for his son which inundated him from all quarters, and perhaps there might be a little compunction of conscience. Certain, however, it is, that on December 13th, 1780, after a captivity of three years and a half, with his brother-in-law du Saillant, he stepped forth from Vincennes, and bade a glad adieu to prison life for ever.

He had grown during his confinement, but was so miserably clad, that the very first act his brother-in-law had to do for him, was to carry him forthwith to Paris, and outfit him afresh. He had then once more gained that dearest heritage of man, his liberty: and yet his prospects were none of the brightest. Without occupation, without connections, with a name much soiled, and a questionable character; with no income, for his father declined allowing any to him; he stood, thus, with no resources, save his inexhaustible intellect: with the world and a life before him!

BOOK III.

THE TRAVELING VOLCANO.

Bleibe nicht am Boden heften,
Frisch gewagt und frisch hinaus!
Kopf und Arm mit heitern Kräften,
Ueberall sind sie zu Haus;
Wo wir uns der Sonne freuen,
Sind wir jede Sorgen los;
Das wir uns in ihr zerstreuen,
Darum ist die Welt so gross.

GOETHE.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

FREEDOM—CONCILIATION—SOPHIE—PONTARLIER.

1780—1782.

[1780.] Those who have witnessed combats between the lion and other wild animals, will say, that when the door of his cell is withdrawn, the lion generally walks forth with a measured stride, and proceeds, with the calmest and most leisurely steadiness, to mark his adversary, his strengths and weaknesses; and then, with a toss of the mane and a loud roar, flies fiercely to the combat. Even so was Mirabeau on his enlargement from Vincennes. He came forth placidly enough, and for a year occupied himself with surveying minutely and dispassionately his actual position; until he had discovered what there was for him to do, and then doing it in a manner peculiarly his own.

[1780.] Notwithstanding the marquis had released him, he still positively refused an interview, although then in Paris. Shortly after his release we find him writing to the bailli:—"I shall not permit him to see me so soon; I did, however, find myself face to face with him, as I was coming out of Desjobert's* the other day: I found he has a piercing eye, and a strong and healthy appearance; he bowed his head, and drew as much on one side as possible, and I went on my way."† Such was the recognition between a father and son who for nine years had not seen each other! In judging Mirabeau, it should ever be remembered, that, despite this unjust treatment,

* The marquis's lawyer. † Fils Adop. vol. iii. 142.

he could appreciate the high talent of his father, and always loved him; scarcely even permitting only a passing testy expression to escape him. A day or two after his enlargement, while visiting his brother-in-law du Saillant's hôtel, on coming before a portrait of the marquis, he stopped for a considerable space, until tears started to his eyes, and in a choked voice he exclaimed, "My poor father!" and so passed on. There is beauty in that small circumstance.

Debarred from the parental mansion, and, for fear of a rencontre with the marquis, from that of du Saillant as well, Mirabeau took up his quarters with M. Boucher, his late good governor, under the name of M. Honoré; employing his time in a praiseworthy effort: which has, however, given rise to the most malignant falsehoods. The Marchioness of Mirabeau had lost, as we stated, her fourteen years' lawsuit, and had been lodged in a convent by her husband; but she almost immediately commenced another far more vigorous one, which was filling all France with fresh scandal, when Mirabeau was released. The marquis published the foulest charges against the marchioness, and she in return favored him with similar pleasing marks of her affection. Disgusted with such childish and disgraceful behavior, Mirabeau endeavored to prevail upon his mother to cease her infuriated clamors. She was agitating for a total separation of body and goods, and Mirabeau, in an interview with her, about a fortnight after his release, used all his influence to persuade her to accept a bodily separation with an allowance, and so hush up the matter quietly and for ever. Not only would she not listen to his proposals, but she loaded him with vituperation, and pressed on even more eagerly and abusively, until, in a few months, she finally gained her point. This well-intentioned proceeding has drawn down the flippant censure of the historian, that he "made his peace with his father by attacking the reputation of his mother;"* whereas the truth is, there does not exist, nor ever did exist, any document or other evidence proving that he ever even blamed his mother. Advice he offered, which was rejected with abuse and scorn, and, chiefly on the marchioness's part, intercourse ceased between them, but that was all; and so far from "making his peace with his father," it was not for some months after, when this abortive attempt at reconciliation was forgotten,

* Alison, vol. ii. p. 22.

that the marquis permitted him to behold him: and he did not even then properly make peace at all.

Mirabeau resided, as has been said, at Boucher's, and was chiefly employed in bringing his affairs to a correct point of sight for several months; while his sister pertinaciously persisted in her applications to the marquis to receive him, but without avail. On the 18th of May, the marchioness won her cause, and a matter of pride connected with this, led to Mirabeau being permitted to return to his father's house. Madame de Mirabeau's friends had asserted that the success of the marquis was to be the signal for Mirabeau's pardon and return; the wish, therefore, of proving that to be wrong, added to the united supplications of Boucher, Dupont, and Madame du Saillant, caused Mirabeau on the 20th to be presented by Boucher to his acrid and singular father. The marquis thus describes the interview:—

"Boucher and the family suddenly brought me Honoré, and, as he knelt upon the ground, the chevalier (de Scépeaux) embraced me, saying, '*This is the prodigal son.*' I said to Honoré, giving him my hand, 'that I had long since pardoned the enemy; that I was giving that to the friend; and that one day I hoped to be able to bless the son.' I have found him much stouter, especially about the shoulders, neck, and head. He has our figure, construction, and manner, except his own mercurial temperament; his locks are very beautiful, his eyes also; his forehead is open; he is much less studied in accent than formerly, but rather so yet; of a natural air otherwise, and much less ruddy; beyond this he is as you have seen him."*

Directly after this, he accompanied the marquis down to Bignon (prostitute de Pailly taking a trip to Switzerland to evade him), where he remained some eight months arranging his plans for the future, and drawing out the designs for his coming campaigns. During this period, he appears to have stood in the highest ranks in his father's favor; which may be attributed to two things—the irresistible seducing power of Mirabeau's tongue, and the absence of the bird of ill omen, de Pailly. It was during his residence here that the beautiful episode of love between him and Sophie was for ever closed. If that secluded love-life in Amsterdam was one of the cheeriest pictures conceivable, so is the termination of it all the most melancholy.

* Fils Adop. iii. 159.

Beware of jealousy—it is the green-eyed monster—

A short time before Mirabeau's release from Vincennes, Sophie's confinement had been much mitigated, and she was permitted to receive visitors. Among these came a certain M. de Rancourt, whose visits growing numerous and ever more lengthy, and being assiduously reported to Mirabeau, and Sophie in her letters as assiduously forgetting to mention anything about it, as well as her letters growing much cooler, jealousy arose in the heart of Mirabeau; and, like everything else with which he mingled, it was jealousy in real red-hot fire-earnestness, and no milk-and-water substitute therefor. These visits still continuing, immediately after his release Mirabeau vented his feelings in several angry and upbraiding epistles: answered unfortunately, not by explanations or denials, but by recrimination and counter-upbraiding; and matters looked very rupture-like, when Dr. Ysabeau, the convent physician, proposed an interview, which was eagerly accepted. As all intercourse between the lovers was expressly prohibited, this had to take place covertly. On the 19th of July, in the evening, Mirabeau rode from Bignon to Nogent-sur-Vernisson, nine miles from Gien; at which place Dr. Ysabeau awaited him. Having disguised himself as a pedlar, with the doctor and a nun for witnesses, he succeeded in reaching the cell of Sophie. It was four years and two months since they last beheld each other; and then, amid tears and despairing groans, and god-defying poison-threats, and deep earnest vows of ever lasting constancy and love, they parted: and *now!*—O heaven! but it was pitiful. Instead of rushing to each other's arms with wild transportive rapture, and mingling, silent-stricken, in one soul-absorbing embrace, no sooner are they met, than lo! sharp as a keen-edged sabre, arise sarcasms and upbraidings between them: soon, alas! merging into open quarrel; shrill woman's vehemence mixing with man's tempestuous indignation, until in mutual rage they part once more, never again to behold each other upon earth: and thus the fair porcelain vase of a delightful love-romance, on which the eye was charmed to look, in the rash heat of a mad moment lies shivered by one accursed blow!

O weep, ye that have tears to shed, for this tristful episode; for it is very tear-worthy. Weep for the ungoverned passions of our race, how they fume, and toss and roar, and foam bil-

lowy, ravaging and devastating the green shore-lands of our life! It has been written and oft repeated, that there is no Love without Jealousy; but I say, and will affirm it, that there is no love *with*. How could I, O parted and beloved! *love* thee —which means, worship thee as the nearest revelation of God given unto me on this world—how could I love thee, did I imagine thou wert a poor, frail, changeful thing? To receive a plighted troth, and to believe in that pledge, never doubting and never suspecting, that alone *is* love; to doubt anxiously, feverishly, and watch eagerly and inquiringly, *that* may be skeptic selfishness, but it is blasphemy to name *it* Love.

However excited might have been the feelings of the twain at the moment of quarrel, a reaction ensued; for Sophie suffered for many days after with ophthalmia, brought on by excessive weeping, while Mirabeau was afflicted with a deep depression of spirit, much augmented by the death of his "good angel of Vincennes," M. Boucher. But, over and above mourning, Mirabeau had something more important to do; and he did it.

Two things clearly demanded instantaneous attention—the reversal of the Pontarlier edict, and the reunion with his wife. The first, his safety and his interests demanded; for while that remained he was liable to be arrested any moment, and no legacy or heritage could be possessed by him. The latter, the perpetuity of the name and race loudly called for. But it was an intricate affair: as we saw, in our last chapter, the countess, residing in festivity and married license under the entire governance of her father, had ever expressed most anxious solicitude for a reunion with her husband; but had also ever manifested a strange repugnance for active exertion. "Where there's a will, there's a way;" and that she had no will was now made manifest, by her expressing her resolve, so soon as Mirabeau's enlargement was reported to her, of suing for a judicial separation both from "bed and board:" this suit Mirabeau had to appeal against, with a view of re-establishing his marital rights. It was, therefore, self-evident, that it was advisable to wash off the unpleasantness of the Pontarlier sentence before entering upon this domestic affair: accordingly he resolved to commence at once.

With this primary resolve the marquis agreed; but the unanimity did not extend to the manner of proceeding. It seems that there existed a kind of legal documents, entitled, "Letters of Abolition," and "Letters of Cassation;" these were issued

by the King (which meant the minister) at his own arbitrary will, and had the effect of anulling any sentence or sentences passed upon the recipient; thereby freeing him from all apprehension as to consequences. Mirabeau was urged warmly by the marquis to apply to the ministry for one of these papers; which would, of course, have been granted. But as this was gained by interest, and not justice; and as, moreover, it would leave the sentence upon Madame de Monnier intact, despite his rupture with that lady, he indignantly repelled all idea thereof, with such earnestness that even the marquis did not urge the point. The next question was, the tone in which to commence proceedings. Here, again, was a difference. The marquis and his lawyers had examined into the case, and had decided that it was, judicially, all but hopeless; and, therefore, recommended a proposal of accommodation, to be made in an humble and submissive manner. But Mirabeau had also examined into his cause, and had arrived at a far opposite conclusion: he had decided that, so far from it being hopeless, it was so decidedly the reverse, that he should, instead of adopting a truckling demeanor, assume the highest grounds, and defy his opponents rather than otherwise; and the marquis, unable to resist personal intercourse with his son, calmly allowed him to "go his own gait:" which he did impetuously enough; proceeding, as was his wont, by quick and decisive steps.

[1782.] On the 2d of February, with heart elate, sure-trusting in his ultimate success, and spirit conscious of its own unlimited resources, he departed from Bignon to Pontarlier, on his bold and perilous enterprise; for had he lost, it was entirely in the judge's power to make the punishment capital, did he choose to do so. He took with him an advocate name Desbirons, ostensibly to manage the whole affair; but who, as he himself mentions with admiration and wonder, soon dwindled into a mere secretary, working altogether by the advice of the person he had come to advise.

There were two parties concerned in the sentence on the opposite side to Mirabeau: the de Ruffeys and M. de Monnier; but as that old man was then dying, his cause was entirely managed by his daughter, Madame de Valdahon: who was of course, much interested, in a pecuniary point of view, in maintaining the edict as regarded Sophie: the weak old man did not even know what was doing in his name.

On the 6th they arrived at Dijon; and Desbirons, under Mirabeau's instructions, succeeded in inducing Madame de Ruffey to promise, that if she did not go so far as to join in Mirabeau's appeal, she would at least advocate the most advantageous terms of compromise. So much being gained in that quarter, he proceeded to Pontarlier, to see what might be effected with Madame de Valdahon; arriving there on the 8th: but whence, however, he passed almost immediately to Verrières. On the same day he dispatched Desbirons to obtain an interview with Madame de Valdahon, and propose Mirabeau's terms; but so certain was she of the tenability of the sentence, and so anxious that Sophie's dowry and portion should remain in her father's hands, that she positively refused to see the advocate at all. On the 9th, Mirabeau embodied his proposal in a condensed but eloquent letter, written in the name of Desbirons; but this was likewise unnoticed by the obdurate lady. Seeing, therefore, that there was nothing left but to make the formal law appeal, Mirabeau, on the 12th, surrendered himself prisoner at the Castle of Joux, and then applied for a provisionary release. This was granted on the 16th, but never put into action; owing to a counter appeal made by M. Sombarde, King's Procurator and Public Prosecutor. Notwithstanding the dignified nobility of Mirabeau's proceedings, and voluntary surrender of himself, this honorable conduct was far from being reciprocated; for during his imprisonment he was confined in the worst quarter of the castle, amid squalidity and disease.

About a week after his incarceration, he issued the first of the *Mémoires* or *Cases*, which, although merely written for the judges and the lawyers, soon worked their way to the public, until France rang with the name of their concoctor. This was entitled "*The first Case for consultation for the Count of Mirabeau against the Marquis of Monnier*," and consisted of an acute examination of the legality of the proceedings; but treated in such a brilliant and masterly style, as entirely to banish the dullness so common to law discussions. His arguments were masterly. He had been condemned for "rape of seduction:" this he demonstrated was illegal; since the law expressly stated, that such crime could only exist between unmarried persons. Adultery was the crime to be charged with, he said; but then the witnesses to the perpetration thereof being residents in a foreign country, and the deed also committed there, he contended that a French tribunal could not receive

evidence from such, nor sit in judgment on a crime committed out of the kingdom. The whole concludes with a withering invective against such ignorant decision as that of May 1778, whereby a noble had been disgraced, and an amiable lady imprisoned for five years.

With this Case the marquis expressed himself well pleased, and spoke in the highest praise of his son to the bailli. "At present," he writes, "I see him in his saddle: he sits well, and will have the real advantage before the public of entirely exculpating his accomplice; which he was anxious to do at any cost. You have no idea of your nephew upon great occasions: in proportion as it would be dangerous to measure him then, and apply the result to his daily life, so may we count him in a great crisis, far better than a wise man."*

But this Case growing too public, and the rumor of his son's law-suit becoming an every-day topic, and, moreover, Madame de Pailly coming from her sojourn in Switzerland, he very speedily changed, and wrote reprehending it.

On the appearance of this Case, his judges, after a smart discussion, decided that the second argument was fallacious, and that they *had* the power of sitting in judgment upon a Frenchman for crimes committed abroad. On the 5th of March, therefore, he had to undergo a confrontation with two Swiss witnesses, which lasted for ten hours; Mirabeau cross-questioning and examining rigidly, and making "them belie and contradict themselves," as the bailli said, "although they had been well instructed and crammed."

The Appeal of the Prosecutor Sombarde, against the decree granting a provisionary release—a kind of semi-victory—was prosecuted in the chamber of Tournelle, in the Besançon parliament; at which tribunal Mirabeau pursued his demands, by issuing his *Second Case for Consultation*. Such noise had the first made, that this, although a purely private paper of little but private interest, was published at the printer's own cost, "I only paying," says Mirabeau, "for the reserved copies—the others they devour."

The second case was much more lengthy than the previous one, but not less splendid in composition. It consists of a survey of all the premises laid down by his adversaries, the great majority of which he scatters to the wind beyond the

* Fils Adop. iii. 241.

chance of a revival; of a repetition of his old argument concerning seduction; of a statement of the whole affair with Madame Monnier, as it really occurred. After having vividly demonstrated the advantages of his position; having shown that the illegality of the old sentence, concluded in the indecently brief space of half an hour, was so gross, that did he prosecute his judges he would be certain of success, he reiterates his original offers of conciliation.

Though this second effusion attained far higher popularity than the former one, it gained even less favor in the eyes of the marquis; who positively prohibited any more publications of a similar nature, asserting that another would kill him. Nor had it the desired effect with the Besançon parliament, for they almost directly afterwards refused to allow his provisionary release; upon which he appealed from the chamber of Tournelle to the Great Chamber, and hurled forth a stormy *Third Case for Consultation.* This was shorter again, and only written to bring out his strongest argument. The law directed that no public prosecutor should conduct a case, whenever he was within a certain affinity to the plaintiff. Sombarde had all along behaved in the most glaringly unjust and tyrannical manner; which Mirabeau exposed in fierce wrath, revealing the further note-worthy fact, that he was within the forbidden degree related to the Marquis of Monnier.

This was far more successful, and as du Saillant arrived at this time armed with all the weight of the marquis's name and authority, proposals for a compromise were submitted to Mirabeau; but, as they only related to himself without freeing Sophie, only to be scornfully refused. Thus runs his answer; —"I have said to my father, and I repeat to you, before God and man, that no one has a right to interfere in my cause, in my dispute, without my advice, without my consent; and in this firm conviction I tell you that I will have no accommodation, unless the procedure be arrested; that I will sign nothing wherein my pure and simple absolution, that of Madame de Monnier, the restitution of her dowry, and annuity for her, and the payment of my expenses be not included.

When it is remembered that with Sophie he had now irrevocably broken, and that, had he abandoned her cause, he could have been at liberty in an instant, no man can refuse saying that here, at least, was a truly noble action.

But victory soon followed; for Mirabeau had rendered him-

self beloved by his friends, enthusiastically admired by the public, and feared by his opponents, as a man to whose daring there was no limit. On the 14th of August the deed of compromise was finally signed. By it, the sentence passed upon Mirabeau and Sophie was annulled. She was separated from the marquis in bed, board and effects; her dowry reverted to her, and an annuity of 50*l.* was settled on her, with the only reservation that she should dwell in a convent until the death of the Marquis of Monnier. Thus, after a tedious residence of six months in an uncomfortable and unwholesome prison, Mirabeau once more came forth to freedom, with the pleasing consciousness that he had acted irreproachably; that with his iron force of mind and vigor of intellect he had won for himself and Sophie, peace, pardon and a decisive victory.

Thus terminates entirely and forever the love-episode of Sophie; and as that lady now retires from these pages, a few words regarding her ultimate fate may not be uninteresting. She remained at the convent at Gien until the death of her husband, which happened eight months after Mirabeau's victory; after which event, her mother being dead, she declined returning to her family at Dijon, but opened a small house in Gien. Her passionate temperament was now saddened down into a settled melancholy; she still brooded over her love-days and unfortunate rupture with Mirabeau. But after a little she began to go once again into society, and met with a gentleman about her own age, by name de Poterat; who, like herself, having had a disappointment, was of a like despondent nature, and with whom an attachment, more that of friends than lovers, ensued. After a little period they agreed to marry; but unhappily death stepped in, and Sophie, who had seen her former lover fly off like a fire-torrent, had to mark this one die away, day by day, by the silent process of consumption. On the 8th of September, 1789, she beheld her *fiancé* depart away from her in her very arms. Dr. Ysabeau (the doctor who procured the last interview with Mirabeau) forcibly dragged her from the corpse; and, in her anguish, they arranged that on the succeeding morning he should call for her, and carry her to his house, wherein henceforth she should reside. After the doctor had departed, she issued orders to her servant lad to call her at a certain hour on the following morning, and then retired to her room. She collected all her papers, and wrote a letter of instructions, and then retired into a small closet.

Every crevice and chink therein she closed: she then placed two chafing dishes of charcoal on either side of her; flung herself into an arm-chair, tied her legs firmly together; bound one arm, and then with the other set fire to the charcoal, and so perished, in the thirty-seventh year of her age, the victim of parental scheming and heartless calculation.

Alas! by charcoal-fume alone, in reality, she did not die: when on the morrow her situation was discovered and the alarm given, a magistrate hastened to the spot accompanied by a surgeon. To the prurient or too-scientific mind of this idiot, the possibility of life remaining, which was so likely in such a mode of suicide, never suggested itself; but it immediately occurred to him, without any external reason, that the lady was very likely *enceinte*, and so he dexterously ripped her open and discovered that there was no warrant for any such supposition; discovered, moreover, on the arrival of Dr. Ysabeau, that this delicate, laudable and exceedingly scientific operation had been performed upon a living woman; from whom life was not removed, but merely suspended for the time being.

So perished the beautiful and passionate Sophie; over whose tomb might indeed be graven, the sublime words of Thekla:

Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und geliebet!

CHAPTER II.

INACTION IN SWITZERLAND—ACTION AT AIX.

1782—1783.

[1782.] In his Cases, Mirabeau had attacked with his usual vehemence his severe, persecuting jailor, M. de St. Mauris, and a military relative of his, M. Petit. This attack was all the more galling, insomuch as it was true and incontrovertible; and the twain could only brave out the obloquy thus showered upon them, by talking far and wide of what they *would* do to Mirabeau when he was released. His very first step, therefore, upon leaving the Castle of Joux, was to proceed to Pontarlier; and there, for four successive days, he occupied himself in appearing in the streets, and every other public place therein,

that St. Mauris and friend might not be enabled to say he shirked an interview.

Although the Marquis of Mirabeau had approved of the late appeal of his son, and even joined his influence to it towards the close of the litigation, he had refused all pecuniary aid; and Mirabeau had therefore been compelled to raise the necessary expenses by borrowing from the Procurator Michaud and other friends. His father also declined discharging these liabilities; and so, being left entirely to himself, he crossed over to Neufchâtel, in order to dispose of some of the manuscript works compiled in Vincennes: the essay on *Lettres-de-Cachet*, and *L'Espion devalisé*.

At Neufchâtel he remained two months, in a state of the most abject depression of spirits, and the completest inaction; with nothing but bodeful ideas of death by duelling, flight abroad, and other atrabiliar notions, floating dimly through his brain. He thus vividly describes his untoward situation to his kind sister:—

"Behold me *free:* but what boots my liberty? Disavowed by my father; forgotten, and perhaps hated by my mother, for having desired to serve her; dreaded by my uncle; haunted by my creditors, of whom not one has been paid, although they deprived me of everything, under the pretext of satisfying them; menaced by my wife, or by those who govern her; stripped of all things—of revenue, of occupation, of credit;—ah! please God that my enemies (St. Mauris & Co.) be not as cowardly as they are perverse, that they may respond to my hope, that they may come to the field where I await them! But, sister mine, they will not come. If I go to find them, they would stigmatize me as a bully—an assassin, perchance! Oh! but I have need of one good sword-stroke!"*

From this mood he brightened into the more sensible idea of going abroad: he offered, if a pension were settled upon him, to leave France, and never again set foot within its confines. This the bailli and the marquis alike approved of, but the latter would not consent to grant any pension. The bailli of Mirabeau had been piqued at the publication of the Pontarlier *Mémoires*, because they caused the name to be too much intermingled with scandal, and because the marquis did not approve of them; he therefore expressed great repugnance at

* Fils Adop. iii. 279.

receiving Mirabeau in Provence, and the mortification this treatment roused, and the consciousness of its being altogether undeserved, chiefly made Mirabeau so anxious to leave his native country and all his connections for ever.

The clear, kind arguments of Madame du Saillant, however, banished this crotchet, and awakened his slumbering spirit to its duty; while, at the same time, the marquis overcame the bailli's scruples, and on the 3d of October Mirabeau left Neufchâtel for Provence, to enter upon his other Hercules labor—that of recovering his wife.

During his residence in Switzerland he had not, however, been entirely inactive, but produced a long pamphlet of undoubted genius and exuberance of eloquence. It was on the affairs of Geneva. That city and republic, from its intestine divisions and proximity to the frontiers of France, had ever been under the influence thereof; but latterly, the reforming or patriot body having come into collision with the aristocracy, the King of France had sent troops to the aid of the aristocrats, whereby the people's clamor was effectually extinguished, and numerous municipals and other men of standing—as Dumont, Duroverai, Clavière, and others—saw good to resign offices and fly. Looking at this wreck of justice and freedom, Mirabeau addressed a letter to the Count of Vergennes, the war-minister, wherein he demonstrated that, by their present course, they were driving every sensible man from the city; and calling upon him by all claims, alike of common policy and justice, to break this infernal pact, and, withdrawing all foreign military aid, leave the Genevese to settle their own quarrels quietly among themselves, not ridden roughshod over by a few aristocrats, backed by French guards. He likewise wrote another equally lengthy one to M. de Fleury, comptroller-general, exposing the baneful effects of excise and customs, and advocating the principles of unfettered commerce.

Much as the amiability of the bailli of Mirabeau's character excites the admiration of such as may peruse his numerous letters, as inserted in the *Fils Adoptif* (but which space and expedience compel us to omit well-nigh entirely), it is very apparent that, at bottom, he was essentially a weak-minded man. He is first introduced to us, in connection with Mirabeau, by condemning him bitterly, without ever having seen him, on the sole evidence of his father's capricious letters; and agreeing with the infamous design of sending him to Surinam,

to perish there by disease. No sooner, however, did Mirabeau visit him in person, after his Corsican campaign, than his censure changed instantly to the warmest eulogiums, and all his energies were devoted to a reconciliation between the father and son; which accordingly did take place in the Limousin. Since, however, parting with Mirabeau, several years had passed over the bailli, and he had now elapsed into his original notion of his nephew, and for several months refused positively to receive him; and even when he had at last consented to do so, wrote, while Mirabeau was on his way, in this strain:—

"I confess to you, that I cannot restrain myself from desiring that he may not come; for I cannot hide from you (the marquis) that I have conceived an aversion to this man, which is overpowering, after the letters he has written to me, and the copies of those he has written to you and to several others, which he has sent me. *I see, in all an insupportable pride, a confidence which proves that he believes but in himself*, and such a furious divergence from my ideas, that I think it entirely impossible to accustom myself to him."*

And yet, when Mirabeau again appeared in person once more was the bailli conquered, and for ever now; he *did* "accustom himself to him," and not only that, he also patronized, applauded, defended, admired and loved him. The sentence in italics is note-worthy, insomuch as this same self-confidence the bailli therein censures, will be found, on examination, to be the one great basis and essential of one of those beings whom we denominate great men.

On the 19th of October, in the evening, he reached the Château; being received by his uncle as coldly as a man could receive Mirabeau. But the populace, although he owed many of them heavy and long standing debts, evinced much enthusiasm and joy at again beholding the seigneur, whose broad philanthropy had won their hearts during his last sojourn there; for bonfires blazed redly on the eminences, flinging out lurid gleams into the dull gray evening, and loud cheers rent the air: to the infinite chagrin of the marquis, who did not admire his son's popularity at all.

Mirabeau's second victory over the bailli was soon accomplished: on the 19th of October, he arrived at the Castle of

* Fils Adop. iii. 307.

Mirabeau, his uncle "doing all he could to receive him coldly," and on the 8th of November commences another series of exculpatory letters, defending Mirabeau and expostulating with his strange parent. But to win over the bailli was not his business in Provence—it was to win his wife; and he soon set about it.

This cause was so hopeless on the very face of it, that none but a man like Mirabeau, "believing in himself"—that none but "a demon of the impossible," would for one moment have attempted it. The countess, formally, was the chief person; but, in reality, was a mere puppet in the hands of her father and his legal advisers. Attachment—"'twould be huge blasphemy to name it *love*"—for her husband seems to have still remained; but it was mollified by a passion for gayety, and a natural laziness of temperament: she would have liked a reconcilement could it have come of itself, without trouble; could she, for instance, have awoke some morning and discovered Mirabeau by her side, the breach healed, and a reunion established; but to arouse and bestir herself, to take energetic measures, defy her father, and dismiss her interested advisers, and *so* end all speedily; for conduct like *that* she had no faculty. Might there not also be a lurking resentment for the broken marriage-vows, deep rankling in the brooding heart of woman: which no man can reprobate? This temperament of his wife's, added to the incalculable disadvantage of not being able to obtain an interview, were immense obstacles to his success: but the chief one was the ceaseless and virulent hate entertained by the Marquis of Marignane against his son-in-law; for which no cause can be discovered. This hate was also heightened by his having had a quarrel with the Marquis of Mirabeau, owing to the Friend of Man's interference in the disposal of some entails when his grandson was yet living; which, of course, ended in coldness, and well-nigh an entire rupture. This fierce hatred of the Marquis of Marignane towards Mirabeau, was assiduously fed by the collateral line of the Marignanes of Grasse; to whose interest it, of course, was that the Countess of Mirabeau should have no more children. In addition to all this, Mirabeau was not backed authoritatively by his father; and as *his* name was not at that period, and in that neighborhood, in what may be called good credit, the sinews of war were not as accessible, or as limitless, as was desirable. Against all these disadvantages, arguing almost

indubitably his ultimate loss, Mirabeau determined to proceed; and, as with him, as with all other great men in all ages, to will was to commence and do, he did not long tarry in passivity, but action was begun forthwith.

Throughout the whole of this embarrassing and delicate affair we find Mirabeau deporting himself uniformly with a temperance and prudence highly creditable to him, especially when his fiery disposition is considered; and which forms a striking contrast to the unreasonable and vulgar abuse so plentifully used by the Marignanes.

He first tried the effect of conciliation, and wrote several straight-forward and moving letters, praying for an amicable private adjustment; in which he was backed by the bailli, who had some little personal intercourse. The answers to these were frigidly polite for a season, but soon grew coarse and insolent, and ended finally in their being returned unopened, with defiance and with scorn. He could not even gain an interview; his wife was jealously watched lest she might accord such a favor, for his adversaries well knew that one interview would gain his cause; no woman's heart being proof against the seducing rhetoric of his tongue.

[1783.] All hopes of an arrangement being thus dissipated, it became necessary to take immediate and effective measures to prosecute the case in a public court. Many obstacles stood in his way here. The Marquis of Marignane, during the negotiation, had privately retained all the barristers of the neighborhood, save one: M. Jaubert, a clever and acute lawyer, but unable to achieve any very great triumph in pleading. Another young advocate, M. Pellene, having become interested in Mirabeau's cause, unsolicited (and anonymously for some time) supplied him with opinions and materials; thereby establishing a life-enduring friendship. The Marquis of Mirabeau, on his part, also refused positively to lend his influence to the case in any way, to the infinite disgust of the bailli; whole allegiance to his elder *economique*-expounding brother was fast merging into mutiny. For this conduct he assigned no open reason, except a dislike to having the name so perpetually mixed in law-suits: and pleasantly oblivious of the fact that it was by his own special request that this demand for a reunion was made at all. Besides all this, the Marignanes spared no artifice to ruin Mirabeau: the Marquis of Marignane even used his influence with the procurator-

general, M. Castallon, to denounce his Essay on Lettres-de-Cachet to the government, as a seditious work, and thereby end the squabble by another prison-residence. These denunciations, though made, fell to the ground.

Legal proceedings were commenced in form by Mirabeau; who, on the 28th of February, filed a petition for an injunction to be granted, compelling the countess to return and reside with him. On the 8th of March the countess filed a counter-petition, praying that such might not be granted: or, rather, let us say, her relatives of Grasse; for once, when one of Mirabeau's eloquent conciliatory letters was taken to her, the messenger beheld her begging with tears that she might be allowed to open it: from which act, threats and expostulations finally withheld her.* Excessive levity of character, and great weakness rather than natural perversity, were the causes of the unwomanly and unwifelike conduct of the countess; for though her husband's career had not been stainless, neither had hers been so by any means; and in society, though one sees not why it *should* be so, a husband's faithlessness is called a peccadillo, a wife's a sin unpardonable!

On the 11th, Mirabeau filed a second petition for the same purpose, and almost at the same time threw off a pamphlet entitled "*Observations of the Count of Mirabeau upon a portion of his cause*" (Aix, 4to. pp. 73), which is written in the most friendly and conciliatory spirit, showing that they did not part in ill-will, but in love—giving numerous extracts from the countess's letters during their absence, all breathing affection, and expressing a desire for a speedy reunion—showing that the affair with Sophie had not changed these sentiments (as, indeed, how could it, seeing the letter he had addressed to her from Joux), as she had manifested the same desire when he was in Vincennes—and demonstrating that, since his release therefrom, he had been guilty of no new indiscretion whatever: that, on the contrary, he had removed the danger and stigma of the Besançon sentence, and even added lustre to his name—and ending with a warm appeal to her heart. For charity's sake, we would hope that the Cerberi of Grasse kept this love-breathing pamphlet from the countess; as its only effect was to be read with avidity all over Provence, and to attain a wide celebrity through the other parts of France.

* Fils Adop. iii. 342.

On the 20th of March, Mirabeau, self-reliant, and despising other aid than justice and his innate power, attended by Lord Peterborough and two other English gentlemen, appeared at the bar of the court to plead his own cause. An advocate, famed for his bullying and cross-questioning powers, named Portalis, supported by the Marquis of Marignane and other friends, was there to oppose him. As the rumor of this personal pleading had been well noised abroad, the court was crowded; so much so, that the windows had to be forcibly burst open to prevent suffocation. The Bailli of Mirabeau was in the court; and, as the character of that individual for moderation and truth is unquestionable, a better account of the effect of Mirabeau's pleading, than the following quiet and unaffected one, cannot be given.

"The count pleaded yesterday; there was, as you would imagine, a crowd. Marignane was there: at the commencement he tittered, at the middle he bent his head—they even assured me that he finished by weeping; as did the greater half of the audience. Marignane, in going out, said,—'He has pleaded with much gentleness and moderation;' *and in reality this man, made for desperate things, found the secret of administering lots of soft sawder to his father-in-law, to his wife, and to praise them much, although at the same time making them appear absurd!*"*

That the moderation of this pleading might be public, and thereby give the lie to the wholesale imputations of brutality and coarseness lavished upon his proceedings by his adversaries (and from which, be it known, nearly every account of this affair has been taken), he almost immediately afterwards published it, together with a tract of four pages, called "*A Summary of the demand of the Countess of Mirabeau to stay proceedings.*" And a day or two after that he issued another pamphlet equally moderate and conciliatory, called "*The petition of the Count of Mirabeau presented to our seigneurs of Parliament.*" (Aix, 4to. pp. 39.) On the 24th, triumph crowned these efforts; by a decree being pronounced ordering the countess to return to her husband forthwith, or else to withdraw into a convent, and there receive his visits.

This decision appears to have maddened the Marignanes to such a degree, that all sense of honor and decency evapo-

* Fils Adop. iii. 370.

rated. Not only did the countess refuse to comply with this injunction, but her father threatened Mirabeau with a publication, the disastrous consequences whereof were indubitable. This was the printing and dispersion of a series of letters the Marquis of Mirabeau had addressed to his then friend Marignane several years previous, when he had been persecuting and restraining with a rod of iron his unfortunate son. These letters, embracing a period of several years of prison-life, are couched in the most extravagant and slanderous language, stigmatizing Mirabeau as devoid of any good qualities whatsoever. Regardless of honor, of the common courtesies of life; thinking only that anything defamatory of Mirabeau must enhance his cause; and blind to everything save the ultimate success of that cause; he announced his intention of publishing these. Foreseeing the utter ruin of his case (the Marignanes had appealed to a higher court) if these foul parental libels saw the light, Mirabeau strained every energy to prevent their publication.

He proposed to waive any advantages of legality or eloquence he might possess, and submit the case to the arbitration of four noblemen, or four magistrates; and the Marquis of Mirabeau, the guilty causer of all the danger, stirred up to indignant wrath at this flagrant breach of common delicacy and the laws of correspondence, addressed on the 12th and 14th of April two remonstrative letters to the Marquis of Marignane, couched in such language as the crotchety old Friend of Man well knew how to use when occasion demanded.

But it was in vain; and the Marquis of Mirabeau's interference too late: already, on the 6th of April, the obnoxious volume had appeared. Its title was, "*A Case for Consultation, and Counsel's Opinion thereon, for the Countess of Mirabeau.*" (Aix, 4to. pp. 162.) Whatever immediate effect this brochure may have had upon the case, nothing could tend more to the justification of Mirabeau's conduct in this affair than this justly-called libel; nothing could contrast more glaringly than the manly, and even gentle, pleading, the temperate and courteous, to the minutest etiquette-law, publications of Mirabeau; and that heterogeneous concoction of fatherly slander, written in excitement, prejudice, and ill-temper: and of foul-mouthed Billingsgate abuse, purely original.

Curbing his all too wild spirit, and restraining his impetu-

ous and over-boiling heart to due temperance, Mirabeau set himself to reply to this; which he did in a manner creditable alike to his heart and his intellect. Rarely had man had a more unpleasant task to perform: he had either to prove his father a tyrant and a liar, or to run great risks of his own success. With praiseworthy adroitness he maintained a middle course. Often when he could have proved the false statements, and manifested the evil sources of his father's hate, he refrained from so doing: from delicacy to him; often when he might have exposed his wife's weakness, or perfidy, he magnanimously passed by the opportunity. His chief replies were directed against the shameful breach of confidence in the publication at all of private letters; to exposing the untenability of his adversary's arguments; to boldly and eloquently defending his own position. His reply gave satisfaction to all his relatives, and added incalculably to the immense reputation he was day by day amassing. It was called, "*Observations on a Defamatory Libel, entitled 'A Case for Consultation, and the Counsel's Opinion for the Countess of Mirabeau'*" (Aix, 4to. pp. 202); to which was appended, a "*Counsel's Opinion*" on Mirabeau's own case (4to. pp. 67).

In the mean time, the appeal of the Marignanes to the Grand Chamber of Aix was proceeding in due form; and Mirabeau, perceiving that accommodation was impossible, abandoned the idea, and prepared to bring out all the gigantic powers of reasoning and oratory he so eminently possessed, at the approaching pleading.

On the 23d of May he pleaded, with a force of oratory, astonishing even to those who had witnessed his former brilliant display, before a large assembly. On the 17th of June he again pleaded to a still more crowded court. But it was on the day of the third pleading that he achieved that splendid triumph of eloquence, which, floating through several years in men's minds, opened to him a deputyship of Aix, in 1789, and prepared the world in some degree for his magnificent career in the National Assembly.

Few individuals have ever in the world's annals succeeded in concentrating such an amount of interest as hung upon this third pleading, even when the topic has been one of general interest; and certainly in a quarrel so purely private as the present, no one man, either before or after, has engrossed so much. A report had spread throughout the town and vicinity

of Aix that this final pleading was to be the crowning effort of Mirabeau's oratory, and to such an intensity had the general expectance swollen, that (although the precaution of tripling the guard and police was resorted to) all the barriers, doors, and divisions, were burst through by the crowd: when the court was crammed to suffocation, the windows were forced from the outside; and, when they too were occupied, the roofs of the adjacent houses were taken possession of, in the vain hope that some sound of the word-wonders uttering in the court might be wafted to them.*

For four hours and three-quarters (from 8h. 15m. to 1 P. M.) did Mirabeau, with a rapid eloquence and vivid earnestness, of which France had till then given no specimens, plead his cause—not with semi-suppliant, calm, persuasive, logic-rhetoric now; but, having torn his truce-flag to ribbons, and unfurled the war-standard, with loud reverberating demands for justice: sparing not, but smiting, at times perhaps too hotly, whereso-ever his keen eye saw that a blow would have effect.

If popular enthusiasm, and the general tribute of a people's admiration, which followed this splendid oratorical achievement, can be called a triumph, Mirabeau was most triumphant: but, unfortunately, with a bench of judges, the majority of whom were relatives of his adversaries, justice and genius have less effect than interest and personal expediency; and therefore, on the 5th of July, to the surprise and disgust of the whole province, a decree was pronounced, ordering that affairs should remain in their original position—viz., an entire separation of body and of goods: and so the pleading had been vain, and the cause was lost.

To the superficial observer it may appear singular that after this grand outburst of rhetoric splendor: when, so to speak, Mirabeau's foot was on the throne's step, and he was in part a king over the hearts of men; that he should relapse so suddenly into complete subjectdom, and his life degenerate, from such light-flashing triumphs, into a dull and grovelling insect life for six long years. And yet it is not strange, but natural. No man can rise *above la hauteur*, as the French say, the height of circumstances; and none but an intrinsically great man can attain *to* that height. In this domestic suit, Mirabeau rose as high as the occasion would admit; and if he sunk into or-

* Fils Adop. iii. 408.

dinary life once more, it was not that he was not ready to rise again, but that the times were not yet ripe. When they did become ripe, and the harvest of long centuries' dark hell-deeds stood white for the rude wrath-sickle of revolutionary revenge, we shall find him once again rising on wings of glory with the occasion; and with stentorian voice, and daring, indomitable spirit, asserting the avenging justice of God; and, Hercules-like, cleansing the foul Pompadour-polluted Capet-stable —and, alas! perishing in so doing.

Here also does this weak, volatile, fickle Countess of Mirabeau pass away from our life-story: let us therefore dismiss her with due notice. After gaining her cause, she plunged zealously into the round of gayeties, for which she had behaved in such an unwifely manner; residing by turns at Aix, at Marignane, and the other numerous châteaux of her father and his friends. But even in the midst of all these festivities and revels, a spirit of regret at times breathes from her correspondence; telling of undeveloped—or say, rather, of smothered—good feeling still remaining. When Mirabeau was elected deputy for Aix, a portion of the populace proceeded to her residence, praying her to reconcile herself with her admired husband: but sullen pride has a mighty stronghold in the human heart, and she refused. In 1790, when Mirabeau was at his culmination, his angelic, peace-imparting sister, Madame du Saillant, attempted a re-union; which was about to take place, when death struck down the giant, and all reunion-schemes were ended *so*. When the popular fury tore away from the aristocracy their ill-gotten treasures, the countess emigrated with her father, and resided for a few years in great poverty and distress abroad. In this state she married the Count of Rocca, a Sardinian officer, and returned to France at the close of 1796. She immediately found out Madame du Saillant, and entered into correspondence with her. On the 24th of April, 1797, her second husband died; and at the same time, almost, her son by him. Being thus solitary and poor, she proceeded to Paris, and abode with Madame du Saillant, at the Hôtel Mirabeau. The remainder of her life was consecrated to the memory of her first and illustrious husband: she occupied his chamber, which she filled with busts and portraits of him; she sang with exquisite feeling and pathos all the melodies she had sung to him in their early marriage-days, which he had loved to hear; she studied his meteoric career

incessantly; lavished tenderness and affection on his adopted son (the muddled-brained *Fils Adoptif* himself); and finally, on the 6th of March, 1800, in the same room and bed wherein Mirabeau had died, she sunk with her regrets and sorrows into the sleep of death, and followed him on his unknown journey.

To comment upon this domestic quarrel, and, calmly critical, decide with much self-complaisance which of the twain were right, is not our business. It may be enough to state that the countess was, from her every act and letter, glaringly unsuited to the high intellect of her husband: many deeds natural to one like him, would seem utter insanity to her; and, moreover, the only really strong quality of her disposition was a passionate woman's love for the follies, and fripperies, and gayeties of life; for which she sacrificed her oath, her husband, and, as it ended, her peace of mind: for those latter years of hers were one continued and elaborate repentance.

Oh, my brother and my sister! God-united in the holiest bands this world can know, are love and life so durable that ye can afford to cloud them with your foolish squabbles? Oh! when mad passion runs riot in your hearts, and a hard word is hanging on the tongue, remember how of old time it was said, "a soft answer turneth away wrath;" remember that we are all as brothers and sisters, and have one kind Father, and, ere long, shall have one narrow home. Remember these things, and root out that evil and unruly member rather than speak one angry syllable.

CHAPTER III.

PARIS—BELGIUM—POVERTY—"A NEW HELOISE"—FOR ENGLAND!

1783—1784.

[1783.] On the very day when the adverse decree was rendered, Mirabeau's high feeling and punctilious sense of honor embroiled him in a private quarrel. Lord Peterborough (grandson of the Lord Peterborough who was ambassador to Spain during the War of the Succession) was walking on the promenade at Aix in company with some ladies, when M. de

Galiffet, the richest Provençal landowner, and who was accused of being *particularly* acquainted with the Countess of Mirabeau, saw good, in meeting them, to insult them, by giving a contemptuous glance and refraining from bowing, although intimate with the ladies. Lord Peterborough, inflamed and wrathful, was for castigating him on the spot; but Mirabeau arrested his progress, and insisted upon prosecuting the quarrel; as it was M. Galiffet's connection with the Marignanes that had induced him to insult persons whom he knew to be friendly to Mirabeau. Accordingly a meeting took place, and Galiffet was wounded: this did not satisfy either of the belligerents, and another meeting was decided upon; and owing to the interference of the magistrates, it was agreed that they should retire to Vaucluse, and there decide it.

Mirabeau, therefore, departed thither; and after spending an idle week, the only fruits whereof were some rose-water effusions on the celebrated fountain, finding that his adversary was not forthcoming, he returned to Aix, determined to chastise him.

For several days Galiffet avoided him: but, at last, one morning they met in a secluded street, and Mirabeau, although encumbered with books under his left arm, instantly drew his sword; and, sending their servants to either end of the street to turn aside interruption of all kinds, the enemies set to work. The combat was brief, but furious; and the end was, that the silly millionaire was again wounded, being run through the arm. Both parties were arrested, but on explanation liberated.

This being settled, and his pleadings ended, the hungry appetite of Mirabeau's mind began to look abroad for some new occupation, whereon to devote his energies and talents. His prospects were by no means bright. The Marquis of Mirabeau, with his usual caprice, after having been alternately satisfied and annoyed with the Aix pleadings, had settled down —harlot de Pailly and economy prompting him—into annoyance. The last magnificent pleading, which had electrified half the nation, seemed to his jaundiced eye, as the speech of a "clatter-box and noodle" (*un claque-dents et un fol*); and he magnanimously expressed his intention of not throwing temptation in his son's way by supplying him too freely with cash. Thus, having a grim back-ground of accumulated debts, no present cash, and small likelihood of any, save from

his own brain-sweat; so far as money is concerned, Mirabeau's prospect was of the blackest.

There yet remained one more step to be taken in connection with his law-suit. It seems, that, owing to four out of the eight judges being near relatives of the Marquis of Marignane, the sentence had been one of prejudice rather than discretion; and, as in France a majority, not a unanimity, is only required, the verdict was actually rendered in opposition to three of the judges, and the protest of the president himself. This, and other legal informalities, decided Mirabeau upon taking the last step remaining; viz., an appeal to the Court of Cassation at Paris. Had this been successful, the Aix proceedings would have been quashed, and the Paris one adopted.

Early in September, therefore, he departed for Paris to push his cause. He took with him an orphan boy aged two, whom he adopted; and who in 1836, favored the world with the dark-glittering mass of rubbish-hidden facts, called a "Life of Mirabeau, by his Adopted Son." Scandal, ever busy, has stated that this individual was the *bonâ fide* son of his adopter; but, had Scandal considered it, she would have found that her story was a lie on the face of it. It is known that the mother was a resident in Provence. It was ten years since Mirabeau had last been in that quarter; and, as the boy was but two, it could not have been then that his beginning was so sinfully commenced. This latter residence had been but for eleven months; and for a man to seduce a woman and have a son by her two years old in the short space of eleven months, must be acknowledged as a miracle in the annals of generation! Let us leave this miserable attempt to sully a truly generous deed, and convert it from a virtue to a vice, to go the way of all lies —to contempt first, and to oblivion after.

His arrival in Paris greatly annoyed the marquis, who did not approve of his appeal at all; and who thereupon cast him off entirely, declaring that he would not in any way mingle in his affairs further: that he should be left at liberty to go his own road; but that he should have no assistance, admonitory or monetary, from him.

But this parental disavowal did not daunt Mirabeau; although in the most straitened circumstances. He pursued his cause with such zeal, that the Marignane family became seriously alarmed, and resorted to all means, from denunciation to M.

Lenoir, to private offers and persuasions, to silence him: but without effect.

[1784.] Aware how immensely his reputation had gained by his Pontarlier and Aix Cases, he prepared another yet more eloquent; and, early in February, commenced distributing them in Paris. The circulation had scarcely begun, when the directors of the printed-book department suppressed it. This led Mirabeau to demand an interview with M. de Miromesnil, the keeper of the seals; which was granted. Its end, however, was not in the least satisfactory; for, owing to the high commanding tone assumed by Mirabeau, they parted in passion. Mirabeau appealed to the king, but was unsuccessful; and therefore, being in wrath, he slipped into Belgium, and there, in May, superintended the printing of his Case. It was published under the title of "*The Case of the Count of Mirabeau, suppressed, at the very eve of publication, by express command of the Keeper of the Seals, and reprinted from respect for the King and Justice, with a conversation between the Keeper of the Seals and the Count of Mirabeau upon this subject.*" (1 vol. 8vo.) He contrived, on his return to Paris, to disseminate fifteen hundred copies surreptitiously: but it was in vain; for, directly after his return, his appeal to the Court of Cassation was rejected.

His destinies at this period were low as they well could be. He was in such a state of abject poverty, that we find him applying to Chamfort, his friend and correspondent, for pecuniary aid; and that gentleman, not having cash, instructing him to sell some wine of his, and make use of the proceeds![*]

Nevertheless, poor and broken as he was, there were yet beings upon the earth who deemed a life with him as heaven: during this short Paris sojourn he added another to the long list of female hearts that fell before him. For, debauchee though he was, he had no love for *professional* ladies; and in all his amours there was a spirituality and kind of love, which much extenuate the crime.

Henrietta Amelia Van Haren was the natural daughter of a Dutch politician and *littérateur*. She had just reached her nineteenth year, and was remarkably beautiful, amiable, and, from all accounts—save her one ceremony-despising fault—faultless. She had been placed at a convent in Paris; whereat

[*] Letters from England, vol. i. p. 3.

Mirabeau, by those mysterious means whereby the destined ones are brought together, became acquainted with her. The serene loveliness of the young maiden fell like a rainbowed heaven-ray upon the parched and weary heart of Mirabeau, and it straightway started into flame. The irresistible Orpheus-music of his love-declaring eloquence rung in the ears of the lovely, blooming woman, as the notes of a *man*, and no charlatan or sham man; and the fair citadel of her virtue fell before it. Like all others who do wrong, she was more to be pitied than censured. She was but nineteen—ardent, susceptible—had not in this wide world one single relative or friend!

Scarcely had Mirabeau achieved this triumph, and before it had been consummated, ere it became apparent that France was no longer a safe residence for him; insomuch as that free spoken Case of his had excited the wrath of the Seal Keeper, and a prison residence seemed more than probable. In this state of affairs he determined upon flying to England, being led thither by an admiration of the people, and a design connected with English literature. Towards the close of July, matters having come to a crisis, he fled to the coast; Henrietta Van Haren, under the name of Madame Nehra, accompanying him. For the love of *him* she flung fame, and world's opinion, and the shrieks of her tenacious sisters to the winds; and if, as she was, *she* was satisfied with her arrangements, is it our place, arrogantly moral, to condemn and reprehend her, now that she is at rest?

To all my fair readers who are inclined to curl their pure lips in scorn for this woman, and to despise her name, I would say:—remember that the ceremony is but the outward symbol of the inward heart's-union, and, save as a symbol (and for civil ends), valueless; and that the inward union is the true one, after all: remember that she who merely resigns herself, much-loving to one man, and remains faithful to him, is far different to her who trades upon her body—and above all, that *the impurity and frail desires of the head and heart are as sinful, God-wards, as those of the body.*

CHAPTER IV.

RESIDENCE IN ENGLAND.

1784—1785.

THE flight of Mirabeau and his fair comrade from Paris was excessively hasty: so much so, that half their effects were left behind, under charge of his valet. On their arrival at Dieppe, too impatient to wait for the regular packet, he hired one for himself, which landed him on English ground at Shoreham.

To us it is extremely pleasing to reflect, that Mirabeau, in that comet-like life of his, should have made our land his residence, even for only a little space: we have, therefore, by reading attentively all the contemporary biographies, endeavored to collect some idea of his position here; and, as is ever the case with investigation, find that, as usual, history is altogether wrong, when she describes him as being received with contempt. The result is, that we are enabled to prove, from the company he kept, that his reception was not such as is generally represented; and, moreover, to give, for the first time, a more succinct and infinitely truer account thereof than the half page which, in most histories and biographies, is devoted to this English residence of his.

From Shoreham he proceeded to Brighton; but finding that that place was expensive, retired for a day or two to Lewes, and thence proceeded to London by coach. "From this place (Lewes)," he writes to Chamfort, "to the metropolis, we passed through the finest country in Europe—prospects the most varied—verdure, in the real sense of the word—verdant and fruitful plains, each estate remarkable for its rural beauty—a most pleasing sight, a delight to the spirits, which one cannot exaggerate. The approaches to London are of an agricultural beauty, of which even Holland has not furnished me models—I would compare it rather to some valleys of Switzerland."*

Arriving in London, he took his residence in Hatton Garden, Holborn, at the house of one Mrs. Bailly. We do not find

* Lettres à Chamfort, 50.

that this arrival caused the immense degree of disgust generally supposed: the only individual whose written word of screaming terror can be found, is one whose word will be well-nigh valueless in such a case—that of Mrs. Hannah More. On the contrary, we find him moving in the very best society; and, if a man is known by the company he keeps, then was Mirabeau at that period in better odor than party-writers would fain describe him to have been. His chief friend was Sir Samuel, then Mr. Romilly, with whom he was inseparably intimate;* by whose aid he amassed such a knowledge of British law and general jurisprudence, as rendered him an ardent advocate for the introduction of most of our systems into France. Well-nigh as intimate was he with Lord Peterborough, who had returned from France; and who, when Mirabeau had occasion at a trial for a witness of character, expressed his readiness, even in open court, to testify to the honor and probity of his friend. Mirabeau's character could, therefore, hardly be so very low at that period. The next was Sir Gilbert Elliott; who afterwards, having signalized himself in Hindoostan, became a peer under the title of Lord Minto. This gentleman, in open court, saved Lord Peterborough the trouble of testifying to Mirabeau's unimpeachable character, by saying:—

"I am sure every man thinks as I do, that he is a man of perfect honor; that there is nothing in his conduct reproachable."

These three were his every-day bosom-companions (and it was probably owing to their disinterested gift-loans that he continued to live at all); and when we know that in such society he moved, we are not surprised at finding that he came in contact with the fairest and wittiest notabilities of the day: and that he became intimate with Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester (note-worthy from having only the year before declined the primacy); Major Cartwright, to whom a monumental brass was erected in Burton-crescent; the celebrated John Wilkes; Lord Shelbourne, afterwards first Marquis of Lansdowne, and several more. In fact, so far from Mirabeau having been repulsed, as has been usually stated, he seems to have been

* This is the case; although Romilly, in after years, when the hatred of all revolutionists was at its height, endeavored to make his intimacy cooler than it really was. He could not, however, in justice, refrain from saying, "*His ambition was of the noblest kind, and he proposed to himself the noblest ends.*"

exceedingly warmly received, and his genius everywhere appreciated.

Perhaps the whole secret of the vituperative accounts of his English sojourn, so common here, have their origin in the fact, that it was the Liberal party who received him open-armed into their coteries: and any one acquainted with the height to which party animosity and untrue scurrility attained in those days, will understand that any account of Mirabeau proceeding from the then dominant faction is worthy of little or no credence. In these days, it is a sin that any malevolent assertion, promulgated by the narrow prejudice of a dead or dying party, should have place in an unbiassed and truth-telling history.

The only person with whom he corresponded regularly appears to have been Chamfort; whose relatives, early this century, published Mirabeau's letters: but, from the foolish wholesale admixture of documents of private no-interest with those of public world-interest, the book never attained to much popularity. Nevertheless, in many respects, it was well worthy of notice: for few remarks of Mirabeau's but are worth attention; and now and then in this collection, come flashes of that almost prophetic insight into the future, which so greatly contributed to his latter triumph. And he is generally exceedingly lively, entertaining, and chatty; and his comments on our laws, habits, appearance, will ever repay the reader. One thing, too, this volume of letters displays to a surprising extent—his wide cosmopolitan learning and sentiment—how the great men and events of all nations are at home to him. He can quote with the same ease from Johnson, Dryden, Swift, Dante, Tasso, Camoens, as from Rousseau and Voltaire.

From this mass of remarks, we have endeavored to select such as are likely to interest the English reader.

ON ENGLISH FEMALE BEAUTY.

"The kind of beauty you see in this country reminds me of a passage in Johnson, which I have several times attempted to translate:—'To expand,' he says, 'the human face to its full perfection, it seems necessary that the mind should co-operate, by the placidness and content of consciousness of superiority.' It seems, indeed, impossible to be so beautiful as an English woman, without habitually experiencing that calmness and

composure of mind, which pre-suppose a thorough independence, an exemption from sorrow and need, self-command, exaltation of spirit, and strength of character. I cannot, however, avoid observing that English beauty possesses more brilliancy than attraction. At a distance you notice the dazzling whiteness, but on a nearer approach, you desire more vivacity, more animation. In the blood which circulates in those tender and delicate veins, there is more serenity than voluptuousness, more tenderness than love."

[Had Mirabeau been led so to judge from the beautiful conception to whom he is made acquainted, by the brilliant and fascinating authoress of "Zoe?"]

ON THE STATE OF FRANCE.

"I think Louis XV. was well-nigh correct, when he stated, that the monarchy would endure his time, and not much longer. Unless some very decisive change take place—*which I shall endeavor to bring about by writing, and in every other practicable manner*—Louis XVI. will be the last monarch who will sway the fate of France."

[This short sentence is most note-worthy. It proves the depth to which the eye of Mirabeau could pierce: for what individual had then the least glimmering of such a thing save he; and it also proves that even then Mirabeau entertained the same idea of saving the monarchy, which, as developed later on, charity ascribes to venality and bribes: as if a bribe *could* buy a soul like his!]

"Should a revolution or civil war break out in France, I tremble for the aristocratic portion of the realm; their châteaux will be reduced to ashes, and their blood shed in torrents."

[A prophet! a very prophet!]

ON THE ENGLISH MODE OF GREETING.

"To seize a man by the arm, and shake it till his shoulder is almost dislocated, is one of the great testimonies of friendship which the English give each other when they chance to meet. This they do most calmly. There is no expression of friendship in their faces, but the whole soul enters into the arm that gives the shake."

A PORTRAIT OF A METHODIST PARSON.

"The methodist church consists almost wholly of tradesmen and persons of the lower classes. The preacher wears black gloves and a white handkerchief; and during his sermon, sighs and groans with the manner and voice of a fanatic. The discourse of the man I attended was frequently broken by cries of 'Oh!' &c. &c., repeated every minute. Hell is the pet subject with these ministers; whose religious fury contributes, above a little, to fill Bedlam, which lies closely contiguous to one of their conventicles."

ON THE POWER OF THE KING IN ENGLAND.

"In general acts, the regal power seems boundless; in individual cases, as limited as any in Europe. Thus, it would be easier for him to destroy the liberty of the press at one blow, or to load the entire country with an enormous impost, than to take a simple cottage from its rightful owner. The king can raise twenty millions of money, but he cannot cut off the head of John Wilkes."

ON THE PALTRY PRIDE OF BIRTH OF THE ENGLISH NOBILITY.

"I consider merit as the only rational founder of a family, and, therefore, regard with contempt the absurd pretences to family so general in this land. The first of a noble house should be a man whose fame immortalizes him, without any addition which princes can bestow: from such men all ought to be, and are proud of descending, whether they flourished yesterday, or ten years agone. The immortality which transcendent merit, or great genius gives, is higher than all nobility. *The names of Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, and Newton, will increase in splendor, when the whole House of Lords, their ancestors, and descendants, are buried in oblivion.* Long after all the traces of family pedigrees, descents, and all the humbug of heraldry, are ended, their names will go down to distant and enlightened ages, and be pronounced with delight by every tongue."

Let us conclude these disconnected excerpts, by one short but remarkable sentence; wherein some glimmering of his future career seems to have been dawning in his mind. It is as follows:—

"My next letter shall give you briefly my ideas about church pastors, tithes, and ecclesiastical property; *which, by-the-by, I must at another time extend into a book, or a speech: for who knows whether I may not yet be an orator one day!*"

Short as was the period of his sojourn in England, Mirabeau did not confine himself to London, but visited nearly every celebrated place in the vicinity of the metropolis; remarking upon them, with his usual point and felicity, in his letters to Chamfort. With Chiswick, and its magnificent collection of paintings, he appears to have been particularly delighted; and, as he added connoisseurship in pictures to his other numerous acquirements, his remarks thereon are by no means valueless. He also devotes several letters to the consideration of the probabilities of a British school of painting; wherein his natural gift of insight is very predominant. And his admiration of Sir Joshua Reynolds does credit to his discernment.

In the course of July he took a more extended trip, in company with Sir George Elliott. They departed first for Windsor, where they stayed two days. With the celebrated terrace-view, Mirabeau expressed himself disappointed; though he acknowledged that "The prospect from it is the richest and most expanded I have ever seen!" There, also, he was introduced to the venerable Herschel, who had just then discovered the *Georgium Sidus;* and with whose genius and courtesy Mirabeau was greatly delighted.

From Windsor they proceeded to Oxford: which was, in fact, the object of their journey. With this elegant "city of palaces" he seems to have been quite captivated; but even more so with the literati to whom he was introduced: in particular, with one Dr. Brown, the head of one of the colleges; whose enlightened cosmopolitan views, and anxiety to connect the French and English nations more closely, won for him the esteem of the generous and catholic mind of Mirabeau.

Early in the following year he had an opportunity of testing the English mode of law proceedings; having, on the 10th of January, had the honor and pleasure of standing the cross-questioning of an English counsel, and awaiting the award of an English jury, at the Old Bailey.

This was in a case of theft. We mentioned that Mirabeau, in his hurry to leave Paris, had left a large proportion of his effects in the keeping of his valet: this man, by name Hardi,

also acted as secretary. Almost directly after Hardi's arrival in London, several articles of the count's wearing apparel were missing; and they having been traced to M. Hardi's trunk (where he had placed them by mistake!), he was discharged. But when the boxes he had packed in Paris arrived, it was found that a manuscript, highly important to him, and several other documents were missing; and so, upon the advice of Sir Gilbert Elliot, Hardi was hunted out and arrested on charge of theft.

On the 10th of January, the case was tried before Mr. Justice Buller. Mr. Garrow, (afterwards Sir William Garrow, and attorney-general), was Mirabeau's counsel, with Mr. Fielding, a relative of the Tom Jones Fielding; and Mr. Sylvester (afterwards Sir John Sylvester, and of evil repute in the Newgate precincts for brutality) for the prisoner. The delicate and beautiful Madame de Nehra sustained, as our report of the trial tells us, an hour's cross-examination; characterized by that refined and gentlemanly manner, with which members of the bar occasionally treat ladies (somewhat as a tipsy rake treats a *bar*-maid)! and after her, the Count himself had to endure another similar infliction. But Mirabeau was too many for them: when the dexterous counsel, with his long train of interrogations, running swiftly one into the other, asked a question, Mirabeau favored him always with a small oration; so that the question itself was forgotten, and its point lost.—This mode he proceeded with, until the exasperated and disconcerted Mr. Sylvester cried peevishly, "It is very unfortunate that this gentleman, the Count, will make a speech on every question we ask him; *by which means our questions lose their effect.*" And finally, like the redoubtable Mr. Weller, he retired from the witness-box, conscious of having outwitted the barristers. Nevertheless, the prisoner was acquitted. But, owing to some ungentlemanly imputation, flung out by the prisoner's counsel, the court, in returning its verdict of Not Guilty, saw fit to address his friend Elliot—who, as we mentioned, had borne testimony in the court to Mirabeau's high character—thus, "Sir Gilbert, you will take the trouble to tell the Count from the court, *that there is nothing has dropt that throws the slightest imputation upon him: he has acted very wisely, and his honor is not in the least impeached by anything that has occurred in this prosecution.*"

But above prosecutions, and Oxford trips, and delightful so-

ciety, the great fact of living glared in upon him rather harshly. He was wholly without resources, and had come to England to subsist by his pen. To subsist by *that*, is a difficult matter for an Englishman; but for a foreigner, writing in his own language, how much more so: therefore we are not surprised, to find that Mirabeau succeeded but indifferently.

His first work appeared in September, 1784, about a month after his arrival in London. It was published by a J. Johnson, under the title of "*Considerations upon the Order of Cincinnatus, or an Imitation of an Anglo-American Pamphlet; by the Count of Mirabeau.*" (London: 8vo. pp. 384.) Although this bore Mirabeau's name, it was little else than a free translation of a work by Dr. Price, of the same title; save that here and there flashed a light-beam, betokening the hand of a master. He had commenced this at Paris, at the personal and particular request of Franklin, with whom he was intimate; he completed it immediately on his arrival here, and from what can be gleaned from the Chamfort letters, its reception was even beyond his anticipation.*

This was followed at the close of September, 1784, by another volume, entirely original this time, and called, "*Doubts upon the Liberty of the Escaut, claimed by the Emperor, upon the causes and the probable consequences of that claim, by the Count of Mirabeau.*" (London, 8vo. pp. 208.)

The Dutch possessed the right, strictly exclusive, of navigating the mouth of the Scheldt, or Escaut; no vessel being allowed to sail into the Netherlands by that river, or from them to the sea. The Emperor, Joseph II., anxious to carry out the designs of his mother, Maria Theresa, for making the Netherlands commercial rivals to Holland, determined to abolish this monopoly; and, strange to say, Mirabeau's pen defended its continuance. Being a thorough free-trader and anti-monopolist, this appears singular: nevertheless, he had cogent reasons for the side he took. Beside the all-cogent reason of want of bread, well-nigh, he considered the affair more in the light of a despotic monarch plundering a weaker republic of a

* As all remembrance of the Order of Cincinnatus is wearing away, it may be as well to say, that, on Washington retiring, Cincinnatus-like, from the Presidency, a host of his admirers, forgetting the republic in their zeal for the man, established a kind of association under that name, having medals, ribbons, &c.; and as this was a species of knighthood, and so paved the way to an American aristocracy, Mirabeau's tract was written to warn them of their dangerous error.

privilege bought by the blood of thousands of its sons; and, therefore, sacrificing his love of commercial freedom to his hatred of political despotism, he advocated ably and manfully the cause of the Scheldt monopoly.

For a young clergyman Mirabeau composed a discourse on the immortality of the soul; which, we are informed, is very sublime. The Fils Adoptif in 1836 promised to publish this, and other unpublished productions of his adopter; but has not hitherto done so. He also composed an admirable vindication of the Jews; claiming for them full civil and political rights. We think it no despicable proof of Mirabeau's wide liberality and enlightenment, that he, in 1785, should have advocated energetically, what we sixty-three years later, are just discovering to be just and proper. This defence was wrung from Mirabeau by the exquisitely dignified reply of the venerable Mendelssohn to Lavater. M. Bonnet, having written a vindication of Christianity, Lavater saw fit to translate it, and in an enthusiasm of partizanship dedicated it to Moses Mendelssohn; calling upon him, either to confute the book, or else change his belief. To this Mendelssohn gave a meek and kind reply, proving clearly that he was more of the Christian than the loud-vaunting Lavater. This response coming under Mirabeau's eye, had introduced him to the works of its author; and being excited to a pitch of enthusiastic admiration, he issued his indignant protest against the treatment of Jews in all ages and nations: his loud demand for equality, toleration, and justice.

Besides all these, being necessitated to write, he prepared a scheme for a voluminous work to be called "The Conservator," which was, as far as the prospectus teaches, to comprise a succinct and elaborate abridgment of everything that man had ever written: a kind of compendium of natural history, poetry, medicine, astronomy, belles-lettres, philosophy, and endless other polite sciences! At first, the London publishers looked kindly on this design, but as it unfolded itself, and grew day by day more enlarged, they regarded it less favorably; and finally, when the immense labor was about to be commenced upon, declined it altogether.

It had by this time grown remarkably manifest to Mirabeau, that to support himself for any length of time in London by writing French works, was totally impracticable. In February, therefore, having heard that the ministerial wrath was somewhat cooled, he dispatched Madame de Nehra to Paris, to see

how the wind blew, and report progress. Instead of finding that her—*husband*, shall we call him?—was in better repute, she discovered that he was in worse favor than ever. It had been represented to the ministry that he was preparing works in England against them, to be smuggled into circulation in France, like his former case: they had even gone to the length of employing spies in England to note his movements.* Of these things he was duly admonished by Madame de Nehra; and therefore delayed his departure. But everything tended to increase his desire for a speedy return: he was without pecuniary resources; his literary efforts were totally abortive in England; and therefore that worse want of all for Mirabeau, (far worse than the want of food or money to him) the want of active, energetic employment, harassed him night and day. Moreover, the sharer of his life-lot was parted from him, and that invisible heart-attraction we name love, drew him Pariswards. Therefore, after waiting a month, for better tidings, he determined to put into practice his unlimited fund of daring, and return at all risks. At the close of March he bade a kind and loving adieu to England and the English: having resided there eight months. In poverty and sorrow, with embarrassment and doubt blackening the dull horizon of the future, he turned him to his own land; uncertain of all things, save that, come what might, he was a man, and would live as such.

CHAPTER V.

PARIS—CALONNE AND STOCK-JOBBING.

1785.

With Mirabeau, as with every other great man, peace, and not strife, was, at bottom, the characteristic of his nature. This may seem strange, but is not so. The battle he enacted was forced upon him by hard necessity, and not by will. When, at the early age of twenty-three, he married, it was with the firm intention of settling down to a calm life of philanthropic rest-activity, and, be-murmured by rural brooks and serenaded

* Letters from England, vol. i. 61.

by the everlasting night-and-day music of the birds, to forget in dear seclusion the huge folly, fret, and hubbub of political and public life: and now, when he retraced his steps to France from his English sojournment, what were his ideas—his designs? To retire at once with his sweet wife-sister Madame de Nehra, and their adopted son, to Mirabeau Castle, and there spend the remainder of his days, in a steady routine of study; composing carefully, and by slow and labored efforts, a historic work which should perpetuate his name.* This was far from being the design of an inordinate wholesale debauchee, (whose licentious desires would naturally lead him to some large woman-peopled city, rather than a lonely château), and of a mighty aspirant for man-rule, and demagogue celebrity, whose thirst for applause and greed of government nothing could satiate. And yet, with customary indifference to facts, so has his character been portrayed; by men who, seeing nothing in that transcendent Revolution of 1790 save an aggravated street-riot, lavish wholesale abuse on any man who dared to oppose an infatuated court, and a weak and unkingly monarch.

This design of retreating to Mirabeau was, however, frustrated by an unforeseen accident. The adopted son, who bore the familiar name of Coco, then in his fifth year, was suddenly seized with an aggravated disease, threatening his life. To nurse this youth into a fit state for travelling, Mirabeau and Madame de Nehra had to delay their expedition to Provence for a few weeks; and in this interval he hunted up and revived nearly all his former friends. These were numerous; for, notwithstanding the fear entertained of him as a monster of unscrupulous immorality, his fascinating powers of conversation, and gigantic genius, commanded an admiration the very admirers would fain have withheld.

Among the number of these was Clavière, the Genevese refugee; whom we mentioned as having been driven, with several others, from his native city by aristocratic persecution, and who had taken refuge in Paris. Through him Mirabeau became intimate with Panchaud, another Genevese, and a considerable banker and money-dealer in Paris. As an occupation—and partly because the immense question of finance, having dispelled Turgot and Necker from the premiership in quick succession, was growing a topic of absorbing interest—

* Fils Adop. iv. 179.

Mirabeau devoted his leisure, and the unflagging industry he so pre-eminently possessed, to the arduous and intricate study of monetary affairs.

Into the confused vortex of finance—with its discounts, consols, three, four, five, or haply six per cents., shares, quarters, fifths, and such like—let no man imagine we are about suicidally to plunge. As, however, these labors of Mirabeau extended, if not his popularity, certainly his name and fame as an eloquent and powerful writer, they demand some adequate notice from one endeavoring to be his biographer.

The French nation never were—and, perhaps, owing to an inherent excitability of character, which precludes the steady, patient thrift of a merchant's life—never will be much of a commercial people; consequently they ever have been, as far as their resources went, the victims of those chimerical projects for amassing instantaneous fortunes, which the human faculty for swindling has always been busied in inventing. Ever since the death of Louis XV., the revenue of France had been in a deplorable state: an annual deficit, increasing, of course, and swelling to a terrible bankruptcy-threatening amount, had led Necker, and after him Calonne, to have recourse to immense loans; and, as these paid a good interest, and the faith in the throne and nation was unlimited, and the passion for undue interest even more so, these loans became quite the rage in France, and everybody sought to invest their superfluous capital in some good interest-bearing quarter.

To such an extent did this monomania spread, that private banks, on the loan principle, began to be established: of these, the most celebrated was the Bank of Discount, established by Turgot in 1776. This, for some years after its establishment, had no pernicious effect; in fact, rather the contrary: but, chancing one year to pay an unlooked-for dividend, the shares rose to an immense height, and, having fallen almost entirely into the hands of speculators, were, at the time Mirabeau arrived at Paris, at a considerable premium and much demand; when, had they been rated according to their intrinsic value, they should have rather been at a discount.

Next to this in importance (measured, of course, by the undue price and ridiculous demand for shares), was a Spanish bank at Madrid, designated the Bank of St. Charles. For the utter insanity with which the shares of this bank were run after in France, the reader will have to turn to the celebrated

South Sea bubble to find a parallel. The Bank of St. Charles was, more strictly speaking, a company; its ultimate object and only chance of remuneration being based upon extraordinary, and, as it proved, suppositious gains, arising from trading with the Philippine Islands. Had the Spanish nation alone been duped by this bank, it would not have, perhaps, been surprising, seeing that it was a national bank; but for the French people to be such enthusiastic patrons, and such extensive victims of this delusion as they were, seems to an English mercantile eye almost unbelievable. To give some idea of the strange height to which this mania had spread, it will be sufficient to state that, instead of the price of the shares being regulated at Madrid, where the bank was *bonâ fide* established, the Madrid speculators took their price from Paris, where there was but an agent and branch bank.

The only one at all approaching these was the Water-Company of Paris: this was established with a view to supplying the metropolis with that necessity to life; and the only objectionable thing relating to it was that, like the Bank of Discount, the shares were at a preposterous altitude, owing to the contrivances of the money-dealers.

"The hunter-down of humbug," as Mirabeau designates himself—no sooner did it become apparent to him, from his financial studies, how totally rotten these things were—how calculated to drain the pockets of ignorant, honest men, for the sole advantage of cunning quacks—than he determined to blaze down upon them in red hot fury, and, if possible, burn them, by so doing, into nothing. Accordingly, towards the close of April, he commenced a treatise upon the Bank of Discount.

Calonne having entered into office on the retreat of Necker, with only one hundred pounds, had managed to carry on till then, by commencing a series of expensive undertakings: and by acting as though he had unlimited supplies, contrived to extort considerable loans from the capitalists: but now the great fact that Necker's deficit was swollen to a fearful amount, began to become generally known; and the moneyed parties grew chary of lending, where it seemed more than likely that a return would be distant and the interest doubtful. In such a state, in proportion as the government loans fell in the popular opinion, those of the joint-stock banks rose; any publication, therefore, likely to bring the Bank of Discount into discredit, was interesting, and would, of course, prove advan-

tageous to Calonne. Having heard of Mirabeau's intended publication, he expressed such interest therein, that an interview took place between them; and the minister looked over, and his hints had great influence in the formation of his first two productions.

But Mirabeau was too independent to be guided solely by any man, whether minister or not; and feeling convinced that Calonne, in some of his early edicts, had added materially to the mania, he expressed himself freely upon his measure in one of his chapters: so freely that, though his intercourse with Calonne was not interrupted, the timidity of the Paris printers was such, that a trip across the frontiers became necessary for its publication.

With his fair friend he therefore departed to Bouillon, in Luxemburgh. Hence in quick succession came forth upon the nation, first, "*On the Bank of Discount,*" (8vo. pp. 227,) secondly, "*On the Bank of Spain, called of St. Charles,*" (8vo. 320.) After the issue whereof he returned to Paris, about the middle of May.

The effect of these fiery and vigorous pamphlet-books was electric. The shares of the Discount Bank sustained a material decrease, and those of the Bank of St. Charles fell in one week from forty pounds to eighteen. As was only natural, from the exasperated stock-jobbers, whose ill-gotten gains were thus in danger of being torn away, arose the fiercest denunciations against the offender. His private character was maligned, his present state misrepresented: in fact, no story, however disgusting and improbable, but found ready credence among, and extensive publicity through, these disappointed money-mongers. As usual, the man could do no one good manly act of his own free volition, but must needs be bribed to all this by Calonne! As if, had Calonne paid for a book, he would not have seen that in it, at the least, one of his own pet-measures was not censured!

The impetus having been given, away went Mirabeau headlong at the task: on the 13th of July appeared another volume, entitled "*A Letter from the Count of Mirabeau to M. le Couteulx de la Noraye, on the Bank of Spain, called, of St. Charles, and on the Bank of Discount,*" (8vo. pp. 117.) This M. de la Noraye was the agent of the Bank in Paris; and this letter was but a recapitulation of his two former works, in stronger, briefer, and forcibler language.

Immediately after the appearance of this letter, Mirabeau experienced the well-known perfidiousness of ministers; by Calonne's disavowing, virtually if not actually, his connection with these compositions. To poor Calonne, after having dexterously managed to raise the wind, without taxing the nobility and clergy, and so earning the title of the "model minister" from the ladies of the court, it became apparent that ere long this Elysian dream must vanish, unless by some necromantic effort he could procure additional supplies. He found himself, therefore, necessitated to court the very men whom Mirabeau, under his patronage, had attacked; and to pacify these, sacrificed Mirabeau. On the 13th of July, a decree of Council suppressed the work on the Bank of St. Charles; and on the 24th of August, a similar decree performed the same favor to the letter to M. de la Noraye. The suppression of the latter was the most annoying; seeing that the proof-sheets had been read by the minister himself, and his alterations agreed to.*

Nothing daunted, however, by such treatment, Mirabeau turned his attention to the third cesspool in this moneyed Augean stable; and on the 2d of October issued another fulmination, by name, "*On the Shares of the Water-Company of Paris*," (8vo. pp. 36,) printed in London. Calonne now deemed it necessary to put a stop to the very torrent to which he had opened the floodgates; and, there being rumors afloat that this pamphlet came from the pen of Clavière himself, the lieutenant of police called upon that gentleman to announce his majesty's displeasure at the publication, and to *advise* him not to repeat the experiment. This was an insult: a twofold insult. It was an insult to impute to Mirabeau the meanness of putting his name to a work written by another (and in which, by the way, Mirabeau's own peculiar style is easy to be traced); and it was an insult to attempt to frighten a quondam ally, by the bullying of a police-agent.

With a juggling trickster, like this Calonne, no terms could be kept: with a man acting an open deceit in such a manner, open war was, perhaps, the best. But before declaring war, common prudence suggested an evacuation of the enemy's territories; and so, Mirabeau, with his *dame de compagnie*, departed in November for Belgium; determining, so soon as he should be well across the marshes, to inflict such a castigation

* Fils Adop. iv. 186.

on the minister, as minister rarely had been honored by receiving. This he did actually execute in a tremendous denunciation, to the length of three hundred octavo pages, if printed: but, having placed the manuscript, without reserving a copy, into the hands of his friend Talleyrand (afterwards bishop and prince), and others; these, foreseeing the danger attending such an intemperate publication, refused to return the document, or publish it; and so it now exists in manuscript, unpublished, and his vengeance had to go unsatisfied.

In the meantime the Water-Company had not remained inactive. Anxious to dispel the unfavorable impression Mirabeau's book had raised, they hired Beaumarchais, afterwards so celebrated for his "Figaro," &c., to reply to him. This Beaumarchais accomplished, in a highly satisfactory manner; for he opposed to Mirabeau's vehement, declamatory style, the thinnest and most subtile sarcasm, mingled with ironic praise, the venom whereof could not fail to sting bitterly: for if, as the great one of this century says, "Sarcasm is for the most part, the language of the devil," what is that double-distilled quintessence of sarcasm—irony?

This witty reply goaded Mirabeau to a species of frenzy: in blustering fury he signified his intention of prosecuting Beaumarchais, and called upon the company to discover their defender, lest, in his overwhelming indignation, he snuffed them out too! Being only laughed at by them, and being induced to leave France for the reason we have seen, he bore away his rage, none the cooler for being as yet unexpressed; and when he reached Brussels, leveled at them his "*Reply to the Writter for the Directors of the Water-Company of Paris*" (8vo. pp. 116): a mixture of scornful passion, vulgar personality, and eloquent abuse.

If a man loses his argument when he loses his temper, beyond all doubt, as far as Beaumarchais was concerned, Mirabeau lost this. How, then: was Beaumarchais greater than he? Not so. What said the sturdy literature-king of last century on a similar quarrel in our land? "A small fly," he said (we quote from memory) "may sting a great horse, and give him much pain; but the fly is still a despicable insect, and the horse is the horse after all!"

CHAPTER VI.

BERLIN—FREDERICK THE GREAT—RETURN TO PARIS—BERLIN AGAIN—PARIS.

1785—1786.

When Mirabeau, at the close of 1785, left Paris, he did so for two reasons: first, he panted to take a signal revenge upon Calonne, in which he was frustrated by the prudence of his friends; secondly, to seek in a foreign court some employment or connection, yielding enough, with the aid of his pen, to support him in comfort. He had not, however, any fixed idea, as to the probable place whereat he should settle. Madame de Nehra has written an interesting narrative of this trip; which, as the following sample may demonstrate, is not without dramatic interest.

"We left on the 23d of December: it was very cold, but the seasons never stayed us. Between Toul and Verdun we ran into great danger. Were they assassins? We know not; but they were certainly not robbers. I will make no comments on the event; I will merely relate it. It was eleven o'clock at night, and, despite the snow, the windows of the coach were open; all the carriage slept except myself. All at once a pistol was discharged into the coach, then going at a great rate upon the pathway. I made a motion to awake the count, saying to him, 'My friend, they are firing at us!' At the same time two more were discharged nearly simultaneously. One ball passed, and made an indentation in the carriage, and fell. Without doubt the motion I made, and that of M. de Mirabeau in awaking, saved us both from being wounded. Certainly they were not robbers; nor were they experienced assassins. The postillion took the sensiblest part; which was, without informing himself whether we were wounded or not, to go at all speed to the nearest post."*

Leaving this strange incident to be unriddled by the speculative, let us follow Mirabeau. From Verdun they proceeded

* Fils Adop. iv. 287.

to Nancy, and thence to Frankfort on the Maine; thence to Leipsig. At all these cities he made some short stay, and became acquainted with the chief literati of the place: more especially of the latter city, whereat he passed some time in the society of the numerous literary men with whom that town abounded. Finally, as his ultimatum he proceeded to Berlin.

The reason for their selection of Berlin was obvious. Frederick the Great, reigning King of Prussia, and residing at Potsdam in the vicinity of Berlin, was the most wonderful man of his age. A king of only a quondam electorate, he had for long defied Maria Theresa and the House of Austria; wresting from them their province of Silesia: he had added two millions of taxable subjects to his crown, amassed much treasure, and had the largest and most disciplined army in Europe.* Himself an author, he was a zealous patron of literary men; and had, moreover, a partiality for the French. Being then seventy-four, the eyes of the world were upon him, as upon the setting of an unclouded sun.

These were quite sufficient to attract Mirabeau to his court; and so, on the 19th of January, he reached Berlin. As the old king received no foreigners, he was presented to the royal family merely; but wrote a letter to the king announcing formally his arrival, and, to the surprise of the whole court, received a speedy reply from Frederick, appointing a day for an interview. This interview took place on the 25th of January; causing much envy among the French of the court, whom Fritz had not thought fit so to honor. It would appear that the king had inquired into Mirabeau's projects, who the day after addressed the following letter to him:—

"SIRE,

"I should fear much more to appear to be guilty of a want of confidence in your majesty, than to commit an indiscretion which could only militate against myself.

"When your majesty did me the honor to inquire yesterday whether I were going to St. Petersburg, I replied that it was not my intention to go thither yet. I had one or two witnesses, and my personal circumstances demand that my proceedings be not noised abroad.

"Now that I am speaking to your majesty alone, I shall have the honor to tell you that, badly recompensed as are my

* Coxe's History of the House of Austria, vol. iii. 508.

really great services to France in the financial department—compromised in safety, and nearly in reputation, by the minister himself, because I would not mix myself with his last loan, nor sanction his monetary schemes—obliged to seek, while my father lives, employment for my natural activity, and for my feeble talent—goaded by the desire, unreasonable, perhaps, of making myself regretted in France, I have quitted it with the permission of the sovereign; but with the intention of never re-entering it, so long as I am young and capable of active employment, save to gather the considerable heritage my father will leave me.

"Next to the just curiosity which has led me to Berlin—and where I shall probably wait for my brother, who is about to ask your majesty's permission to instruct himself in military tactics—my intention is, I avow it to yourself alone, to seek employment in that country where I know foreigners are most needed. I shall press forward to Russia; and assuredly, I should never seek that birth-struggling nation, that savage country, did it not appear to me that your government is too completely organized for me to flatter myself I could be useful to your majesty. To serve you, and not sit easily in the academies, had, without doubt, been the first of my ambitions, sire. But the storms of my early youth, and the deceptions of my country, have long turned my ideas from this beautiful design, and I fear that it is now quite too late. Deign to receive, sire, the revelation I felt myself constrained to make. I owed it you, because your majesty has shown some curiosity about my destination; but I am bold enough to supplicate you to keep my secret."

The brave old king could apparently discern the substratum of unlimited genius in Mirabeau's then very questionable shape; else why this marked attention—this interest in his future proceedings. Two days after, he forwarded the following kind reply:—

"MONSIEUR THE COUNT OF MIRABEAU.

"I CANNOT but be very sensible of the confidence you place in me, in your letter of the 26th, by declaring the reasons which have compelled you to expatriate yourself, with the permission of your sovereign, and travel in a foreign country, to employ your talents with more success. You may be sure that I shall

keep your secret, and I shall ever interest myself in the fate of a man of your merit; wishing, with my whole heart, it may be of the most favorable, and in unison with your wishes.

"For the rest, it will depend entirely upon yourself to remain at Berlin until the arrival of your brother, who desires to ask permission to practise tactics. This project gives me the greater pleasure, as I hope to see you a couple of times in that interval, to assure you of all my sentiments by word of mouth. In the meantime, I pray God that he will keep you, M. the Count of Mirabeau, in His holy and illustrious keeping."*

"FREDERICK.

"*Potsdam, Jan. 28th*, 1786."

During this flying Berlin visit of his, Mirabeau found time to demonstrate his faculty of hero-detecting and quack-detecting. His very visit to Berlin was a tribute to the active-heroic in the person of Frederick; and he paid homage to the scientific, by acknowledging the genius of the illustrious La Grange, and forming an intimate acquaintance with him. Impelled by necessity, and his unconquerable aversion to humbug in any shape, he flung off, at the same time, a passing anathema on that high priest of charlatans, Cagliostro. It was published on the 25th of March, and was entitled, "*Letters of the Count of Mirabeau to M***, upon Cagliostro and Lavater*," (Berlin, 8vo. pp. 75.) This brochure chiefly consists of an examination and exposure of the professed miracles performed in various places by the former swindler, and a censure, and also disclosure, of the extreme superstition of the fanatic, yet well-meaning Lavater; who, as our readers will all know, was a minister and celebrated physiognomist at Zurich. Mirabeau had crossed him before, in his work on the Jews and Moses Mendelssohn, written in London, and prepared for the press during this sojourn in Berlin. It was published in London shortly after. Richardt, a musician, Brissot de Warville, afterwards a revolutionist, and the landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, anonymously entered the lists to tilt in behalf of the illuminati —to do battle for Rosa Crucia. To all these Mirabeau replied: to the first, vehemently; to the latter twain, temperately; and posterity has emphatically declared on which side was the

* Fils Adop. ii. 292. Only one of these interviews occurred, owing to his sudden recall to Paris.

victory, by stigmatizing Cagliostro as the supreme impostor of his day, with no dissenting voice.

He had also planned a design for a journal, and wrote numerous essays with that idea; but it never came to anything.

He had only been four months in Prussia when circumstances called him to Paris. It appears that, previous to his leaving that city, he had commenced a demand, through a private medium, for the payment of the pension settled upon him by the marquis, and since the Aix trials refused payment by him. Of the progress, good or bad, of this demand, Mirabeau could gain no tidings; and that sternest of reminders, want, causing him to be anxious about its success, he determined, about the middle of April, to leave Madame de Nehra and the adopted son at Berlin, and slip down to Paris, to mark the signs of the times, private-economic and public-political. Previous to departing he deemed it his duty to inform the king, and received the following courteous reply:—

"M. THE COUNT OF MIRABEAU.

"As unforeseen circumstances, as I see by your letter of the 14th of this month, require your prompt return to France, do me the pleasure, in case you take the road through here, to let me know your arrival in this town. Accept, meanwhile, my thanks for all the polite things you say to me, and be assured, &c.

"FREDERICK.

"*Potsdam, April 15th*, 1786."*

Potsdam being in the direct route, this interview took place on the 19th of April; and, as everything connected with the Great Fritz is interesting, we shall be excused quoting Mirabeau's account of it in full. It is written to Madame de Nehra, and runs as follows:—

"I have been an hour, all but a few minutes, with the king, who was in his arm-chair; the morning exercise having fatigued him. It is impossible to imagine a head more fresh, a conversation more amiable: but I was not at my ease. The extreme difficulty of his breathing oppressed me more than him. It is a very-melting spectacle, that of a great man suffering! The nature of his disease is such, and my emotion was so

* Fils Adop. iv. 296.

strong, that I feared a crisis, and avoided, almost superstitiously, whatever might prolong a conversation which would have given me pleasure at any other time. You comprehend this feeling, and it little imports to me that many should comprehend it: for the rest, this extraordinary man will reign to the end, and the sun will retard that end."

Examine this picture of the old asthmatic monarch of seventy, finding it difficult to respire at all, and compare it with the strong man of thirty years previous, at the battle of Colin, sword in hand, chasing back some runaway recreants to the conflict, saying, with a loud imprecation, "Would ye live for ever?" (*Volt ihr ewig leben*); and then think how the strongest and bravest fade like shadows—how we are at best but as foolish fire-crackers, which splutter and phiz a few moments, and then, ceasing abruptly, leave no vestige save an empty case.

From Potsdam, Mirabeau proceeded to Brunswick, in order to have an interview with his old and intimate friend, M. Mauvillion, a major in the engineers. This was to arrange matters for the collection of materials for an elaborate survey, statistic and historic, of the kingdom of Prussia; which collection the major was to undertake, leaving the classification and actual composition of the book to Mirabeau. He stayed a few days at Brunswick, and presented himself at court: he was disappointed in not seeing the duke, who was absent; but was nevertheless received with marked favor, owing to Frederick having written a eulogistic letter concerning him.

From thence he pushed on swiftly to Paris, arriving on the 22d of May. Popular feeling was then at the utmost pitch of excitement, owing to the trial of the Prince Cardinal de Rohan, for the celebrated Diamond Necklace affair; and this topic seems to have engrossed his whole attention, as it is the burden of all his letters. Without siding with the insane partizanship wherewith the populace allied themselves to the culprits, Mirabeau considered the conduct of the court as extremely impolitic; justly arguing that the royal name and court influence should never be staked upon a trial whereof the issue was so exceedingly doubtful. His pictnre of the acquittal and release of these prisoners is so graphic, and the concluding sentence so prophetic and far-seeing, that it must find a place here.

"At ten o'clock," he says (May 31st), "the pure and free discharge was announced; the people inundated the streets

contiguous to the palace, and all the halls, from five in the morning. I know not where the parliament would have fled had they decided wrongly. The people stopped them, caressed, kissed; five hundred persons bowed themselves—it was a delirium. In fact, although such was not the motive, the peril so rashly incurred by the passions of those masters who ought to have no passions, or who at least should conquer or conceal them—*might not that peril, increased by the ministers, become one also for the nation itself?*"

The fortunes of Mirabeau were never at a lower ebb than during the first week or two of his residence in Paris: the object of his visit, to obtain his patrimonial allowance, had not yet succeeded, and he was utterly without resources, when fortune, who ever at the hour of necessity helps the noble and brave, threw a means of living into his way; neither very lucrative nor very honorable: but imperative necessity has no conscientious scruples, and it was accepted. This was a secret mission to Berlin.

Frederick the Great, as we have seen, was "like a bright scintillation in the evening," fading fleetly from this world; and as his nephew and successor, Frederick-William, preferring a stupid originality to a brilliant adoption of his uncle's masterly schemes, was currently reported to entertain opinions and sentiments likely to endanger the peace of Europe, or at any rate make a material alteration in the existing alliances, it was therefore obviously advisable that some confidential agent, who possessed the faculty of clear discernment, should be employed at Berlin, until the death of Frederick and the consolidation of the government of Frederick-William.

Talleyrand, the Duke of Lauzun, and one or two more friends of Mirabeau (the men who had so judiciously suppressed his invective against Calonne), being intimate and having influence with the ministers, suggested Mirabeau to M. Vergennes, the foreign minister, and to Calonne; these, well aware that he was the very man, listened to their suggestion, and as a kind of testimony of qualification, demanded from Mirabeau a survey of the political aspect of the times. This was no sooner asked than it was supplied: on the 22d of May he reached Paris; on the 2d of June he forwarded to the government a treatise "*On the actual State of Europe.*" This paper is merely a plain statement of the condition of the courts

and dynasties of Europe, with deductions and speculations upon their probable conduct.

This carried conviction with it: on the 3d of July he departed once again to Prussia, armed with full instructions; on the 10th he was at Brunswick, to consult about the embryo book on Prussia; and on the 11th of the same month reappeared at Berlin: to the extreme delight, doubtless, of himself and Madame de Nehra; between whom an Abelard-and-Eloisa duet had been enacting during his absence.

It is ridiculous to say that Mirabeau's mission was made a secret, owing to his character, since its very nature would not have permitted its open acknowledgment. He entered into his work the next day, by dispatching his first letter of observation to his employers. These finally reached the number of sixty-six, and were forwarded to Talleyrand and others, who again laid them before the minister: so underhandedly did Calonne's ministry transact their business.

Directly after his return the great Frederick died. "This great man," writes Mirabeau, in his official capacity, "died August 17, at twenty minutes past two in the morning; and two-thirds of Berlin are now engaged in proving that Frederick II. was an ordinary man: nearly beneath some. Oh! could his large eyes, which expressed, at the wish of his heroic soul, seduction or terror, open but an instant, would they have the courage to die of shame, those mean-souled flatterers."*

Mirabeau had evidently been preparing for this event; for, on the very day, he dispatched to the new king a long and elaborate letter of advice, together with a short note of gratulatory formulæ. The letter he afterwards published; it was called "*A Letter dispatched to Frederick-William II., reigning King of Prussia, on the very day of his ascension, by the Count of Mirabeau.*" (Berlin, 8vo. pp. 84.)

This, in our opinion, is by far the finest of all Mirabeau's literary efforts, and well deserves a reputation it has not succeeded in acquiring. There are very few of his most splendid efforts in the National Assembly surpass this: plainer, manlier, nobler advice, no king, nor man on this earth ever can or did receive.

After a few pages of the usual introductory matter, he makes the following dignified opening:—"You come to the throne in

* Secret History of the Court of Berlin, vol. i. 217.

a happy epoch: the age enlightens itself day by day; it has worked, it works for you, it amasses for you wholesome ideas; it spreads its influence over your nation, which so many circumstances have kept back; everything is now judged by a severe logic; men who only behold their fellow-man under the royal mantle, and who demand virtue thereunder, are more numerous than ever; you cannot any more pass by their suffrages; in their eyes one kind of glory remains, all others are exhausted: military successes, political talents, prodigies of art, progresses of science, all have appeared and shone unbeclouded from one extremity of Europe to the other; enlightened beneficence, which organizes and vivifies empires, has not yet mounted on the throne, pure and without admixture. It is for you to seat it there: that sublime glory is reserved for you!"*

A page or two further on, he rises from this strain of calm dignity to the moral sublime.

"The Great!—Sire, you would obtain that title; but you would obtain it from the mouth of history, and from that of future ages. You would disdain it from that of courtiers. If you do that which the son of your slave has done ten times a day better than you, *they* will tell you that you have done an extraordinary action. If you pander to your own passions, *they* will say you are acting well; if you are as prodigal of your subjects' blood as the water of rivers, *they* will say you are acting well; if you exclude the air and light from them, *they* will say you are acting well; if you revenge yourself, you that are so powerful, *they* will say you are acting well. So said they when Alexander, in drunkenness, tore up with poniard-stroke the bosom of his friend. So said they when Nero slew his mother."†

From this strain he proceeds to urge, with like freedom, upon the king the habit of acquiring punctuality and strict attendance upon business; but advising him on no account to use the royal authority where it can be dispensed with: for, says he, and it is a golden saying, "*It is worthy of you not to govern too much!*"‡

He then enters into detail; and as no higher argument for Mirabeau's philanthropy and genius can be brought forward than these detailed reform-proposals, we shall proceed to enumerate them.

* Letter addressed to Frederick-William II., &c., p. 10.
† P. 15. ‡ P. 20.

1st. He advocates strenuously the abolition of that tyrannical law whereby every Prussian is compelled to serve in the army, if required, from eighteen to sixty. This unjust and insane law, he remarks, effectually banishes patriotism, since under it "they force men to go to the wars, as common cattle to the slaughter-house; while nothing is easier than to render public service an object of emulation and glory to them."*

2dly. Following up that argument, he proposes the establishment of a national guard; which, introduced under his auspices into France later on, has proved such a handmaiden to freedom: and also to revolution.

3dly. He denounces in strong terms, and suggests the abolition of, that cruel law, whereby no Prussian could leave Prussia save by express permission of the king, which was rarely granted.

4thly. He denounces a law, by which the king seizes the property of any foreigner who may chance to die in his territories.

5thly. With powerful argument and indignant eloquence he then proceeds to anathematize that edict which prohibited a burgher from purchasing a nobleman's estate; and those numerous ordinances rendering the difference of privileges between the nobles and people, equivalent well-nigh to the state of master and slave.

6thly. He gives various hints, recommending the English mode of trial; and urges upon the king to open public works of various kinds as a refuge for the unemployed, and to consolidate some scheme for public instruction.

7thly. He advocates strenuously the immediate liberty of the press: and surely it is a high honor to Mirabeau, and a deep disgrace to the magnates of Prussia, that only in 1848, sixty years after this advocacy of the principle, the censorship has got abolished; and only now when it grew apparent that the people were preparing to abolish it themselves.

8thly. He deprecates lotteries, and demands the abolition of all Jew-persecuting edicts, and the proclamation of perfect religious toleration. He censures severely the king fixing inn-charges, footmen's wages, and food prices; the prohibition of foreign produce; the inequality of the taxes paid by the nobles and people; the system of hoarding specie in the royal treasure

* P. 23.

house. "Increase," he writes, "the land tax, from which no land should be exempt; facilitate active commerce; abolish monopolies; free industry, arts, trades, and commerce, which can but exist beneath the shadow of liberty—commerce, which only asks kings to do it no evil."*

And thus having included in his category pretty well all that we in these times are still fighting for, he concludes this truly noble letter with a hope that his freedom would give no offence to his royal reader. During his second stay at Berlin also, he commenced his work on the Prussian monarchy, assisted by Major Mauvillion; and by working almost ceaselessly, contrived to make considerable progress.

But his questionable situation galled the pride of his all too-proud nature, and very soon after commencing his correspondence, he began to make and reiterate his demands for an avowed situation; and towards October, as no such acknowledged mission was offered him, his letters breathe innumerable expressions of his disgust, and firm determination to resign his mission entirely as speedily as possible. While meditating upon this resignation, news arrived from Paris, that the shifty money-jobbing Calonne had been driven to a corner; and that being compelled to adopt the hateful project of his predecessors, taxing the privileged orders, he had endeavored to achieve it by a long disused means, and had for that purpose called an assembly of Notables.

This decided Mirabeau: he discontinued his correspondence, and in December bade adieu to Berlin, and set out for Paris. Among other good things his secret mission did, was the procuring for La Grange a liberal government pension, and two academical appointments; which induced that illustrious geometrician to take up his residence in France, where he died in 1813.

* P. 75.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WORKS ON FINANCE—FLIGHT TO LIEGE—RETURN—VISIT TO PRUSSIA, AND FINAL RETURN TO FRANCE.

1787.

THE clouds were gathering together for a storm in the political heavens of France; and so long as the deficit and alarming back debt remained unsettled, there could be no guarantee for the security or stability of the nation. Ever since the death of Louis XV., the government had been literally without cash; and the efforts made by Turgot and Malesherbes to reduce the expenditure below the annual amount of taxes, by abolishing several situations, alike expensive and useless, had led to their final resignation from office. Being succeeded by Necker, things had gone on much more smoothly for a season: but it could not last, owing to the intrinsic delusiveness of his system. It was like a man giving four months' bills for payment, and who may so go on most sumptuously, till his bills begin to fall due, and then is speedily wound up. Instead of raising the taxes or reducing the expenditure, whenever the deficiency occurred he borrowed money to meet it; and as that added the interest to the annual outlay, his loans of necessity had to increase each time: until, at length, having pushed his borrowing as far as he could, he was compelled to make proposals similar to his predecessors; which made his resignation necessary. To him succeeded Calonne; who, as we have seen, followed up Necker's system of loans to its fullest extent; and, having a better address and less probity than him, succeeded for near three years in keeping want at bay, and filling the pockets of the court-harpies. But *his* bills having now come due, a term was put to his delusive paradise; and, with mortification, he found himself compelled to have recourse to the very measures which had ruined so many of his forerunners in office. But he could not hope that the privileged orders would perform an act of self-denial for him, which they had refused to Necker; who was far more re-

spected than Calonne by all parties: prudish pedant though he was. In order, therefore, to conciliate the nation by some show of granting the increasing demands for the revival of several ancient assemblies, suppressed by powerful kings, he lighted upon the scheme of convoking an assembly of Notables. The assembling of this body (which consisted merely of a deputation of the chief grades in the nation; leaving out, of course, that chiefest grade of all—the people), was not likely to give more power, or even a chance of success to Calonne: but it was a chance of some kind, and was therefore preferable to simply submitting it to the same tribunal which had rejected the self-same proposals so frequently before.—They were convoked *de par le roi*, December the 29th, 1786; and the day appointed for their meeting was the ensuing 22d of February.

It was in the interval that thus occurred: when the bewildered minister was preparing his financial statements, and propositions for taxation and reform of imposts, that Mirabeau arrived at Paris, flashing down upon the scene of action, and prepared to take share in the battle; certain that, between whomsoever it might be waged, there would be a right side and a wrong; and determined, to the best of his ability, to support the former, and wage war against the latter.

He had, as we stated, been hurried away by the news of this convocation of notables; and had come to Paris in the hope of being chosen for their secretary: but when, on the 27th of January, he reached the metropolis, he found that they had even so early elected their secretary; having conferred that honor upon an old friend of Mirabeau's—Dupont de Nemours.

Disappointed of this situation, Mirabeau endeavored to procure a diplomatic mission to Nimeguen; to bring about, if possible, an amicable arrangement between the Dutch factions of the Stadtholderists and the republican party: but was unsuccessful, owing chiefly to Calonne fancying his pen would be useful to him in his coming hour of need. In this idea he was, however, much disappointed; for Mirabeau, when sounded by his go-between friends on the subject, steadfastly refused to sell his pen to any minister; and declined pledging himself as to the side he should take, until he saw the statement wherewith Calonne would furnish the notables, and which he promised to attack or defend as it deserved.

During his journey from Berlin, he had employed his leisure in ruminating upon a paper on the money-crisis, to lay before the notables, in order to induce his appointment to the secretaryship. The scheme for that having been well studied, and fresh matter springing up, he decided now upon reducing it to paper, and sending it forth upon the waves of political literature. Three weeks' hard labor succeeded in stringing together a series of declamatory paragraphs, all censuring the Necker-Colonne loan-system, and all breathing the same hope for some definite and tangible result to spring from these notables. This was called, "*A Denunciation of Stock-Jobbing to the King, and the Assembly of Notables*" (Paris, 8vo. pp. 143), and issued from the press on the 26th of February, two days subsequent to the first meeting of the notables.

It was unfortunate for his permanent remembrance in the annals of mankind, that his talents were so little devoted to literature; and, in the cases where he did commit his thoughts to the press, that they have been, for the most part, on the topics of the day alone. The orator is by his nature of a much less enduring character than the book-writer; because his fame lives by tradition as much as by readable proof. The charm of such men as Demosthenes and Mirabeau lay as much in the delivery as the substance delivered; and the very Philippics themselves sound twaddle as read by some modern blunderer. We have *heard of* Demosthenes; we *know* Homer: that is the distinction between the orator and the literator. But in Mirabeau's case, it is the orator that keeps the literator alive at all; and had it not been for his spoken words, no man in these days would be writing of his written ones. Are they then, so very contemptible? No; but are, unfortunately, as warm, genial rain falling upon rocks. The subjects treated of consign the books to oblivion: not from any want of genius in the treatment. It is only because we have to render a complete account of all that he said, wrote, or acted, that we notice at all such books as this "Denunciation of Stock-jobbing;" concerning which it may be sufficient to say, that it is a *bonâ-fide Denunciation*, written with that earnestness and headlong argument so characteristic of its author: eloquent enough at times, but unreadable by reason of a total want of interest in the topic discussed; and, at the same time, that it is quite too declamatory and abusive. Necker (and Calonne slightly) comes in for a lengthy and acrimonious castigation.

But however dull this composition may be now, such it was not deemed then; for, like everything a great man says, it was a word in season, and told as such words always do. The noise of it went over France directly, and drew down upon Mirabeau's shoulders the praise and blame of thousands, alike indifferent to his independent spirit. Among those who passed encomiums upon him, were the king and a great number of the sitting notables. The censurers of his labor *acted* their censure: as we shall shortly see. The success of this induced Mirabeau to follow it up with another of the same character; only not attempting to veil the object of his writing—Necker's exposure—under any other guise. On the 19th of March, appeared his "*First Letter of the Count of Mirabeau, on M. Necker's Administration, in reply to M. de Lacratelle,*" (Paris, 8vo. pp. 8.) Ten times more violent than the "Denunciation," this tract is little else than personality and scurrility; and which he excuses by this singular argument:—"Can one regenerate, can one even reform only this country, without attacking individuals as vehemently as things;" forgetting entirely, that if we attack and expose principles, we attack the upholders of those principles far more deeply, because the charge of personal animosity cannot be then preferred.

But Calonne did not admire these Denunciations, although not unfavorable to the views he was propounding to the notables; for they kept the public eye riveted upon his smallest action, when he was particularly anxious not to be so accurately marked. Accordingly, he performed one of those strange feats which shake the confidence we have in man's consistency: on the 20th of March, he banished two of the most noted of the stock-jobbers whom Mirabeau had denounced, and on the same day the denouncer himself received a hint that he was to be arrested. This was like a lazy parent, who, when two of his children run to him with a grievance, one being clearly right and another clearly wrong, whips them both by way of making sure.

One could almost love this Calonne, he was so good-humored: no such thing as malice about him; and it is very evident that, troublesome as Mirabeau really must have been to his plans, the minister had a strong affection for him at the bottom. Therefore, when he smote, he let the rod fall gently; and although a formal order for arrest was given into the hands of the lieutenant of police, it was not attempted to be executed

till Mirabeau had time to leave Paris: which he did on the 22d of March. On the day following, he thus writes to Madame Nehra, whom he had left at Berlin:

"You will have received, my dear Yet-lie,* by the courier who left Paris on the 23d, many reasons for alarm. It is, however, so incredible that they should have allowed me to remain unmolested for fourteen days, to strike me on the fifteenth, that you will not have expected that: but my success was too great for them to pardon me for it. On the 20th, an order of the king ordered the Abbé of Espagnac and Barroud† to leave Paris; and I received three messengers, who warned me that I should be arrested the same day. I was firmly resolved to bear up against the storm; but, when I knew that the order was not for the Bastile, but for an old fortress in a remote province, where I should have been lost to the public affairs, and forgotten in my individual ones, I abandoned myself to the solicitations of my friends—especially to the entreaty of the Abbé de Perigord,‡ who has returned from Versailles, and exorcised me for five hours together to force me to set out. I therefore expect, dear Yet-lie, that on receipt of this letter you will depart like lightning, and come by the road which leads direct to Aix-la-Chapelle and to Liège: I shall be at Tongres, which is a little distance therefrom. For the rest, this time of trial will not be long: if it chance to be, you will go to Paris, with your usual goodness, and arrange my affairs."§

Traveling with his accustomed velocity, Mirabeau reached Tongres on the 24th of March, but did not remain many days in that village; for the citizens of Liège, having heard who was there, and appreciating his immense labors in the cause of world-freedom, sent a deputation to request him to honor their city by his residence: and accordingly, he adjourned thither, where he was very liberally entertained during the whole period of his sojourn. There, early in April, his dear friend Madame de Nehra, and their adopted son, joined him; and, shortly after their arrival, he published another financial pamphlet, entitled, "*Second Letter on the Administration of M. Necker*" (Tongres, 8vo. pp. 44); even more abusive and intemperate than the former one, but worthy of notice as a tes-

* A rather absurd and childish term of endearment: for how a woman can be dearer to a man from calling her by a ridiculous epithet, does not appear.

† The two stock-jobbers mentioned as having been banished.

‡ Talleyrand.

§ Fils Adop. iv. 409.

timony of Mirabeau's magnanimity. Necker had published a pamphlet, denying the accuracy of the financial statements Calonne had promulgated before the Assembly of Notables, impeaching the minister's veracity and wisdom; and Calonne, having unwisely answered by the bad—most bad, argument of banishment, Necker was fast rising into the little demi-god he afterwards popped up to. Calonne was also on the very verge of ruin; his dismissal, and perhaps impeachment, expected daily: and yet Mirabeau did not take advantage of these fortuitous aids, whereby he could so easily have repaid with interest the numerous slights Calonne had inflicted upon him; but this letter of his is one continued onslaught upon Necker and his pamphlet, and in very many instances exculpates Calonne. As, by such proceedings, Necker having been spoken of for the new minister, Mirabeau had everything to lose and nothing whatsoever to gain, the praise of speaking the truth, without regard to personal aggrandizement or popular applause, cannot be denied him in this instance.

One portion, however, displays a littleness of mind of which there is no other example in the whole career of Mirabeau: and we only cite it as a warning how easily antipathy to an individual leads us on to gratify that antipathy even by stultifying ourselves. It is where he devotes several pages to the demonstration of Necker's unfitness for the ministry; and, in doing this, he omits no invective or insinuation calculated to damage his reputation. "Credulous people! hasten to admire him," he cries; "he will be cursed by your children." A little further on: "The king, keeper of the honor of his people, will not permit *a foreigner** to be called, as indispensably necessary to the public credit; as the only man capable of administering our finances. Eh! what has he done, *this foreigner*, that twenty millions of Frenchmen should prostrate themselves before his chariot"—and so on. Surely all this, and such like, is very despicable: worthy a ridiculous spirit extant in England till very latterly, and working therein even now, it is to be feared, which prompted even a great man like Johnson to declare that an Englishman was worth some twenty Frenchmen, or men of any other foreign nation. The admirer of the heroic in man will learn with pleasure that such a sentiment, as this passage of the "Second Letter" embodies, was but a splenetic

* Necker was a native of Geneva: so scarcely even a foreigner. Rousseau came from the same place, but the French rank him in their literary annals.

eruption; totally antagonistic to the spirit of his heart, and the logic of his polity.

On the 17th of May, a decree in council suppressed the "*Denunciation of Stock-jobbing;*" and another, of the 6th of June following, passed a similar eulogium on the two letters. A foolish proceeding in any case; for the empty book will ever come still-born from the press: a good book will live in spite of the world; and as for the bad book, the more you suppress *it*, just exactly in the same proportion will it be sought after and perused!

Mirabeau did not remain long in Liège; for, while his "Second Letter" was going through the press, Calonne had been chased from office, and he imagined that de Brienne, his successor, would not put the arrest into execution. Madame de Nehra's account of their return to Paris, in some memoirs of herself she left behind her in MSS. is so simply graphic, and gives so many characteristics of Mirabeau, that no life-history of his can well be complete without it. We insert it at length.

"I only read at Liège his book on Stock-jobbing: I cannot refrain from blaming several extreme tirades, and several personalities, which appeared to me dangerous. But the moment of misfortune should not be that of reproaches, and I had not the courage to make many. We concerted together the means of removing that *lettre-de-cachet*, which was an inconvenient burden. There is no friend so sure and so active as a woman. Mirabeau was convinced of that truth: he always had recourse to me on difficult occasions. It was decided that I should go to Paris, to keep alive the zeal of his friends, and importune the ministers once again.

"I have said before he had no idea of calculation: but it is inconceivable to what an extent he was negligent of his pecuniary affairs. After speaking to him of his dangers, I wished to ask several questions on his disputes with his father; *with whom, for nothing under heaven, would he enter into a public action, but from whom he always demanded his allowance in vain.* 'Yes, àpropos,' he said to me, 'I wanted to ask you how far I've advanced in that case?' 'How,' I said, 'what do you imagine I could know at three hundred leagues from Paris? Your journey was undertaken in part to transact it: you have seen Treilhard and Gérard de Mesley,* and you ask

* Advocates.

me?'—'I,' he said, 'nay, in truth, I have only seen Vignon: I have been too much engaged with other things to attend to these trifles. Know you in what a crisis we are? Know you that the horrible stock-jobbing is about to fall? Know you that we are arrived at a moment when there will perhaps not be an *écu* in the public treasury? *I smiled to see a man whose purse was so ill supplied, care so little about it, and afflict himself so much with the public misery, without occupying himself with his private distress!* He perceived me and said—'At last, my friend, you are here: arrange all that as you will; I sanction beforehand all that you may do. And now I have nothing more to do with these details.'

"When I was about to start, there was another comedy enacted. Mirabeau took it into his head to accompany me. I combated his resolution vehemently; but he had not seen me for three months, and could not bring himself to part with me. He promised me all the prudence I desired; but I well knew how impossible it was for him to keep his word. He did not enter Paris at once; he stayed at St. Denis, which he had appointed as a place of rendezvous to some friends. As for me, I went to the Hotel de Genes, whence I wrote to the Baron de Breteuil, as a commencement of my solicitations. I expected to have four or five days to concert measures. But Mirabeau grew weary of St. Denis: he arrived unexpectedly at my apartments. I was nearly dying of fear: I had taken every precaution, and he had rendered them useless by his imprudence. The servants of Panchaud said, in the antechamber, to my lady's-maid, 'It 's all very fine, you saying that M. de Mirabeau is at Liège; we know his voice too well: listen, it is he who is speaking at this moment: no one else has that vehemence.' They told me these remarks: I was in mortal fear: I did not cease to employ all my friends. The Baron de Breteuil* had told me that the king was very irritated; and, as I knew well how many enemies Mirabeau had, my alarm was well founded. I at length decided upon confiding to the Baron de Breteuil that Mirabeau was with me, and casting myself thereby upon his generosity. I owe him the acknow-

* This Baron de Breteuil was a firm aristocrat, and personal friend of the king, but a kind friend as well to Mirabeau, for the most part. It was Necker's dismissal, and the rumor that this de Breteuil and others were to take his place, that caused that world-famous *émeute* in Paris, ending in the taking of the *Bastile*.

ledgment that he did not abuse this confidence. The *lettre-de-cachet* was not removed; but it was not put into execution. Mirabeau showed himself everywhere, and the ministry shut their eyes."*

Would that all the documents wherefrom the biographer has to trace out the history and habits of his hero, were all so plain and piquant as these memoirs of Madame de Nehra: there is a clear vision and a ladylike self-possession in this account, which sufficiently vindicates Mirabeau in his attachment to her.

With this *lettre-de-cachet* virtually, if not *de facto*, suspended, Mirabeau, therefore, found himself once again in Paris. The aspect of the heavens had grown stormier, and many things had enacted themselves during his absence. Calonne, as we mentioned, had been dismissed. After having maintained, by slippery plausibility and cunning suasiveness of manners, a kind of flirtation with difficulties for three years and six months, he had been compelled to submit to the notables plans to which his previous ministry-career had been altogether at variance: the hateful propositions of place-suppression, and of taxing the privileged classes. It is remarkably doubtful whether Calonne would not have tried some other system, had he not been promised the firm support of the king in his design. But firm support of any kind to anything was not in Louis, and his royal staff broke under the unfortunate minister. No man had any confidence in his quicksilver dexterity, and so, on the 9th of April, Calonne glided gently out of office, to the delight of the Prince of Condé and the aristocratic faction; and also to Necker, and his fast-increasing popular party: and his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, seeing a hazy something in it, galloped all over Paris, telling the story of his fall.†

On the 1st of May, about the time of Mirabeau's return to Paris, the portfolio of finance, thus vacant, had been given to Etiènne Charles Lomenie de Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse. This man was then sixty years of age, remarkable for nothing save grasping cupidity, and an intimacy with all the philosophers of the last reign; having himself written some heterodoxical theses, which he retracted when the church opened a field for money-getting without working. He had been elected to the presidency of the council, more from the reason that he

* Fils Adop. iv. 418. † Besenval's Memoires, iii. 211.

had been the leader of the opposing party in the Notables, than from any known quality he possessed for the arduous duty he had undertaken; arduous at any time, but doubly so in such a crisis as was then at its height. And qualification, truly, he had none whatsoever. Absorbing and insatiate avarice, Jesuitic intrigue, gruff fierceness, and oily, woman-charming converse were his chief acquirements. Added to which, he possessed the most inordinate ideas of authority, without the decision or courage to maintain it, and carry his plans into execution. He would have trodden down the upstarting revolution by vigorous tyranny and wholesale despotism, had he dared to do so.

With such a man at the head of affairs, it was, of course, at that time, all speculation as to his probable method of procedure: one thing, however, was most certain, and that was, that something was called for to be done promptly. In such a case, dispatch will cover a multitude of discrepancies. His first definite act was to dissolve the Notables, and return to the old system of submitting supplies to the Parliament of Paris.

But, away from the confusion and hubbub of Parisian life at such an excited period, on the 24th of May, leaving Madame de Nehra behind, Mirabeau departed for Brunswick. This journey was performed in order to consult Major Mauvillion concerning their joint labor—the book on the Prussian monarchy; and which was likely to be Mirabeau's chief sustenance for some time to come, though not nearly finished at that time.

In the whirlpool and chaos of stock-jobbing denouncings, and severe controversial recriminations, there is one fragment of a note to Madame de Nehra which is most refreshing; it runs thus:—

"In traversing those superb plains which border Strasburg, in examining from the height of Saverne the enchanting country which discloses itself from that magnificent point of view, on both sides of the Rhine, I felt that if the devil would tempt me he would be careful to carry me not to a high mountain. Ambition left my heart, and I said, 'Ah! how peaceably, men and their affairs far parted, might one cultivate here his own garden, and only live for his friend and for his son!'"*

* Fils Adop. iv. 422.

The broad human heart of Mirabeau felt, it would seem, that to till the kind earth, and make her fruitful; to walk on the mountain-tops, and to listen to the ripple of the brooks, and drink in the fresh healthfulness of nature's peace, was the true destination of mankind: felt that this strange struggling and battling was not what it should be; but was a stern duty, the fruit of the accumulated crimes of ages preparing the world for that which should be. Peace to the dead! say I. There is no inch of ground we now tread that was not won for us by their labors; that is not hallowed by their blood!

His time at Brunswick was, of course, taken up almost entirely with the work about which he came: he, however, found time to keep a keen eye upon the bellicose movements of the Prussian power and report them duly to his friend Talleyrand, by whom they were in due course handed to the ministry. The Dutch had quarreled with their Stadtholder, and a civil war was commencing in the United Provinces; and as the cause of kings was a common one between each other in those days—which now it is not, thank Heaven! people declining bleeding for their monarch's interfering propensities—the king of Prussia showed symptoms of assisting the Stadtholder. Mirabeau's correspondence, during his residence at Brunswick, speaks of nothing but the minutest movements of the Prussians; and is, therefore, unusually tedious in these days. The Duke of Brunswick was commander-in-chief of the Prussian army, and lay encamped in Brunswick and Westphalia; and, as his marching into Holland would have been almost equivalent to a war with France, Mirabeau's situation was doubtful; and, as he expected war, he worked with redoubled energy, in order to possess himself of all the advantages his visit to Brunswick gave him for the history of Prussia, before the war broke out: if war there should be, which was not unlikely then. The whole court were very attentive and kind to him, and the king of Prussia forwarded to him an order to consult whatever documents might be useful to his history. This work he completed in the course of August, but it was not published till the year following; when we shall notice it fully.

The end of his visit having been thus accomplished, and the state of affairs being still warlike, Mirabeau judged it expedient to return. He went first to Berlin, whence he proceeded to Hamburgh. At that city he disposed of the copyright of his "Prussian Monarchy," for about six hundred pounds; but

owing to the distance, and his inability to go there and superintend its publication, this contract never was fulfilled on either side. From Hamburg Mirabeau took ship to Calais, and after having narrowly escaped shipwreck more than once, arrived at Paris on the 29th of September: never more to leave the boundaries of his native land.*

CHAPTER VIII.

PARIS AND POLITICS.

1787.

During Mirabeau's absence in Prussia, the state-difficulties had continued unabated. De Brienne's method of proceeding had been wise in its generation; but no further. How ridiculous to submit to the parliament of Paris similar measures which, for nearly ten years, it had been constantly refusing. For this, be it remembered, was very different to the parliament at Westminster; it being nothing more nor less than a corporation: every town, of any magnitude, had similar parliaments, and yet this one of Paris taxed the nation. Nevertheless, such was the commencement of de Brienne's career. He prevailed upon the Notables to pass an insignificant tax or two previous to their dissolution; and then proceeded to begin a stringent curtailing of the expenses. This was a good movement, but not the best: exasperated the aristocracy, whose places thereby were sacrificed, without allaying in any degree the expectations, fast becoming demands, of the people. It, moreover, soon became apparent that the reductions he was enabled to effect, were so insignificant as to produce no clear result on the deficit.

* To demonstrate how careful we should be in giving credence to those unfounded tales which tradition and scandal fasten upon great men, the following is inserted. Chaussard, one of his biographers, in order, we suppose, to introduce this anecdote, makes him return by land; and, in passing through Nancy to spend the night with a lady of easy virtue, who relieved him of his purse, and left him dependent on a loan from his secretary in order to reach Paris. The truth of the matter is, that to his death Mirabeau entertained a most decided aversion to professional ladies, *and never had intercourse with such;* and also, that he never came by Nancy at all, but, as we said, by sea to Calais, and thence direct to Paris.

He therefore, on the 17th of July, submitted a proposal to the parliament for increasing the stamp-tax; which that body almost unanimously refused: saying, as they did so, that their power only extended to extraordinary and temporary edicts, such as loans, &c.; *but that the only power the nation possessed to pass a permanent tax was, the* STATES-GENERAL!—an assembly which had not been called together for one hundred and sixty-three years: the last meetings thereof being holden in 1614. This declaration was the exact embodiment of the wishes of Mirabeau and the whole nation, and was hailed with one outburst of popular approval. But let no man deem this Paris-parliament as impelled to this demand by anything like patriotic views, in so recommending their convocation. A more aristocratic, thoroughly-selfish, body of men never met: they were altogether devoted to personal aggrandizement: their suggestion was only the result of a spirit of factious opposition to harass and overthrow the minister, who was destroying the places they considered as their own by hereditary right. Besides, the ideas of the parliament of Paris and those of the people on the subject of the States-General were entirely at variance. The people were prepared, should they be convoked, to insist upon two great and important changes, whereby popular representation would be to some extent realized. But the parliament anticipated their being called together exactly after the manner in which they had been convoked in 1614, when they were merely a spectacle to juggle the people with a show of representation; when in reality everything transacted had been under the complete control of the parliament. The day for such a civic-government monopoly was gone by; as it was for a monarch to enter, habited for the hunt, and with whip in hand, and stern terror-striking frown upon his brow, *command* the parliament to register his taxes.

For the present, de Brienne was determined not to call the States at all; but to compel the parliament to accede to his propositions. On the 12th of August, he submitted to them, for the third time, his proposed stamp-tax; and, together with it, a new land-tax falling equally upon all parties. This latter tax did not suit the parliament: it was abolishing the privilege of being untaxed, which had existed since the days of feudalism; and they were too intrinsically selfish to do any such thing. They declared once more their determination not to

But however dull this composition may be now, such it was not deemed then; for, like everything a great man says, it was a word in season, and told as such words always do. The noise of it went over France directly, and drew down upon Mirabeau's shoulders the praise and blame of thousands, alike indifferent to his independent spirit. Among those who passed encomiums upon him, were the king and a great number of the sitting notables. The censurers of his labor *acted* their censure: as we shall shortly see. The success of this induced Mirabeau to follow it up with another of the same character; only not attempting to veil the object of his writing—Necker's exposure—under any other guise. On the 19th of March, appeared his "*First Letter of the Count of Mirabeau, on M. Necker's Administration, in reply to M. de Lacratelle,*" (Paris, 8vo. pp. 8.) Ten times more violent than the "Denunciation," this tract is little else than personality and scurrility; and which he excuses by this singular argument:—"Can one regenerate, can one even reform only this country, without attacking individuals as vehemently as things;" forgetting entirely, that if we attack and expose principles, we attack the upholders of those principles far more deeply, because the charge of personal animosity cannot be then preferred.

But Calonne did not admire these Denunciations, although not unfavorable to the views he was propounding to the notables; for they kept the public eye riveted upon his smallest action, when he was particularly anxious not to be so accurately marked. Accordingly, he performed one of those strange feats which shake the confidence we have in man's consistency: on the 20th of March, he banished two of the most noted of the stock-jobbers whom Mirabeau had denounced, and on the same day the denouncer himself received a hint that he was to be arrested. This was like a lazy parent, who, when two of his children run to him with a grievance, one being clearly right and another clearly wrong, whips them both by way of making sure.

One could almost love this Calonne, he was so good-humored: no such thing as malice about him; and it is very evident that, troublesome as Mirabeau really must have been to his plans, the minister had a strong affection for him at the bottom. Therefore, when he smote, he let the rod fall gently; and although a formal order for arrest was given into the hands of the lieutenant of police, it was not attempted to be executed

till Mirabeau had time to leave Paris: which he did on the 22d of March. On the day following, he thus writes to Madame Nehra, whom he had left at Berlin:

"You will have received, my dear Yet-lie,* by the courier who left Paris on the 23d, many reasons for alarm. It is, however, so incredible that they should have allowed me to remain unmolested for fourteen days, to strike me on the fifteenth, that you will not have expected that: but my success was too great for them to pardon me for it. On the 20th, an order of the king ordered the Abbé of Espagnac and Barroud† to leave Paris; and I received three messengers, who warned me that I should be arrested the same day. I was firmly resolved to bear up against the storm; but, when I knew that the order was not for the Bastile, but for an old fortress in a remote province, where I should have been lost to the public affairs, and forgotten in my individual ones, I abandoned myself to the solicitations of my friends—especially to the entreaty of the Abbé de Perigord,‡ who has returned from Versailles, and exorcised me for five hours together to force me to set out. I therefore expect, dear Yet-lie, that on receipt of this letter you will depart like lightning, and come by the road which leads direct to Aix-la-Chapelle and to Liège: I shall be at Tongres, which is a little distance therefrom. For the rest, this time of trial will not be long: if it chance to be, you will go to Paris, with your usual goodness, and arrange my affairs."§

Traveling with his accustomed velocity, Mirabeau reached Tongres on the 24th of March, but did not remain many days in that village; for the citizens of Liège, having heard who was there, and appreciating his immense labors in the cause of world-freedom, sent a deputation to request him to honor their city by his residence: and accordingly, he adjourned thither, where he was very liberally entertained during the whole period of his sojourn. There, early in April, his dear friend Madame de Nehra, and their adopted son, joined him; and, shortly after their arrival, he published another financial pamphlet, entitled, "*Second Letter on the Administration of M. Necker*" (Tongres, 8vo. pp. 44); even more abusive and intemperate than the former one, but worthy of notice as a tes-

* A rather absurd and childish term of endearment: for how a woman can be dearer to a man from calling her by a ridiculous epithet, does not appear.

† The two stock-jobbers mentioned as having been banished.

‡ Talleyrand.

§ Fils Adop. iv. 409.

This one letter refutes a whole army of calumnies about the unscrupulous, unprincipled saleability of Mirabeau. No rational being can doubt that language like that—not vaunted forth openly, but written merely to a private friend, when its writer could never have dreamed of its ever becoming public—is not the language of an unprincipled man; but the language of a bold, courageous, honest man, and none other. The latter portion of itself alone proves for him that acute vision, which, when linked with the courage to act the conviction-result of that vision, forms a hero.

Finding that he could not conveniently go to Hamburgh to superintend his work through the press there; or rather that the expense would devour his copyright money; he, on the 8th of October, applied to M. de Montmorin to procure his permission to publish the work in Paris: pledging his word that it contained nothing offensive to either Austria or France. This led to an interview with Montmorin; the effect of which was the establishment of a mutual friendship and respect between them: although the desired liberty was not granted.

His "Prussian Monarchy" being thus knocked on the head, for the time being, Mirabeau was reduced to a state of extreme destitution; wherein, sick at heart of all this troublous folly-fret and delirious riot, arose once more in his soul that desire to retire away from it altogether, elsewhither, which continued to float in his bosom even to his death: as it had been therein even from his earliest youth. In this spirit he addressed a long, somewhat desponding, but yet manly letter, to Montmorin, praying for some acknowledged diplomatic employment.

"Until the time," runs his letter, "when fate shall dispose of my father, my existence and my fortune can only be the work of myself, or of the Government. Panting (*avide*) to be more and more useful, and to disappoint calumniators and wicked men, by a manner of living to which they would be compelled to render justice, the active life suits me better than the speculative; and I should prefer serving government as its servant, to risking its displeasure in my vocation of instructor . . . Warsaw, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Alexandria, all are the same to me; *provided I can only find full useful employment for my activity.* I leave the manner to your wisdom; to your equity alone the compensation. I offer myself purely and simply; and I only add, that, accustomed to the ingratitude of men, and to the injustice of their chiefs, I shall

eruption; totally antagonistic to the spirit of his heart, and the logic of his polity.

On the 17th of May, a decree in council suppressed the "*Denunciation of Stock-jobbing;*" and another, of the 6th of June following, passed a similar eulogium on the two letters. A foolish proceeding in any case; for the empty book will ever come still-born from the press: a good book will live in spite of the world; and as for the bad book, the more you suppress *it*, just exactly in the same proportion will it be sought after and perused!

Mirabeau did not remain long in Liège; for, while his "Second Letter" was going through the press, Calonne had been chased from office, and he imagined that de Brienne, his successor, would not put the arrest into execution. Madame de Nehra's account of their return to Paris, in some memoirs of herself she left behind her in MSS. is so simply graphic, and gives so many characteristics of Mirabeau, that no life-history of his can well be complete without it. We insert it at length.

"I only read at Liège his book on Stock-jobbing: I cannot refrain from blaming several extreme tirades, and several personalities, which appeared to me dangerous. But the moment of misfortune should not be that of reproaches, and I had not the courage to make many. We concerted together the means of removing that *lettre-de-cachet*, which was an inconvenient burden. There is no friend so sure and so active as a woman. Mirabeau was convinced of that truth: he always had recourse to me on difficult occasions. It was decided that I should go to Paris, to keep alive the zeal of his friends, and importune the ministers once again.

"I have said before he had no idea of calculation: but it is inconceivable to what an extent he was negligent of his pecuniary affairs. After speaking to him of his dangers, I wished to ask several questions on his disputes with his father; *with whom, for nothing under heaven, would he enter into a public action, but from whom he always demanded his allowance in vain.* 'Yes, àpropos,' he said to me, 'I wanted to ask you how far I've advanced in that case?' 'How,' I said, 'what do you imagine I could know at three hundred leagues from Paris? Your journey was undertaken in part to transact it: you have seen Treilhard and Gérard de Mesley,* and you ask

* Advocates.

me?'—'I,' he said, 'nay, in truth, I have only seen Vignon: I have been too much engaged with other things to attend to these trifles. Know you in what a crisis we are? Know you that the horrible stock-jobbing is about to fall? Know you that we are arrived at a moment when there will perhaps not be an *écu* in the public treasury? *I smiled to see a man whose purse was so ill supplied, care so little about it, and afflict himself so much with the public misery, without occupying himself with his private distress!* He perceived me and said—'At last, my friend, you are here: arrange all that as you will; I sanction beforehand all that you may do. And now I have nothing more to do with these details.'

"When I was about to start, there was another comedy enacted. Mirabeau took it into his head to accompany me. I combated his resolution vehemently; but he had not seen me for three months, and could not bring himself to part with me. He promised me all the prudence I desired; but I well knew how impossible it was for him to keep his word. He did not enter Paris at once; he stayed at St. Denis, which he had appointed as a place of rendezvous to some friends. As for me, I went to the Hotel de Genes, whence I wrote to the Baron de Breteuil, as a commencement of my solicitations. I expected to have four or five days to concert measures. But Mirabeau grew weary of St. Denis: he arrived unexpectedly at my apartments. I was nearly dying of fear: I had taken every precaution, and he had rendered them useless by his imprudence. The servants of Panchaud said, in the antechamber, to my lady's-maid, 'It 's all very fine, you saying that M. de Mirabeau is at Liège; we know his voice too well: listen, it is he who is speaking at this moment: no one else has that vehemence.' They told me these remarks: I was in mortal fear: I did not cease to employ all my friends. The Baron de Breteuil* had told me that the king was very irritated; and, as I knew well how many enemies Mirabeau had, my alarm was well founded. I at length decided upon confiding to the Baron de Breteuil that Mirabeau was with me, and casting myself thereby upon his generosity. I owe him the acknow-

* This Baron de Breteuil was a firm aristocrat, and personal friend of the king, but a kind friend as well to Mirabeau, for the most part. It was Necker's dismissal, and the rumor that this de Breteuil and others were to take his place, that caused that world-famous *émeute* in Paris, ending in the taking of the *Bastile*.

ledgment that he did not abuse this confidence. The *lettre-de-cachet* was not removed; but it was not put into execution. Mirabeau showed himself everywhere, and the ministry shut their eyes."*

Would that all the documents wherefrom the biographer has to trace out the history and habits of his hero, were all so plain and piquant as these memoirs of Madame de Nehra: there is a clear vision and a ladylike self-possession in this account, which sufficiently vindicates Mirabeau in his attachment to her.

With this *lettre-de-cachet* virtually, if not *de facto*, suspended, Mirabeau, therefore, found himself once again in Paris. The aspect of the heavens had grown stormier, and many things had enacted themselves during his absence. Calonne, as we mentioned, had been dismissed. After having maintained, by slippery plausibility and cunning suasiveness of manners, a kind of flirtation with difficulties for three years and six months, he had been compelled to submit to the notables plans to which his previous ministry-career had been altogether at variance: the hateful propositions of place-suppression, and of taxing the privileged classes. It is remarkably doubtful whether Calonne would not have tried some other system, had he not been promised the firm support of the king in his design. But firm support of any kind to anything was not in Louis, and his royal staff broke under the unfortunate minister. No man had any confidence in his quicksilver dexterity, and so, on the 9th of April, Calonne glided gently out of office, to the delight of the Prince of Condé and the aristocratic faction; and also to Necker, and his fast-increasing popular party: and his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, seeing a hazy something in it, galloped all over Paris, telling the story of his fall.†

On the 1st of May, about the time of Mirabeau's return to Paris, the portfolio of finance, thus vacant, had been given to Etiènne Charles Lomenie de Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse. This man was then sixty years of age, remarkable for nothing save grasping cupidity, and an intimacy with all the philosophers of the last reign; having himself written some heterodoxical theses, which he retracted when the church opened a field for money-getting without working. He had been elected to the presidency of the council, more from the reason that he

* Fils Adop. iv. 418.

† Besenval's Memoires, iii. 211.

had been the leader of the opposing party in the Notables, than from any known quality he possessed for the arduous duty he had undertaken; arduous at any time, but doubly so in such a crisis as was then at its height. And qualification, truly, he had none whatsoever. Absorbing and insatiate avarice, Jesuitic intrigue, gruff fierceness, and oily, woman-charming converse were his chief acquirements. Added to which, he possessed the most inordinate ideas of authority, without the decision or courage to maintain it, and carry his plans into execution. He would have trodden down the upstarting revolution by vigorous tyranny and wholesale despotism, had he dared to do so.

With such a man at the head of affairs, it was, of course, at that time, all speculation as to his probable method of procedure: one thing, however, was most certain, and that was, that something was called for to be done promptly. In such a case, dispatch will cover a multitude of discrepancies. His first definite act was to dissolve the Notables, and return to the old system of submitting supplies to the Parliament of Paris.

But, away from the confusion and hubbub of Parisian life at such an excited period, on the 24th of May, leaving Madame de Nehra behind, Mirabeau departed for Brunswick. This journey was performed in order to consult Major Mauvillion concerning their joint labor—the book on the Prussian monarchy; and which was likely to be Mirabeau's chief sustenance for some time to come, though not nearly finished at that time.

In the whirlpool and chaos of stock-jobbing denouncings, and severe controversial recriminations, there is one fragment of a note to Madame de Nehra which is most refreshing; it runs thus:—

"In traversing those superb plains which border Strasburg, in examining from the height of Saverne the enchanting country which discloses itself from that magnificent point of view, on both sides of the Rhine, I felt that if the devil would tempt me he would be careful to carry me not to a high mountain. Ambition left my heart, and I said, 'Ah! how peaceably, men and their affairs far parted, might one cultivate here his own garden, and only live for his friend and for his son!'"*

* Fils Adop. iv. 422.

The broad human heart of Mirabeau felt, it would seem, that to till the kind earth, and make her fruitful; to walk on the mountain-tops, and to listen to the ripple of the brooks, and drink in the fresh healthfulness of nature's peace, was the true destination of mankind: felt that this strange struggling and battling was not what it should be; but was a stern duty, the fruit of the accumulated crimes of ages preparing the world for that which should be. Peace to the dead! say I. There is no inch of ground we now tread that was not won for us by their labors; that is not hallowed by their blood!

His time at Brunswick was, of course, taken up almost entirely with the work about which he came: he, however, found time to keep a keen eye upon the bellicose movements of the Prussian power and report them duly to his friend Talleyrand, by whom they were in due course handed to the ministry. The Dutch had quarreled with their Stadtholder, and a civil war was commencing in the United Provinces; and as the cause of kings was a common one between each other in those days—which now it is not, thank Heaven! people declining bleeding for their monarch's interfering propensities—the king of Prussia showed symptoms of assisting the Stadtholder. Mirabeau's correspondence, during his residence at Brunswick, speaks of nothing but the minutest movements of the Prussians; and is, therefore, unusually tedious in these days. The Duke of Brunswick was commander-in-chief of the Prussian army, and lay encamped in Brunswick and Westphalia; and, as his marching into Holland would have been almost equivalent to a war with France, Mirabeau's situation was doubtful; and, as he expected war, he worked with redoubled energy, in order to possess himself of all the advantages his visit to Brunswick gave him for the history of Prussia, before the war broke out: if war there should be, which was not unlikely then. The whole court were very attentive and kind to him, and the king of Prussia forwarded to him an order to consult whatever documents might be useful to his history. This work he completed in the course of August, but it was not published till the year following; when we shall notice it fully.

The end of his visit having been thus accomplished, and the state of affairs being still warlike, Mirabeau judged it expedient to return. He went first to Berlin, whence he proceeded to Hamburgh. At that city he disposed of the copyright of his "Prussian Monarchy," for about six hundred pounds; but

But however dull this composition may be now, such it was not deemed then; for, like everything a great man says, it was a word in season, and told as such words always do. The noise of it went over France directly, and drew down upon Mirabeau's shoulders the praise and blame of thousands, alike indifferent to his independent spirit. Among those who passed encomiums upon him, were the king and a great number of the sitting notables. The censurers of his labor *acted* their censure: as we shall shortly see. The success of this induced Mirabeau to follow it up with another of the same character; only not attempting to veil the object of his writing—Necker's exposure—under any other guise. On the 19th of March, appeared his "*First Letter of the Count of Mirabeau, on M. Necker's Administration, in reply to M. de Lacratelle,*" (Paris, 8vo. pp. 8.) Ten times more violent than the "Denunciation," this tract is little else than personality and scurrility; and which he excuses by this singular argument:—"Can one regenerate, can one even reform only this country, without attacking individuals as vehemently as things;" forgetting entirely, that if we attack and expose principles, we attack the upholders of those principles far more deeply, because the charge of personal animosity cannot be then preferred.

But Calonne did not admire these Denunciations, although not unfavorable to the views he was propounding to the notables; for they kept the public eye riveted upon his smallest action, when he was particularly anxious not to be so accurately marked. Accordingly, he performed one of those strange feats which shake the confidence we have in man's consistency: on the 20th of March, he banished two of the most noted of the stock-jobbers whom Mirabeau had denounced, and on the same day the denouncer himself received a hint that he was to be arrested. This was like a lazy parent, who, when two of his children run to him with a grievance, one being clearly right and another clearly wrong, whips them both by way of making sure.

One could almost love this Calonne, he was so good-humored: no such thing as malice about him; and it is very evident that, troublesome as Mirabeau really must have been to his plans, the minister had a strong affection for him at the bottom. Therefore, when he smote, he let the rod fall gently; and although a formal order for arrest was given into the hands of the lieutenant of police, it was not attempted to be executed

till Mirabeau had time to leave Paris: which he did on the 22d of March. On the day following, he thus writes to Madame Nehra, whom he had left at Berlin:

"You will have received, my dear Yet-lie,* by the courier who left Paris on the 23d, many reasons for alarm. It is, however, so incredible that they should have allowed me to remain unmolested for fourteen days, to strike me on the fifteenth, that you will not have expected that: but my success was too great for them to pardon me for it. On the 20th, an order of the king ordered the Abbé of Espagnac and Barroud† to leave Paris; and I received three messengers, who warned me that I should be arrested the same day. I was firmly resolved to bear up against the storm; but, when I knew that the order was not for the Bastile, but for an old fortress in a remote province, where I should have been lost to the public affairs, and forgotten in my individual ones, I abandoned myself to the solicitations of my friends—especially to the entreaty of the Abbé de Perigord,‡ who has returned from Versailles, and exorcised me for five hours together to force me to set out. I therefore expect, dear Yet-lie, that on receipt of this letter you will depart like lightning, and come by the road which leads direct to Aix-la-Chapelle and to Liège: I shall be at Tongres, which is a little distance therefrom. For the rest, this time of trial will not be long: if it chance to be, you will go to Paris, with your usual goodness, and arrange my affairs."§

Traveling with his accustomed velocity, Mirabeau reached Tongres on the 24th of March, but did not remain many days in that village; for the citizens of Liège, having heard who was there, and appreciating his immense labors in the cause of world-freedom, sent a deputation to request him to honor their city by his residence: and accordingly, he adjourned thither, where he was very liberally entertained during the whole period of his sojourn. There, early in April, his dear friend Madame de Nehra, and their adopted son, joined him; and, shortly after their arrival, he published another financial pamphlet, entitled, "*Second Letter on the Administration of M. Necker*" (Tongres, 8vo. pp. 44); even more abusive and intemperate than the former one, but worthy of notice as a tes-

* A rather absurd and childish term of endearment: for how a woman can be dearer to a man from calling her by a ridiculous epithet, does not appear.

† The two stock-jobbers mentioned as having been banished.

‡ Talleyrand. § Fils Adop. iv. 409.

and enkindle them unto flameful action, about the middle of August applied, through M. Wacker Van Son, from Brussels, to Mirabeau. His life-struggle in the cause of freedom; his eloquent work on the Scheldt Navigation, wherein he had done the Dutch good service; pointed him out as the man whose word could alone produce any great effect. On the 28th of August, Mirabeau replied to M. Van Son, encouraging him and his allies to steady perseverance; but with nothing particularly definite as to any share he himself should take in their struggle. On the 25th of October, another of the patriots, M. Van Kussel, then resident at Paris, addressed a second application to him; begging him to produce a work on the subject, showing the foolish and perfidious conduct of the French government, and proving the advantages to be gained by France if she assisted the Dutch to throw over the Stadtholder, and so constitute a firm alliance between her and the United Provinces.

To this, on the 30th of October, he replied in a very lengthened letter, in which temperance is beautifully blended with indignant denunciation of the tyrannical conduct of the Stadtholder and his supporters. He admitted all their grievances, but urged delay, and a cautious examination into their strengths and weaknesses, before anything was attempted; and therefore declined to accede to their request.

This did not satisfy the republicans: they were determined to have a work of his, and so renewed their applications all the more eagerly; and Mirabeau, thinking, perhaps, that they deserved his compliance for their perseverance, if for nothing else, decided upon acceding to their wishes.

[1788.] On the first of April, therefore, appeared his "*Address to the Dutch on the Stadtholderate*" (8vo. pp. 147); which, however, contains but little of Mirabeau's vivacity of style, but, as a clear enunciation of principles, is very admirable. No passages are of sufficient merit to warrant an extract: in fact, the statistic-historic portion was the work of a young man named de Bourges, whom Mirabeau's splendid achievements at Pontarlier had led to follow him to Aix, and who now again united himself to him. But his enumeration of the indubitable, uncontrovertible rights of man, deserves honorable place and thankful praise.

"1st. All men are by birth free and equal. 2d. All power having emanated from the people, all magistrates, government

eruption; totally antagonistic to the spirit of his heart, and the logic of his polity.

On the 17th of May, a decree in council suppressed the "*Denunciation of Stock-jobbing;*" and another, of the 6th of June following, passed a similar eulogium on the two letters. A foolish proceeding in any case; for the empty book will ever come still-born from the press: a good book will live in spite of the world; and as for the bad book, the more you suppress *it*, just exactly in the same proportion will it be sought after and perused!

Mirabeau did not remain long in Liège; for, while his "Second Letter" was going through the press, Calonne had been chased from office, and he imagined that de Brienne, his successor, would not put the arrest into execution. Madame de Nehra's account of their return to Paris, in some memoirs of herself she left behind her in MSS. is so simply graphic, and gives so many characteristics of Mirabeau, that no life-history of his can well be complete without it. We insert it at length.

"I only read at Liège his book on Stock-jobbing: I cannot refrain from blaming several extreme tirades, and several personalities, which appeared to me dangerous. But the moment of misfortune should not be that of reproaches, and I had not the courage to make many. We concerted together the means of removing that *lettre-de-cachet*, which was an inconvenient burden. There is no friend so sure and so active as a woman. Mirabeau was convinced of that truth: he always had recourse to me on difficult occasions. It was decided that I should go to Paris, to keep alive the zeal of his friends, and importune the ministers once again.

"I have said before he had no idea of calculation: but it is inconceivable to what an extent he was negligent of his pecuniary affairs. After speaking to him of his dangers, I wished to ask several questions on his disputes with his father; *with whom, for nothing under heaven, would he enter into a public action, but from whom he always demanded his allowance in vain.* 'Yes, àpropos,' he said to me, 'I wanted to ask you how far I've advanced in that case?' 'How,' I said, 'what do you imagine I could know at three hundred leagues from Paris? Your journey was undertaken in part to transact it: you have seen Treilhard and Gérard de Mesley,* and you ask

* Advocates.

me?'—'I,' he said, 'nay, in truth, I have only seen Vignon: I have been too much engaged with other things to attend to these trifles. Know you in what a crisis we are? Know you that the horrible stock-jobbing is about to fall? Know you that we are arrived at a moment when there will perhaps not be an *écu* in the public treasury? *I smiled to see a man whose purse was so ill supplied, care so little about it, and afflict himself so much with the public misery, without occupying himself with his private distress!* He perceived me and said—'At last, my friend, you are here: arrange all that as you will; I sanction beforehand all that you may do. And now I have nothing more to do with these details.'

"When I was about to start, there was another comedy enacted. Mirabeau took it into his head to accompany me. I combated his resolution vehemently; but he had not seen me for three months, and could not bring himself to part with me. He promised me all the prudence I desired; but I well knew how impossible it was for him to keep his word. He did not enter Paris at once; he stayed at St. Denis, which he had appointed as a place of rendezvous to some friends. As for me, I went to the Hotel de Genes, whence I wrote to the Baron de Breteuil, as a commencement of my solicitations. I expected to have four or five days to concert measures. But Mirabeau grew weary of St. Denis: he arrived unexpectedly at my apartments. I was nearly dying of fear: I had taken every precaution, and he had rendered them useless by his imprudence. The servants of Panchaud said, in the antechamber, to my lady's-maid, 'It 's all very fine, you saying that M. de Mirabeau is at Liège; we know his voice too well: listen, it is he who is speaking at this moment: no one else has that vehemence.' They told me these remarks: I was in mortal fear: I did not cease to employ all my friends. The Baron de Breteuil* had told me that the king was very irritated; and, as I knew well how many enemies Mirabeau had, my alarm was well founded. I at length decided upon confiding to the Baron de Breteuil that Mirabeau was with me, and casting myself thereby upon his generosity. I owe him the acknow-

* This Baron de Breteuil was a firm aristocrat, and personal friend of the king, but a kind friend as well to Mirabeau, for the most part. It was Necker's dismissal, and the rumor that this de Breteuil and others were to take his place, that caused that world-famous *émeute* in Paris, ending in the taking of the *Bastile*.

ledgment that he did not abuse this confidence. The *lettre-de-cachet* was not removed; but it was not put into execution. Mirabeau showed himself everywhere, and the ministry shut their eyes."*

Would that all the documents wherefrom the biographer has to trace out the history and habits of his hero, were all so plain and piquant as these memoirs of Madame de Nehra: there is a clear vision and a ladylike self-possession in this account, which sufficiently vindicates Mirabeau in his attachment to her.

With this *lettre-de-cachet* virtually, if not *de facto*, suspended, Mirabeau, therefore, found himself once again in Paris. The aspect of the heavens had grown stormier, and many things had enacted themselves during his absence. Calonne, as we mentioned, had been dismissed. After having maintained, by slippery plausibility and cunning suasiveness of manners, a kind of flirtation with difficulties for three years and six months, he had been compelled to submit to the notables plans to which his previous ministry-career had been altogether at variance: the hateful propositions of place-suppression, and of taxing the privileged classes. It is remarkably doubtful whether Calonne would not have tried some other system, had he not been promised the firm support of the king in his design. But firm support of any kind to anything was not in Louis, and his royal staff broke under the unfortunate minister. No man had any confidence in his quicksilver dexterity, and so, on the 9th of April, Calonne glided gently out of office, to the delight of the Prince of Condé and the aristocratic faction; and also to Necker, and his fast-increasing popular party: and his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, seeing a hazy something in it, galloped all over Paris, telling the story of his fall.†

On the 1st of May, about the time of Mirabeau's return to Paris, the portfolio of finance, thus vacant, had been given to Etienne Charles Lomenie de Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse. This man was then sixty years of age, remarkable for nothing save grasping cupidity, and an intimacy with all the philosophers of the last reign; having himself written some heterodoxical theses, which he retracted when the church opened a field for money-getting without working. He had been elected to the presidency of the council, more from the reason that he

* Fils Adop. iv. 418. † Besenval's Memoires, iii. 211.

had been the leader of the opposing party in the Notables, than from any known quality he possessed for the arduous duty he had undertaken; arduous at any time, but doubly so in such a crisis as was then at its height. And qualification, truly, he had none whatsoever. Absorbing and insatiate avarice, Jesuitic intrigue, gruff fierceness, and oily, woman-charming converse were his chief acquirements. Added to which, he possessed the most inordinate ideas of authority, without the decision or courage to maintain it, and carry his plans into execution. He would have trodden down the upstarting revolution by vigorous tyranny and wholesale despotism, had he dared to do so.

With such a man at the head of affairs, it was, of course, at that time, all speculation as to his probable method of procedure: one thing, however, was most certain, and that was, that something was called for to be done promptly. In such a case, dispatch will cover a multitude of discrepancies. His first definite act was to dissolve the Notables, and return to the old system of submitting supplies to the Parliament of Paris.

But, away from the confusion and hubbub of Parisian life at such an excited period, on the 24th of May, leaving Madame de Nehra behind, Mirabeau departed for Brunswick. This journey was performed in order to consult Major Mauvillion concerning their joint labor—the book on the Prussian monarchy; and which was likely to be Mirabeau's chief sustenance for some time to come, though not nearly finished at that time.

In the whirlpool and chaos of stock-jobbing denouncings, and severe controversial recriminations, there is one fragment of a note to Madame de Nehra which is most refreshing; it runs thus:—

"In traversing those superb plains which border Strasburg, in examining from the height of Saverne the enchanting country which discloses itself from that magnificent point of view, on both sides of the Rhine, I felt that if the devil would tempt me he would be careful to carry me not to a high mountain. Ambition left my heart, and I said, 'Ah! how peaceably, men and their affairs far parted, might one cultivate here his own garden, and only live for his friend and for his son!'"*

* Fils Adop. iv. 422.

The broad human heart of Mirabeau felt, it would seem, that to till the kind earth, and make her fruitful; to walk on the mountain-tops, and to listen to the ripple of the brooks, and drink in the fresh healthfulness of nature's peace, was the true destination of mankind: felt that this strange struggling and battling was not what it should be; but was a stern duty, the fruit of the accumulated crimes of ages preparing the world for that which should be. Peace to the dead! say I. There is no inch of ground we now tread that was not won for us by their labors; that is not hallowed by their blood!

His time at Brunswick was, of course, taken up almost entirely with the work about which he came: he, however, found time to keep a keen eye upon the bellicose movements of the Prussian power and report them duly to his friend Talleyrand, by whom they were in due course handed to the ministry. The Dutch had quarreled with their Stadtholder, and a civil war was commencing in the United Provinces; and as the cause of kings was a common one between each other in those days—which now it is not, thank Heaven! people declining bleeding for their monarch's interfering propensities—the king of Prussia showed symptoms of assisting the Stadtholder. Mirabeau's correspondence, during his residence at Brunswick, speaks of nothing but the minutest movements of the Prussians; and is, therefore, unusually tedious in these days. The Duke of Brunswick was commander-in-chief of the Prussian army, and lay encamped in Brunswick and Westphalia; and, as his marching into Holland would have been almost equivalent to a war with France, Mirabeau's situation was doubtful; and, as he expected war, he worked with redoubled energy, in order to possess himself of all the advantages his visit to Brunswick gave him for the history of Prussia, before the war broke out: if war there should be, which was not unlikely then. The whole court were very attentive and kind to him, and the king of Prussia forwarded to him an order to consult whatever documents might be useful to his history. This work he completed in the course of August, but it was not published till the year following; when we shall notice it fully.

The end of his visit having been thus accomplished, and the state of affairs being still warlike, Mirabeau judged it expedient to return. He went first to Berlin, whence he proceeded to Hamburgh. At that city he disposed of the copyright of his "Prussian Monarchy," for about six hundred pounds; but

But however dull this composition may be now, such it was not deemed then; for, like everything a great man says, it was a word in season, and told as such words always do. The noise of it went over France directly, and drew down upon Mirabeau's shoulders the praise and blame of thousands, alike indifferent to his independent spirit. Among those who passed encomiums upon him, were the king and a great number of the sitting notables. The censurers of his labor *acted* their censure: as we shall shortly see. The success of this induced Mirabeau to follow it up with another of the same character; only not attempting to veil the object of his writing—Necker's exposure—under any other guise. On the 19th of March, appeared his "*First Letter of the Count of Mirabeau, on M. Necker's Administration, in reply to M. de Lacratelle,*" (Paris, 8vo. pp. 8.) Ten times more violent than the "Denunciation," this tract is little else than personality and scurrility; and which he excuses by this singular argument:—"Can one regenerate, can one even reform only this country, without attacking individuals as vehemently as things;" forgetting entirely, that if we attack and expose principles, we attack the upholders of those principles far more deeply, because the charge of personal animosity cannot be then preferred.

But Calonne did not admire these Denunciations, although not unfavorable to the views he was propounding to the notables; for they kept the public eye riveted upon his smallest action, when he was particularly anxious not to be so accurately marked. Accordingly, he performed one of those strange feats which shake the confidence we have in man's consistency: on the 20th of March, he banished two of the most noted of the stock-jobbers whom Mirabeau had denounced, and on the same day the denouncer himself received a hint that he was to be arrested. This was like a lazy parent, who, when two of his children run to him with a grievance, one being clearly right and another clearly wrong, whips them both by way of making sure.

One could almost love this Calonne, he was so good-humored: no such thing as malice about him; and it is very evident that, troublesome as Mirabeau really must have been to his plans, the minister had a strong affection for him at the bottom. Therefore, when he smote, he let the rod fall gently; and although a formal order for arrest was given into the hands of the lieutenant of police, it was not attempted to be executed

till Mirabeau had time to leave Paris: which he did on the 22d of March. On the day following, he thus writes to Madame Nehra, whom he had left at Berlin:

"You will have received, my dear Yet-lie,* by the courier who left Paris on the 23d, many reasons for alarm. It is, however, so incredible that they should have allowed me to remain unmolested for fourteen days, to strike me on the fifteenth, that you will not have expected that: but my success was too great for them to pardon me for it. On the 20th, an order of the king ordered the Abbé of Espagnac and Barroud† to leave Paris; and I received three messengers, who warned me that I should be arrested the same day. I was firmly resolved to bear up against the storm; but, when I knew that the order was not for the Bastile, but for an old fortress in a remote province, where I should have been lost to the public affairs, and forgotten in my individual ones, I abandoned myself to the solicitations of my friends—especially to the entreaty of the Abbé de Perigord,‡ who has returned from Versailles, and exorcised me for five hours together to force me to set out. I therefore expect, dear Yet-lie, that on receipt of this letter you will depart like lightning, and come by the road which leads direct to Aix-la-Chapelle and to Liège: I shall be at Tongres, which is a little distance therefrom. For the rest, this time of trial will not be long: if it chance to be, you will go to Paris, with your usual goodness, and arrange my affairs."§

Traveling with his accustomed velocity, Mirabeau reached Tongres on the 24th of March, but did not remain many days in that village; for the citizens of Liège, having heard who was there, and appreciating his immense labors in the cause of world-freedom, sent a deputation to request him to honor their city by his residence: and accordingly, he adjourned thither, where he was very liberally entertained during the whole period of his sojourn. There, early in April, his dear friend Madame de Nehra, and their adopted son, joined him; and, shortly after their arrival, he published another financial pamphlet, entitled, "*Second Letter on the Administration of M. Necker*" (Tongres, 8vo. pp. 44); even more abusive and intemperate than the former one, but worthy of notice as a tes-

* A rather absurd and childish term of endearment: for how a woman can be dearer to a man from calling her by a ridiculous epithet, does not appear.

† The two stock-jobbers mentioned as having been banished.

‡ Talleyrand.

§ Fils Adop. iv. 409.

timony of Mirabeau's magnanimity. Necker had published a pamphlet, denying the accuracy of the financial statements Calonne had promulgated before the Assembly of Notables, impeaching the minister's veracity and wisdom; and Calonne, having unwisely answered by the bad—most bad, argument of banishment, Necker was fast rising into the little demi-god he afterwards popped up to. Calonne was also on the very verge of ruin; his dismissal, and perhaps impeachment, expected daily: and yet Mirabeau did not take advantage of these fortuitous aids, whereby he could so easily have repaid with interest the numerous slights Calonne had inflicted upon him; but this letter of his is one continued onslaught upon Necker and his pamphlet, and in very many instances exculpates Calonne. As, by such proceedings, Necker having been spoken of for the new minister, Mirabeau had everything to lose and nothing whatsoever to gain, the praise of speaking the truth, without regard to personal aggrandizement or popular applause, cannot be denied him in this instance.

One portion, however, displays a littleness of mind of which there is no other example in the whole career of Mirabeau: and we only cite it as a warning how easily antipathy to an individual leads us on to gratify that antipathy even by stultifying ourselves. It is where he devotes several pages to the demonstration of Necker's unfitness for the ministry; and, in doing this, he omits no invective or insinuation calculated to damage his reputation. "Credulous people! hasten to admire him," he cries; "he will be cursed by your children." A little further on: "The king, keeper of the honor of his people, will not permit *a foreigner** to be called, as indispensably necessary to the public credit; as the only man capable of administering our finances. Eh! what has he done, *this foreigner*, that twenty millions of Frenchmen should prostrate themselves before his chariot"—and so on. Surely all this, and such like, is very despicable: worthy a ridiculous spirit extant in England till very latterly, and working therein even now, it is to be feared, which prompted even a great man like Johnson to declare that an Englishman was worth some twenty Frenchmen, or men of any other foreign nation. The admirer of the heroic in man will learn with pleasure that such a sentiment, as this passage of the "Second Letter" embodies, was but a splenetic

* Necker was a native of Geneva: so scarcely even a foreigner. Rousseau came from the same place, but the French rank him in their literary annals.

eruption; totally antagonistic to the spirit of his heart, and the logic of his polity.

On the 17th of May, a decree in council suppressed the "*Denunciation of Stock-jobbing;*" and another, of the 6th of June following, passed a similar eulogium on the two letters. A foolish proceeding in any case; for the empty book will ever come still-born from the press: a good book will live in spite of the world; and as for the bad book, the more you suppress *it*, just exactly in the same proportion will it be sought after and perused!

Mirabeau did not remain long in Liège; for, while his "Second Letter" was going through the press, Calonne had been chased from office, and he imagined that de Brienne, his successor, would not put the arrest into execution. Madame de Nehra's account of their return to Paris, in some memoirs of herself she left behind her in MSS. is so simply graphic, and gives so many characteristics of Mirabeau, that no life-history of his can well be complete without it. We insert it at length.

"I only read at Liège his book on Stock-jobbing: I cannot refrain from blaming several extreme tirades, and several personalities, which appeared to me dangerous. But the moment of misfortune should not be that of reproaches, and I had not the courage to make many. We concerted together the means of removing that *lettre-de-cachet*, which was an inconvenient burden. There is no friend so sure and so active as a woman. Mirabeau was convinced of that truth: he always had recourse to me on difficult occasions. It was decided that I should go to Paris, to keep alive the zeal of his friends, and importune the ministers once again.

"I have said before he had no idea of calculation: but it is inconceivable to what an extent he was negligent of his pecuniary affairs. After speaking to him of his dangers, I wished to ask several questions on his disputes with his father; *with whom, for nothing under heaven, would he enter into a public action, but from whom he always demanded his allowance in vain.* 'Yes, àpropos,' he said to me, 'I wanted to ask you how far I've advanced in that case?' 'How,' I said, 'what do you imagine I could know at three hundred leagues from Paris? Your journey was undertaken in part to transact it: you have seen Treilhard and Gérard de Mesley,* and you ask

* Advocates.

me?'—'I,' he said, 'nay, in truth, I have only seen Vignon: I have been too much engaged with other things to attend to these trifles. Know you in what a crisis we are? Know you that the horrible stock-jobbing is about to fall? Know you that we are arrived at a moment when there will perhaps not be an *écu* in the public treasury? *I smiled to see a man whose purse was so ill supplied, care so little about it, and afflict himself so much with the public misery, without occupying himself with his private distress!* He perceived me and said—'At last, my friend, you are here: arrange all that as you will; I sanction beforehand all that you may do. And now I have nothing more to do with these details.'

"When I was about to start, there was another comedy enacted. Mirabeau took it into his head to accompany me. I combated his resolution vehemently; but he had not seen me for three months, and could not bring himself to part with me. He promised me all the prudence I desired; but I well knew how impossible it was for him to keep his word. He did not enter Paris at once; he stayed at St. Denis, which he had appointed as a place of rendezvous to some friends. As for me, I went to the Hotel de Genes, whence I wrote to the Baron de Breteuil, as a commencement of my solicitations. I expected to have four or five days to concert measures. But Mirabeau grew weary of St. Denis: he arrived unexpectedly at my apartments. I was nearly dying of fear: I had taken every precaution, and he had rendered them useless by his imprudence. The servants of Panchaud said, in the antechamber, to my lady's-maid, 'It 's all very fine, you saying that M. de Mirabeau is at Liège; we know his voice too well: listen, it is he who is speaking at this moment: no one else has that vehemence.' They told me these remarks: I was in mortal fear: I did not cease to employ all my friends. The Baron de Breteuil* had told me that the king was very irritated; and, as I knew well how many enemies Mirabeau had, my alarm was well founded. I at length decided upon confiding to the Baron de Breteuil that Mirabeau was with me, and casting myself thereby upon his generosity. I owe him the acknow-

* This Baron de Breteuil was a firm aristocrat, and personal friend of the king, but a kind friend as well to Mirabeau, for the most part. It was Necker's dismissal, and the rumor that this de Breteuil and others were to take his place, that caused that world-famous *émeute* in Paris, ending in the taking of the *Bastile*.

ledgment that he did not abuse this confidence. The *lettre-de-cachet* was not removed; but it was not put into execution. Mirabeau showed himself everywhere, and the ministry shut their eyes."*

Would that all the documents wherefrom the biographer has to trace out the history and habits of his hero, were all so plain and piquant as these memoirs of Madame de Nehra: there is a clear vision and a ladylike self-possession in this account, which sufficiently vindicates Mirabeau in his attachment to her.

With this *lettre-de-cachet* virtually, if not *de facto*, suspended, Mirabeau, therefore, found himself once again in Paris. The aspect of the heavens had grown stormier, and many things had enacted themselves during his absence. Calonne, as we mentioned, had been dismissed. After having maintained, by slippery plausibility and cunning suasiveness of manners, a kind of flirtation with difficulties for three years and six months, he had been compelled to submit to the notables plans to which his previous ministry-career had been altogether at variance: the hateful propositions of place-suppression, and of taxing the privileged classes. It is remarkably doubtful whether Calonne would not have tried some other system, had he not been promised the firm support of the king in his design. But firm support of any kind to anything was not in Louis, and his royal staff broke under the unfortunate minister. No man had any confidence in his quicksilver dexterity, and so, on the 9th of April, Calonne glided gently out of office, to the delight of the Prince of Condé and the aristocratic faction; and also to Necker, and his fast-increasing popular party: and his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans, seeing a hazy something in it, galloped all over Paris, telling the story of his fall.†

On the 1st of May, about the time of Mirabeau's return to Paris, the portfolio of finance, thus vacant, had been given to Etienne Charles Lomenie de Brienne, Archbishop of Toulouse. This man was then sixty years of age, remarkable for nothing save grasping cupidity, and an intimacy with all the philosophers of the last reign; having himself written some heterodoxical theses, which he retracted when the church opened a field for money-getting without working. He had been elected to the presidency of the council, more from the reason that he

* Fils Adop. iv. 418. † Besenval's Memoires, iii. 211.

had been the leader of the opposing party in the Notables, than from any known quality he possessed for the arduous duty he had undertaken; arduous at any time, but doubly so in such a crisis as was then at its height. And qualification, truly, he had none whatsoever. Absorbing and insatiate avarice, Jesuitic intrigue, gruff fierceness, and oily, woman-charming converse were his chief acquirements. Added to which, he possessed the most inordinate ideas of authority, without the decision or courage to maintain it, and carry his plans into execution. He would have trodden down the upstarting revolution by vigorous tyranny and wholesale despotism, had he dared to do so.

With such a man at the head of affairs, it was, of course, at that time, all speculation as to his probable method of procedure: one thing, however, was most certain, and that was, that something was called for to be done promptly. In such a case, dispatch will cover a multitude of discrepancies. His first definite act was to dissolve the Notables, and return to the old system of submitting supplies to the Parliament of Paris.

But, away from the confusion and hubbub of Parisian life at such an excited period, on the 24th of May, leaving Madame de Nehra behind, Mirabeau departed for Brunswick. This journey was performed in order to consult Major Mauvillion concerning their joint labor—the book on the Prussian monarchy; and which was likely to be Mirabeau's chief sustenance for some time to come, though not nearly finished at that time.

In the whirlpool and chaos of stock-jobbing denouncings, and severe controversial recriminations, there is one fragment of a note to Madame de Nehra which is most refreshing; it runs thus:—

"In traversing those superb plains which border Strasburg, in examining from the height of Saverne the enchanting country which discloses itself from that magnificent point of view, on both sides of the Rhine, I felt that if the devil would tempt me he would be careful to carry me not to a high mountain. Ambition left my heart, and I said, 'Ah! how peaceably, men and their affairs far parted, might one cultivate here his own garden, and only live for his friend and for his son!'"*

* Fils Adop. iv. 422.

The broad human heart of Mirabeau felt, it would seem, that to till the kind earth, and make her fruitful; to walk on the mountain-tops, and to listen to the ripple of the brooks, and drink in the fresh healthfulness of nature's peace, was the true destination of mankind: felt that this strange struggling and battling was not what it should be; but was a stern duty, the fruit of the accumulated crimes of ages preparing the world for that which should be. Peace to the dead! say I. There is no inch of ground we now tread that was not won for us by their labors; that is not hallowed by their blood!

His time at Brunswick was, of course, taken up almost entirely with the work about which he came: he, however, found time to keep a keen eye upon the bellicose movements of the Prussian power and report them duly to his friend Talleyrand, by whom they were in due course handed to the ministry. The Dutch had quarreled with their Stadtholder, and a civil war was commencing in the United Provinces; and as the cause of kings was a common one between each other in those days—which now it is not, thank Heaven! people declining bleeding for their monarch's interfering propensities—the king of Prussia showed symptoms of assisting the Stadtholder. Mirabeau's correspondence, during his residence at Brunswick, speaks of nothing but the minutest movements of the Prussians; and is, therefore, unusually tedious in these days. The Duke of Brunswick was commander-in-chief of the Prussian army, and lay encamped in Brunswick and Westphalia; and, as his marching into Holland would have been almost equivalent to a war with France, Mirabeau's situation was doubtful; and, as he expected war, he worked with redoubled energy, in order to possess himself of all the advantages his visit to Brunswick gave him for the history of Prussia, before the war broke out: if war there should be, which was not unlikely then. The whole court were very attentive and kind to him, and the king of Prussia forwarded to him an order to consult whatever documents might be useful to his history. This work he completed in the course of August, but it was not published till the year following; when we shall notice it fully.

The end of his visit having been thus accomplished, and the state of affairs being still warlike, Mirabeau judged it expedient to return. He went first to Berlin, whence he proceeded to Hamburgh. At that city he disposed of the copyright of his "Prussian Monarchy," for about six hundred pounds; but

In the meantime all eyes were fixed upon Necker, regarding the when and *how* of the coming States-General. For that was not straightforward even: nay, such a delicate controversy arose out of it, that Necker, with his usual paltry timidity, left it undecided at last. In the old States-General, the third estate was exactly a nullity. The nobility and the clergy being each equal to them in numbers, and as they mostly voted in concert, the people—as was the fashion, and to some extent is yet—were cunningly juggled: had a trumpery toy-pageant given them, to keep them quiet. In such a system, the third estate was just equivalent to nothing: but Sièyes, in his famous pamphlet, had just then showed clearly that, so far from its being nothing, it should, and must be, everything. The whole nation had taken up the cry; and a demand for the third being as numerous as the other two estates together, was made by almost every man in France. But beyond this, there arose another far more important question; and that was: Were the orders to vote in their respective bodies, in separate chambers, or individually, in one common hall of assembly? If the old system of voting by the body were adopted, the doubling of the third estate was a mere farce: for, suppose the estates consisted of two privileged orders, 500 each, and the other 1000; and that a question was discussed, in which the third said Aye, by a majority of 900: which was likely in most cases; that the clergy said No, the Ayes in the minority numbering 150; that the Ayes in the nobility were 100: although individually the votes would be 1150 Aye, and 850 No, giving a majority of 300 to the Ayes, the Noes would gain the day, because the votes of the *bodies* would stand two No to one Aye. We have been thus particular, because it shows how easily a nation may be hoodwinked, by the show of a privilege in reality as good as nothing.

To decide on these weighty matters, Necker called the Notables into being again, on the 3d of November. They were divided into six offices or chambers, who voted separately; and the result was, that five of the number declared for the old system of jugglery, while only one, with Monsieur, since Louis XVIII. at its head, decided in favor of the number of the third estate being doubled. But so strong was popular feeling on this topic, that, although convoked by him, Necker did not abide by their decision, but advised Louis to adopt the decision of his brother's bureau. And accordingly, on the 27th of De-

cember, the definite and long-looked-for edict appeared, convoking the States-General for May, 1789; decreeing that the number of the third estate should be equal to the other twain united; but, unfortunately, never mentioning the other graver subject, of voting by order or by head, at all; leaving it uncertain—to settle itself as it could.

[1789.] That the elections were to take place in March, however, was not uncertain; and Mirabeau prepared at once to take active steps for ensuring his return. Previous to leaving Paris, however, he published, about the 7th of January, his "*Correspondence between M. C****,* and the Count of Mirabeau, upon the report of M. Necker and the Decree of Council of December 29th, which continues six months the legality of paper money to the paper of the Bank of Discount.*" (8vo. pp. 60.) This is one of those numerous things which the biographer of Mirabeau must regard as useless and unadvised: it is the old spleen and spite against Necker and his financial system, vented forth in tenfold wrath and fury, with vituperation and invective. Yet, while we thus speak of it, and while it detracts from his character for calm reflection and prudence, it immeasurably heightens his already tremendous reputation for proud, man-despising courage. In the whole nation, at that precise period, there was no man so popular as Necker: the knowledge that he caused the augmentation of the people's representatives had led to the delusive opinion that he was a man of the people—a man of progression and thorough reform; and so, from Languedoc to Artois, he was the object of the nation's enthusiasm—the idol of the people. For him, therefore, just at the very moment of appealing to the suffrages of the people to place him in a position he desired beyond anything upon earth, to hurl forth a fierce anathema against their demi-god, is a trait in Mirabeau one would not willingly lose sight of.

In these letters, Cerutti appears as the steady admirer of Necker and his schemes, while Mirabeau takes up the opposite side in his hottest and most abusive manner. Cerutti was annoyed at the publication of this correspondence, although it was perfectly secret between whom it took place. He inserted a very bitter, acrimonius letter on the subject in the twenty-first number of the *Journal de Paris*, and Mirabeau prepared

* Cerutti: he was a native of Turin, and a man of letters.

an overwhelming reply; which fortunately fell into the hands of some of his friends, who wisely enough suppressed it.

Leaving this ill-advised publication to find its own level, and friend Cerutti to soften down into his former friendship, which he did, Mirabeau will away to Provence to push his fortune there.

CHAPTER XII.

PROVENCE — BATTLES WITH THE NOBLESSE — SUBLIME DEFIANCE—EXPULSION—THE THIRD ESTAE—PARIS—PROVENCE—TRIUMPH.

1789.

On the 8th of January, accompanied by M. de Bourges (who once again followed his hero to the scene of action), Mirabeau departed from Paris, and on the 13th of the same month reached Aix.

Mirabeau's views were, to present himself for election, more as a form than anything else, to the nobility; but, as his principles were diametrically opposed to those of his order, and as his father's influence was not vouchsafed him, he relied solely upon the Third Estate for his actual election. Of this we have evidence, in his before-quoted letter to the bailli; wherein he expresses his indifference as to which order he represented.

But, before elections of any kind took place, the nobility had several topics whereupon to pass decisions: in fact, whether any elections at all for the nobility should take place, was as yet undecided by them. In the Old States-General, the nobility had not sent deputies elected from their body; but every aristocrat possessing a certain number of feudal fiefs had a seat in the States by his own right. This the new scheme was to supplant, the nobility meeting in a body and selecting certain members, without regard to fiefs and landed qualifications. Whether, therefore, the nobility of Provence should succumb to the new *régime* or stand up obstinately for the old in this instance, was the first great point to be decided. Added to this, was the doubling of the Third Estate; decided by a royal edict, but factiously opposed by the very men whose principles

were unbounded loyalty and obedience; and the still open question of the manner of voting. On these topics the province was perfectly rabid; when Mirabeau, with his colours flying, sailed down upon them. He describes the state of affairs to Madame du Saillant, in a letter dated January the 20th.

"I arrive amid circumstances truly difficult and perplexing. The Third Estate pursues me with marks of confidence and enthusiasm, extremely imprudent even for their own cause; for it raises the rage of the nobles to its height: they have all the convulsions of an expiring Turnus. I have never seen a body of nobility more ignorant, more avaricious, more insolent."*

On the 21st of January, being summoned to attend a meeting of the nobility, he presented himself before them, and spoke in opposition to a protest, prepared and submitted to them for sanction, against the edict of December the 27th. He demonstrated ably the folly of such a course; showing that the edict would never be rescinded to please them, and that, as the protest was therefore useless, it was but enkindling a useless opposition to the king: as to the voting by head, he recommended a longer consideration before any opinion was given on the subject. This advice was indignantly scorned, and the protest carried.

On the 23d was discussed the graver subject of representation by election or by fiefs: and never did Mirabeau's powers of argument shine more clearly than in his harangue on this important subject. Throwing aside the great argument of injustice, he based his deductions upon interest; conceiving that the likeliest consideration to move his selfish audience. He declared that the fief-holders alone voting, would be virtually to disfranchise the greater portion of the nobility; because, while many commoners, and trades-people even, had purchased fiefs, comparatively few noblemen possessed them at all: or at any rate not to the requisite number. Thus the nobles not having fiefs, could not sit in the States for their own order; and with very few exceptions would they have any chance of an election by the Third Estate. Thus manifesting that to pass any such resolution as that of fief-holders alone sitting, would be an act of manifest suicide. His speech was

* Fils Adop. v. 236.

received with marked contempt by his fellow-nobles, and the resolution adopted.

The then sitting Assembly, wherein this was delivered, was a portion of a lesser kind of States confined to the province; and the result of whose sittings was to decide the manner of election, in such cases as it had been left undecided by the ministry. But as these sat in separate chambers, and the Assembly of the Third Estate was badly organized, this was as illegal and unfair as the States-General would have been, had the ancient system been continued. Impressed with this conviction, on the 30th of January he introduced the subject to the Assembly; demanding the convocation of the three orders of the province. This being received with the same proud disdain by the birth-inflated nobles, he devoted the same night to the writing out of his oration, from memory and his notes, and gave it to the public under the name of "*Speech on the Illegal Representation of the Provençal Nation in its own States, and upon the necessity of convoking a General Assembly of the Three Orders.*" (Aix, 8vo. pp. 35.)

This brought down upon Mirabeau the fierce rancor of the whole nobility: he was called in all quarters by the most opprobious names; stigmatized as an "enemy of the peace," an incendiary, and a pleasing variety of those elegant epithets under which ignorance ever strives to conceal its non-argumentativeness and the badness of its cause. The sittings of the Assembly being prorogued for a little space, Mirabeau was precluded from replying to the false and unmanly attacks in person; but he did so not the less energetically on paper: on the 5th of February appeared "*An Answer to the Protestations made in the name of the Prelates, and of the Fief-possessors of the Assembly of the States of Provence, against the Speech of the Count of Mirabeau, upon the Representation of the Provençal Nation, &c., and Counter Protestation by the* Count of Mirabeau." (Aix, 8vo. pp. 90.)

It is in this reply that we find that transcendent display of eloquent genius, which poured forth like lambent flame upon the scroll of the far To-come, and stands there written in its fiery characters for men to wonder at and admire for long ages: it is the opening of the reply, and it flows forth in grand ebullience, thus—

"What have I done that I am thus so criminal? I have

desired that my order should be wise enough to grant to-day that which will infallibly be snatched from it to-morrow; I have desired that it should secure to itself the glory of causing the Assembly of the Three Orders, which all Provence demands tumultuously. That is the crime of the '*enemy of the peace;*' or, beyond that, I have dared to think that the people might be right after all. Ah! without doubt, a patrician soiled by such a thought merits persecution! But I am even more criminal than they suppose; for I think that the people when they complain are always right: that their indefatigable patience ever waits the last excess of oppression before resolving on resistance; that they never resist sufficiently long to obtain reparation for their grievances; that they are ignorant that, to render themselves formidable to their enemies, it is sufficient to remain inactive, and that the most innocent, as the most invincible of all powers is that of refusing to act. Thus think I: punish your enemy of the peace!

"But you, ministers of a God of peace, who, instituted to bless and not to curse, have launched forth upon me an anathema, without deigning even to essay my reformation by other methods!—

"And you, friends of the peace, who denounce to the people, with the vehemence of hatred, the only defender they have found out of their own bosom!—

"Who, to cement concord, fill the capital and the province with placards calculated to excite the people of the rural districts against those of the town, if your acts did not belie your writings—

"Who, to prepare the paths of conciliation, protest against the edict providing for the convocation of the States-General, although it gives to the people a number of deputies equal to those of the other two orders united—and against all the National Assembly may enact, if its decrees do not secure the triumph of your pretensions, the eternity of your privileges!

"Generous friends of the peace! I do here challenge your honor, and I summon you to declare what expressions in my speech are wanting in the respect due to the royal authority—or to the rights of the nation! Nobles of Provence, Europe is attentive: reflect on your reply. Priests of the living God, have a care: God is listening!

"But if you maintain silence—if you entrench yourselves

behind the vague declamations you have launched against me, suffer me to add one word:—

"In all countries—in all ages, the aristocrats have implacably hunted down the friends of the people; and if, by I know not what combination of fortune, such a one uplifts himself from their own numbers, he it is whom above all they have persecuted: anxious to inspire terror by the choice of the victim. Thus perished the last of the Gracchi, by the hand of the patricians: but, smitten with a death-blow, he cast dust towards the heavens, calling the avenging gods to witness; and from that dust Marius arose—Marius, less great for having exterminated the Cimbri, as for having struck down in Rome the despotism of the nobility!

"But you, Commons, attend to one who cherishes your plaudits in his heart, without being seduced by them. Man is only strong by union—he is only happy by peace. Be firm, but be not obstinate; courageous, but not tumultuous; free, but not undisciplined; sensitive, but not enthusiasts; only stayed by important difficulties; and be always entirely inflexible: but disdain the contentions of self-love, and never hesitate between the *me* and the country; above all, hasten as much as you can the epoch of those States-General which they accuse you of delaying, with severity in proportion to their fear of the results: of those States-General where so many pretensions will be scattered—so many rights established—so many evils repaired: of those States-General, in fine, which the monarch himself desires in order that France should regenerate herself!

"As for me, who in my public career have only feared to be wrong—me, who, begirt with an approving conscience and armed with principles, would brave the universe, if so be that my labors and my voice support you in the National Assembly—if so be that my efforts there accompany you, vain clamors, injurious protestations, ardent menaces, all the convulsions, in a word, of expiring prejudices, will not impose on me. What! should I now arrest my civic career? I who, the first of Frenchmen, have proudly proclaimed my opinions on the national affairs in a time when circumstances were less urgent, and the task far more perilous! No; outrages will not influence my constancy. I have been, I am, I shall be to the tomb, the man of the public liberty—the man of the constitution. Woe to the privileged orders! since to be therein is to

be the man of the people rather than that of the nobles: for privileges shall perish; but the people is eternal!"

Men and brethren, had we no other reason for adoring God, might we not do so, in gratitude, that once or twice in the barren centuries he sends forth a man who can outpour such words as these? Let him who, in reading that sublime effusion, can call up the paltry depreciating cry of immorality and fleshly weakness—quibbling at the thorn while the rose blooms scent-exhaling at its side; let him, I say, look well into his soul: he is a man-doubter, and may easily merge therefrom into a God-doubter, a sneering Voltairist.

On pride of birth, and dogged selfish obstinacy, human eloquence, be it never so godlike, falls like rain on rocks, producing no effect: to men allied, not to making earth a field for generous self-denying exertion, but to narrow-minded prejudices and tyrannous privileges, a small etiquette-formula is nobler than the law of the eclipses; the jingle of rent-moneys sublimer poetry than a Bible prophecy! Therefore, on the 8th of February, did these insensate nobles of Provence meet together once again; and, by way of reply to his wild defiance, decreed, upon the motion of the consul of Aix, that Mirabeau, having no fiefs of his own, but being merely invested with his father's voice, had no right of sitting among the nobles, and that henceforth he should cease to assist in their assemblies.

All hope of representing the noblesse, if such there ever were, being now ended, Mirabeau bade them a calm farewell; and at the same time appealed to the people, in another pamphlet published on the 11th February, called, "*To the Provençal Nation, by the* Count of Mirabeau." (Aix, 8vo. pp. 56.) This is little else than an account of the proceedings at the Assembly, wherein his expulsion was decreed, with free comments thereupon.

Being now a *bonâ fide* candidate for the suffrages of the Third Estate, in what manner did Mirabeau commence his canvas? *By opening a draper's shop to ingratiate himself in the people's favor*, says lying rumor: without any shadow of a foundation; as, fortunately, can be most clearly proven: though whether such a ridiculous *on dit* deserves the trouble of confutation becomes a question; nevertheless as to refute it is but to give an account of his proceedings, which is our business, it may as well be done.

That this establishing himself as a *marchand de draps* was not done previous to his expulsion from the assemblies of the nobility is self-proved, because such an act would have of itself disqualified him for taking part in their debates; that he did not do so after, our narrative will demonstrate. On the 8th of February, he was expelled; on the 11th, he issued his appeal to the Provençal nation; and on the 15th, to counteract the great injury his injudicious publication of the "Secret History of Berlin" and "The Correspondence with Cerutti" was doing his name and prospects, he departed for Paris. It was even probable that a decree of Council might lay him by the heels, and so end his election prospects in anything but a *comme il faut* manner. Following his usual policy, therefore, he went to note the actions of the lion in his very den.

On the 21st, he arrived at Paris, and called upon his various friends there: though in a very private way; and then, not thinking the metropolis safe, he retired to the little village of Polengis, to a small country residence on the banks of the Marne. The object of his visit was to gain an interview, and effect a reconciliation, with Talleyrand; who, as was mentioned, had broken all intimacy with Mirabeau on the appearance of his "*Secret History of Berlin.*" All his efforts to see that individual were in vain; and so, after a week's residence, seeing that he was gaining nothing there, while his cause in Provence, for anything he knew, might be losing ground, he decided upon retracing his steps; and so, on the 28th of February, he set out for Provence.

There exists an account of his reception at Aix, written by an eye-witness, which scatters all draperyshop anecdotes to the winds, by showing how needless such a violation of Mirabeau's habits was. See how loyal men are by nature, if you only give them *a real king*, and not a crowned inanity to be loyal to!

* "At Pont Royal, that is to say, at five posts from Aix, the postmaster had orders to send a courier to Aix to announce the arrival of the Count of Mirabeau, and to detain him by some casual accident. He had a very natural pretext for so doing. His valet-de-chambre, who had arrived before him, had died of the cholera; and this gave them all the time they required. There was only one town in his route, and that was Lambesc.

* This account is written in rude and peculiar French, which renders it extremely difficult to be intelligibly translated.

A hundred paces from that town, the municipal officers waited on him to detain him, and to congratulate him in the name of the community. He entered the town; the country had assembled there. Many thousands of men and women, children, priests, soldiers, and men in costume, all crying, '*Live the Count of Mirabeau! Live the Father of the Country!* The guns fired, the bells pealed, and he, shedding tears, exclaimed, '*I see how men become slaves—tyranny is begun by gratitude.*' They wished to draw his carriage. '*My friends,*' he said to them, '*men were not made to bear a man, and you already bear too much!*'

"At Saint-Cana (a league beyond Lambesc), at the changing of his horses—and it was only a village—there was a great number, with cries of '*The king forever! and the Count of Mirabeau!* At two leagues from Aix, deputies from the artisans first appeared; they carried to him crowns and flowers. On arriving at the summit of the mountain, the sea of human beings which flowed forth from the town was perceived. They stayed his carriage, with a thousand and a hundred thousand acclamations, thanks, congratulations. The town of Aix is crossed by a large and superb promenade. His domestic, at whose arrival they had made a first discharge of musketry, had told them he was going to his friend's on the promenade. It was filled with men and cannon; his horses went at full speed to avoid the followers which would have clung around him; but all the crowd followed at their quickest pace. In a moment all the cannon were carried to the *Place des Prêcheurs*, bordering the house he was to inhabit. The place is crowded with people, a hundred cannon are discharged, and he descends into the arms of the people, to whom they had to open the doors of the house. There is an harangue broken by cheers and *vivats*, crowns, cries of joy, embracings; all the intoxication of rapture and of confidence. He wished the people to disperse, that he might go to where he was to dine; but this under no consideration would they do, and he was obliged to retraverse all that mass of people. His chariot was loaded with flowers; trumpeters and tambourines preceded and followed him; all these remained under the windows of M. Joubert's* house, with whom he dined, and the instruments did not cease playing during dinner. In the evening, he returned home.

* His lawyer and advocate in his former trials at Aix.

Tambourines, trumpets, fireworks, a bonfire, awaited him. Thus closed the day. . . . Half the town was illuminated at night.

"M. de Mirabeau, *so far from being intoxicated by these homages, gave to the deputies of the Commons a philosophical reproof on the danger of these exaggerations*—and, above all, on that of gratitude, which the people never owes, because one is never out of their debt. He said to the citizens: 'Hate oppression as much as you love your friends, and you will not be oppressed!' To-day we had a singular scene. Marseilles sent deputies to him: the peasants stopped them, and conducted them to the Countess of Mirabeau, and addressed her with an harangue in the Provençal dialect, in which we find these words—"*They are a grand race—'tis a sin they should ever die out!*" "*

Were there not innumerable documents corroborating this anonymous description, we should refuse it credence; but its truth, never questioned, is incontestable. The scenes took place on the 5th to the 8th of March; and on the 18th he visited Marseilles, where he was received with even greater acclamation: with military honors, municipal addresses; the very vessels in the port ornamenting themselves with their respective standards. His departure therefrom on the 21st, Mirabeau himself paints to M. de Caraman, commandant of the province, in a letter subsequently printed (Aix, 1789, 8vo. pp. 21). "Figure to yourself," he writes, "a hundred and twenty thousand† individuals in the streets of Marseilles; the whole of so industrious and so commercial a town losing the day's work; windows hired at one and two louis, horses at as much; the carriage of a man, who has no claim but that of being upright, covered with palms, laurels, and olives; the people bending to the very streets; women holding to him their children as an oblation; a hundred and twenty thousand voices giving acclamations, and crying, *Vive le Roi!* four or five hundred of the most distinguished young gentlemen of the town preceding

* Fils Adop. v. 274. A sin truly, O ye earnest-loving peasants! and, looking upon France, now struggling in her third revolution, one would say, that another of such like race is wanting now.

† This may seem an exaggeration, but any one acquainted with French love of sight-seeing will credit it. Marseilles contained 150,000 inhabitants, and Aix and other large towns being not far distant, and many vessels in port, the number cited is extremely probable to be correct.

him; three hundred carriages following him—figure this, and you will have an idea of my departure from Marseilles."*

His pen had not been altogether silent during these triumphs. While at Aix he published on the 13th of March, "*The Opinion of the Count of Mirabeau on the Regulations given by the King for the Execution of his Letters of Convocation to the approaching States-General, of his County of Provence*" (Aix, 8vo. pp. 35). An unimportant work now, but useful then; and whose best description and analysis is in its lengthy title.

He had also to act as well as write; and as his name had aroused the fiery people of Provence, so had his intellect and mob-defying courage to allay them when rioting. On the 22d, the very day after his return to Aix, he received a letter from an advocate and partizan, at Marseilles, informing him that the town was in a state of phrenetic tumult; ending with an appeal to Mirabeau to come and quiet them with his eloquence and weight of character; finishing with this sentence—"The destiny of your race is to be always useful to us!" Mirabeau immediately forwarded it to M. de Caraman, the commandant, offered his services, and having received an authoritative carte-blanche from him, he instantly departed for Marseilles. On the 24th, when he forwarded an account to Caraman, all was then quiet. He had acted as a great man ever acts, with presence of mind, and with decision. He had under his guidance organized a body of special constables, doubled the port-guard, assembled the town-council, ascertained the state, and regulated the prices of the provisions. The town, however, continued for several days in a ferment, Mirabeau endeavoring to allay it. On the 25th, he printed and distributed an appeal to their better feelings†—"*The Advice of Mirabeau to the People of Marseilles.*" And on the same day, when a courier arrived in hot haste to summon him to allay a similar *émeute* at Aix, he had the satisfaction of leaving behind him a town, pacified and orderly. The Aix outbreak was similar to that at Marseilles, only shorter and fiercer, and the people were little to blame; the whole riot having been occasioned by the proud insolence of the consul (he who had moved Mirabeau's ejectment from the noblesse). The people having assembled in front of the Hôtel de Ville, this individual had made a speech to them calculated to rouse their utmost fury:

* Fils Adop. v. 279.

† This was written from Aix, fearing another outbreak.

the result was that they were aroused—that he commanded the troops to fire—that they killed two of the people, and wounded many—that the consul had to fly, leaving the pacification of the town to Mirabeau, who had just arrived. His measures were at once wise and effectual: he had all the troops sent out of the town, and a guard of burgesses established in their stead; every appearance of confidence on the part of the authorities was manifested; the granaries were opened freely; and by these judicious measures order was quietly and completely established. "But," he writes, rendering an account to a friend, "know you what then happened? Scarcely was all calm, when the noblesse, whom no one had seen for thirty-six hours, re-appeared armed, insolent, rabid, demanding the places of officers of the civic guard, and, above all, crying, *'It is M. de Mirabeau who has caused all the evil!'* Thus, while Aix and Toulon were a-blaze, Marseilles, where I was, at the will of M. de Caraman, is calm and peaceable; and it is I who have aroused Aix and Toulon, where I was not! M. de Caraman beholds his troops beaten back, scattered; the town of Aix about to be reduced to cinders;—he calls for me—all are appeased, all returned to order—*and I have caused all the evil, and have done no good! Strange logic is that of hatred!*"*

Strange indeed but fortunately impotent; for scarcely had these tumults lulled themselves into quiet, when, on the 5th of April, the people of Aix announced to him that he was elected their deputy; and on the 6th a deputation from Marseilles informed him, that a similar honor had been conferred upon him by that town. On the 7th he decided, as some legal business required his presence at the town whose representation he accepted, to sit for the former; pledging himself, however, to be as alive to the veritable interests of the latter as though he were their representative. Thus, therefore, on the 9th day of April, 1789, when he had exactly lived upon this earth forty years and one month, he contrived to push his way so far as to be a member of the coming States-General of France and Deputy of Aix. An insignificant achievement in appearance, but a splendid victory in reality.

This election of Aix, municipal hubbub that it was, is it not now one of the chiefest notabilities of modern history? It was

* Fils Adop. v. 306.

the first commencement of a grand series of world-revolutions and throne-shakings, not yet ended: never to end till man's arrogance and avarice bows before man's nobility and God's evangel; till chicanery and juggling have an end. So, therefore, this particular election of Aix must remain on the world's annals, above all other elections yet transacted on this world. We will call it Mirabeau's *landing-place*. There, after long tossings on the ocean of penury and persecution, he jumped on to the green sward-bosom of his mighty mother; and, Antæus-like, felt thereby a power infused into his soul, which no smooth life of conventionalities and courtly fripperies could have bestowed. The place whereon Norman William landed in Britain is not as outwardly important as the battle-field of Hastings; but inwardly how much more so: it was there he arrived on *terra firma*. Had the great Deep swallowed him! Consider that. We are altogether too superficial in our place of worship: the battle-field of Waterloo is pilgrimaged unto by thousands yearly; the house of Bignon, wherein he was born who shook France to its centre, and so *caused* that battle, has no visitors. In the same manner, we have some hundred volumes of lives and chronicles of Napoleon, a kind of noisy roaring half-hero; and, until this unworthy tribute, not one consecrated to this greatest of all Frenchmen: who was a straightforward, acute-visioned, and as entire a hero as God ever sent upon this earth.

He has landed now, O ye men of France: landed; and like a noble Lion-heart springing, sword in hand, armour-clad, upon the shores of Palestine, will cut his way through shameless Templars, cunning monk-impostors, and Pagan infidels, to the city of his God! He has landed, and displaying his title-claims of transcendent ability to the kingship of France, will march forth prepared to govern, to assert his rights; and men cannot question those rights: they *must* be loyal to him; and so he will be ere long *in fact*, what for ages many have been *in word*—the KING OF THE FRENCH.

The king! not a weak lineal descendant of a far removed noble man who *was* a king; but a very king indeed: come at the very moment when a world is going rabid for one. O, if there is a true heart in France, it will beat as he advances: if there be a true man's voice, it will cheer him as he journeys on. The king! Looking over French history, we must go

back to Henri Quatre before we find any other king at all; to Charlemagne, ere we discover one so great as this.

Honor and world-thanks to those brave Provençals. They it was, who, when the wave-tossed, storm-beaten monarch leaped ashore, and spread wide his standard of human God-given genius, against human hell-given cunning, placed the crown upon his head by acclamation, and acknowledged him their king. And now, nobler far than ancient Lionheart (for he went forth with steel and arrow, and this man goes forth alone with the arms of right and reason), he will bear this standard to the very heart of the kingdom—to the capital,—until there is no loyal knee in France that is not bent unto him; that does not own his sway.

Awaken, therefore, O ye place-holders and un-workers; for when he comes there must be no idling. Ye bescented Seigneurs, who in your Versailles luxury-house fatten in idleness upon the paltry gold ye have wrung from starving industry; and thou, O most amiable but imbecile Louis Capet: prepare ye, one and all, to know what ye are; to know the station ye really merit by your abilities or goodnesses, and to take it. It was not usurpation, exactly, to loll in those high seats, when no king was there to claim them: but he has come now, and so prepare to cede them; or much mishap may befall ye: for lo! south-eastward from Provence,—with stout lion's heart, with black lion's mane, with loud, bass stentor-voice, and huge leviathanic strides—the KING OF THE FRENCH is coming.

The *Fils Adoptif*, super-acute, divides Mirabeau's life into "three great divisions," considering him as the private man, the literary man, and the public man; as though there were three distinct men, and not one tremendous giant of a man. If his life must be divided at all, rather would we partition it into two great halves—of TRIAL and of TRIUMPH. The Trial we have seen—the Triumph we have now to come. The dilettanti reader will have long ere this turned back, and, in sugary lisps in sickly coteries, is, even so soon, denouncing our book from the few pages he had courage to peruse;—the earnest truth-seeking reader follows us still: to him we say,

Oh, brother! we are all as poor Swiss outcasts, wandering from our own heritage and our own spirit-kindred, in a hard and dreary land: we are all brethren, though, and have one omniscient and all-loving FATHER; and the tidings of the TRIUMPH of one of our band, should it not be like a dear Ranz-des

Vaches music unto us, melting us into tears of a sorrowful and a holy joy? Come, therefore, and we together will examine this TRIUMPH of our departed brother—how it sits upon him—how royally he strides it—how manfully he fights, tearing to pieces the accumulated despot-edicts of centuries, never despairing, but struggling ever daringly, until the hand of Death arrests his progress, and he is rapt away, as in a resplendent Elijah-chariot, to that mysterious and unknown Home of ours, where your human orator stands dumb-stricken—speechless as a very babe; and where all human Triumphs show like paltry tinsel before the blazing Throne of GOD!

BOOK IV.

THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

The time is out of joint—O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set it right.

HAMLET.

Oh! why has worth so short a date,
While villains ripen gray with time?
Must thou, the noble, glorious, great,
Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime?

BURNS.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY OBSERVATIONS—THE PROCESSION—OPENING OF THE STATES—MIRABEAU'S NEWSPAPER.

1789.

We have to survey perhaps the most brilliant career ever experienced by man in so short a space: for, in estimating Mirabeau's genius, and examining his voluminous orations with those of Sheridan, Burke, and other contemporaneous speakers, we should never forget that while these extended over a lapse of very many years—the result of much study and reflection—those of the former were crowded in three-and-twenty months, and several were entirely extemporaneous effusions: which may also serve as some palliation of the many headlong and unadvised measures to which Mirabeau lent his commanding eloquence in the earlier portion of his parliamentary career.

It may, therefore, not be out of place here, if we make a few observations on a few things, to be borne in mind by all who would form a correct idea of the Revolution, and especially of Mirabeau's course and participation therein: and just in proportion as we deeper study those eventful days, we shall find the character of that much bevaunted liberty-outbreak, to grow blacker; to be no liberty-outbreak, but merely an expending of a nation's corruption, the effervescence of a people's rottenness: we shall find the character of men like Mirabeau, whose dust has been hurled out of the French Pantheon; whose name is little respected now, because he endeavored in the latter months of his legislative career to establish constitu-

tional liberty in the place of the vilest mob-tyranny: we shall find *his* character brighten, as the events and times become despicably darker. And the study can in nowise be unprofitable; for it will teach us, that under no consideration can a violent force-revolution benefit a country; that it can only have the effect of robbing men who have well-earned their wealth, for the most part to enrich scoundrels who have no claim or title thereunto, save roguery and idleness; that comparative serfdom *with* order and quietness is far preferable to riot and turbulence with the utmost license: we cannot say liberty; for liberty, as that spirited and world-circulated journal* has so ably said, does not consist in planting *mais* and yelling out in drunken bacchanal-chorus the *Marseillaise*. Two kinds of liberty are alone possible—the rule of good, industrious men, and the subjugation of the idle, ignorant, and bad to them; or the rule of the unprincipled and licentious, and the wholesale ruin of the good and just. The former we have long possessed in England: and see how grandly, amid a shattered and convulsed Europe, our often-erring but right-noble island maintains herself, her laws, her constitution, sublime amid the wrecks of empires; the latter in 1794, and now in 1848, is being established in France: and behold, O wide-mouthed chartist-brawler, how flourishes commerce under it; how calm and tranquil is the nation; how satisfied is everybody; and what liberty and brotherhood there is among them! It is not the government that makes a nation, it is the nation that makes the government; and every people has at bottom as good a code of laws as they deserve: some people, it appears, have far better; since they have yet to learn how to appreciate it.

All this may seem discursive and verbiage to the hasty reader, but it is not so. The principles apparent in the foregoing remarks; being the principles of real freedom, and no mere show of it; will be of assistance in passing judgment on the coming career of Mirabeau; which was intended to be, and for the greater part *was*, an endeavor after freedom: nay, unless some such principle guide the reader, he can hardly come to a real and solid conclusion.

Let us now give a statement of the grievances the States-General met to consider, and what was the work before them.

* The *Times*.

The English reader, in judging the Revolution of which we write, is apt, by a natural transition, when he considers it in the light of a rising against the constituted government, to regard that government as such an one as our own; and thereby censures it most unjustly. For, as we shall presently show, the state of French law was so unjust, so utterly bad, that a determination to reform most radically, and that promptly, and the mustering together of men determined to effect that reform, was a noble and praiseworthy deed; whereas in England, so beautifully has perfect individual freedom been blended with complete responsibility to outraged justice, that any distracting, and agitating, and disturbing of the country, is blameable, and very often inexcusable. The detail of a few facts, too little known to many who pass judgment all too flippantly on such tremendous epochs, will bear out this statement; and, while it does not excuse the insane outrages of numerous acts of the Revolution, does justify its primary commencement. It was an extinction of feudalism, and was necessary; but it was an extinction badly done: too much done, let us say; and, like all other work ill performed, ill effects are yet remaining therefrom.

In the first place, the nation was not represented at all. The States-General were called at the will of the sovereign; and, by a cunning juggle, as we demonstrated at the close of the third book, the nation was not in the least represented thereby. The parliament of Paris could certainly refuse to register new imposts; but its members were nearly all nobles: a mere metropolitan municipality. Secondly, there was no trial by jury: that great bulwark of private liberty was entirely wanting. All justice, or rather injustice, was administered by interest (often not the purest) with the ministry: and by a *lettre-de-cachet*, which any man of quality could obtain against you, you were whisked away, unknowing any crime, untried, uncondemned, to languish in some bastile or Vincennes donjon, till God took you, or your enemies grew tender. Thirdly, France having been originally a number of small dukedoms and kingdoms, had various laws peculiar to particular provinces; all more or less feudal in tenor, and therefore not adapted to the modern scheme of society. In Champagne, Nivernois, and other provinces, at the time we are treating of, there actually existed prædial serfs: men taxed at the arbitrary will of the lord; judged by a like tribunal, and bound to the lands upon which

they had the misfortune to be born.* Lastly, the system of supporting the state expenditure was glaringly unjust; for the people—that is to say, those neither noble nor cleric—paid the whole of the taxation, with hardly any material exception; and it was, as we have seen before, the factious and unjustifiable refusal of the privileged to cede this iniquitous distinction for the common weal, that led to the convocation of the States-General at all.

Such was the state of France; and no true-hearted man but will say with us, that to live under such a system, in the dawning almost of the nineteenth century, was beneath the God-implanted dignity of man. What we rose for and obtained in 1210, surely the French people had a right to rise and fight for in 1790: the mistake was in the choice of the weapons: between 1210 and 1790, is a lapse of near 600 years, and in that time the arms, wherewith to fight for constitutional liberty, had changed from swords and violent deeds and speeches, to reason and moderate demand.

The States-General met to do away with these things, and to give a constitution to France: what that constitution was to be, divided all men. Prejudiced and sand-blind aristocrats were determined to maintain the old *régime*, if possible: at any rate to do battle for it; others were for a new system, giving a slight accession to the people; others for dividing the supreme power between the king and commons; and in the hearts of few, unrevealed publicly, there lurked the ulterior idea of a republic. Such confused and jarring principles did the States-General call together to regenerate France. What, therefore, were the individual views of that man who had the power of making well-nigh all those views the views of France —what were the principles of Mirabeau?

Instead of being the changeful, inconstant being Mirabeau has been represented in his career in the Assembly, we are prepared to assert that that career was one manly, straightforward following out of principles, conceived long before the Revolution, and never for one moment departed from. It was for this reason we inserted two fragments of his in the latter portion of our third book, and called particular attention thereunto: it was where he declared himself a very zealous monarchist, and stated that as such would be his proceedings

* Hallam's Middle Ages, vol. i. 150.

in the States. From this and numerous other like sentences we draw that Mirabeau was, at the opening of the States-General, the advocate of a system of limited monarchy and popular rule, similar to our own admirable method; which, it is highly creditable to him, he most enthusiastically admired. His plan of proceeding was blameworthy and unwise; but the end he set before himself was most noble: it was nothing more nor less than to constitutionalize France, by introducing the British mode of government, nearly complete into that kingdom. The means he took were characteristic of himself—audacious boldness and unlimited self-reliance. He entered the States, determined, first of all, to root out the remnants of absolute power remaining to the king; to extinguish the privileges of the aristocracy; and then begin again, *de novo*, on a new foundation, to raise a limited monarchy, like our own. In calculating his powers for this tremendous and glorious undertaking, he did right to rely on his own capabilities; but he did wrong, seeing that human life is ever uncertain, to bring the nation and the king to such a pass, that its salvation depended upon his single life. In considering a man's career, great evil is done by taking the out-of-the-way and most extraordinary course of proceeding, when it would have been so easy to take the natural and probable one. From this thirst for anomalies, Mirabeau's history in the Assembly has been distorted; until, distortion and perversion having reached their height, men are beginning very fast to see that men are not such monsters of versatility, incomprehensibility, and imbecility, as has been heretofore in many cases the custom to draw them. Let the reader only keep constantly before him the principles we have shown to be Mirabeau's, the steps he took to establish those principles, and we shall then find his course in the Assembly one most lucid and intelligible career: precisely, O reader, what you and ourselves, entering with the same object, adopting the same means, would have infallibly done. And now to business!

Louis, whose highest praise and highest blame is that he was a man too good for the nation, and too humane and tender for the times; had doated on these States-General ever since their announcement: for in them he imagined that he foresaw the end of all the unpleasantness which had embarrassed and perplexed his reign. Since his accession everything had gone wrong: the crisis which Fenelon, Chesterfield, and all wise

men long before had perceived to be at hand, had arrived in his reign; the cloud which Louis XV. had rightly judged would remain unbroken while his abominable life trailed out, was bursting over the innocent head of his most unfortunate successor. But in these States, Louis fondly imagined all responsibility would be taken from his shoulders; and that, his people being happy, he might now live in quiet, and serve his God in peace. He had, as it happened, to serve his God by the fearful purification of persecution and anguish. Buoyed up with hope and joyous expectancy, the monarch had devoted his time and taste to the preparations for the opening of the States-General. With the most elaborate elegance, had the Salle de Menus been prepared for that august assembly; and, that these deliberations might commence with, at the least, a semblance of an appeal to the Everlasting Disposer of events, the whole States attended service at the church of St. Louis, on the evening preceding the day of opening. Oh, had each man there present really purposed, not to join in some loud-howled credo or Latin anthem-song, but, by acting in consonance with God's edicts, so to make his life one *acted* hymn, the history of France had been far different. From an assemblage of men who meet together to regenerate a nation, not having the fear of God before their eyes, the love of him within their hearts, no good can possibly arrive; and reigns of terror and such like are the natural result.

On the evening of the 4th of May, the procession from the church of St. Louis, after having heard there the usual services, to that of Notre Dame, did, however, take place. Madame de Staël, the Marquis of Ferrières, and other eminent personages were spectators; and from their brilliant details, the spectacle can live for ages. From palace and from cellar, every man and woman that could attend, from Paris, and even from the distant provincial cities, thronged the streets of Versailles, to mark a spectacle such as their ancestors through the far back ages had never seen. The spacious streets were lined with guards, and behind these, straining every nerve to catch a glimpse of the cortege, stood the multitudinous throngs; while from the open windows leaned out the tradesmen's families, and upon the elegant verandahs and overhanging galleries, sat the titled and élite of France. Every sensation—from sorrow to rapture, from brooding doubt to ecstatic hope—agitated the bosoms of those tens of thousands. There were hearts which

hailed these States as the commencement of one of those sweet theoretic fraternity-times, so delightful in print; so unactable in fact. Others foreboded much; reckless innovation, abolishment of places, an ultimate republic, and a reduction in the funds: for selfishness and patriotism are blended ever in such crowds as that. Some few trusted that a constitution, free and just, with a presiding power, permitted to punish vice *ad libitum;* to persecute virtue prohibited, would be established. But it is to be feared that by far the majority delighted in that procession, because they thought the majority thereof would adopt some popular fixed idea; and that, for the future, a man might do nothing upon the earth, save plunder his richer neighbor; and there be no law to check him in that creditable employment.

In one thing, however, all were unanimous; and that was in regarding with regret the revival of those distinctions of costume, in the eighteenth century, for the most part exploded in the sixteenth. First of all, amid music, waving of banners, and deafening applause, marched the Third Estate, clad in their particular costume. Six hundred men, habited in plain black clothes, common muslin cravats, small cloaklets, and unadorned slouched hats. Among these, there was but one man who commanded the attention of the spectators as an individual; and that was Mirabeau. Not alone for his reputation, now swollen to an immense height; not alone for the many romantic stories circulated as to his immorality and vice; but as *a man* he concentrated all attention upon him: we are told, "he attracted the curiosity even of those who were unacquainted with his reputation:"* and truly his was a form to arrest attention. Considerably above the common height of Frenchmen,† that height was rendered doubly striking by the colossal formation of his every limb; and his chest and shoulders were widely expanded, and even unnaturally broad. His head was immense; and from it, there hung in wild profusion a forest of black hair: his lion's mane, as he was wont to term it; his eye, large and rolling, beamed with the fire of genius and passion; and his mouth curled itself, as though proclaiming tacitly the patrician pride and haughty self-confidence of the man.‡ During the greater portion of the march,

* Alison, ii. 3 (7th edit.). † He was five feet, eleven in. (English).

‡ Œuvres de Madame de Staël, vol. xii. 193; Michelet's Revolution, 86 (Bohn's edition); Carlyle's do., vol. i. 166.

applause poured in upon him: but in one part, a few, whose vice-seeking eyes saw the immoralities and not the talents, manifested their dislike by the usual cries. The applauses could not move Mirabeau, but these did: we read that, turning his large black eyes full upon, he glared them into silence, and so passed proudly on, the greatest man in France.*

On the morrow, the 5th, the States-General were duly opened by the king in person, in the Salle de Menus, superbly decorated for the occasion. Accounts differ concerning Mirabeau's reception on entering the hall; and we cite them, to demonstrate how jarring and contradictory are the materials whence a history has to be drawn. Our two great narratives of the events diametrically differ. Mr. Alison says, "Similar approbation was beginning for those of Provence, but it was checked to mark the personal application of the applause to Mirabeau:"† while on the other hand Carlyle writes, "The Constituent Assembly, when his name was first read out, received it with murmurs."‡ Thiers, in his usual superficial, semi-lucid way, says, "A general movement took place on the appearance of Count Mirabeau; and, indeed, his look and manner made an impression on the Assembly:"§ which may be applied either one way or the other. The best authority we can quote is Madame de Staël, who was an eye-witness of the opening ceremony; and to her statement we would attach belief. "When Mirabeau appeared," she says, "a murmur was heard in the Assembly: he comprehended its meaning, but traversed the hall haughtily to his place."‖ Michelet gives the best comment on this, in that strange, and half-insane work of his: "Murmurs," cries he, "against the immoral man! That brilliant society, dying of its vices, and present at its last festival, had no right to be severe."¶

The proceedings of the first day were of course mostly formal: the good king delivered an address, in which his inherent benevolence and goodness shines forth, unbedimmed by any *œil-de-bœuf* influence; and the natural free-heartedness of the monarch's address stands in most favorable contrast with the stupid pedantry pronounced by Necker, immediately after-

* Fils Adop., vi. 35.
† Alison, vol. ii. 5.
‡ Carlyle's Miscellanies, vol. iv. 73 (third edition).
§ Thiers' History of the Revolution, p. 10 (Whittaker's trans.).
‖ Œuvres de Madame de Staël, xii. 195.
¶ Michelet's History, 88.

wards. The manner of voting, and other topics of boundless interest were not settled or even mentioned, while paltry taxes of no interest whatsoever, and barren numerical details, were given to a wearisome extent. He endeavored, irrespective of the exigencies of the times—of the justice or advisability of measures, to keep peace with and please all men; and, as a natural consequence, he disappointed and displeased every one. Without discussion of any kind, the Assembly dispersed on the conclusion of this harangue, at five o'clock.

In the mean time Mirabeau had not been idle: his eloquence was as yet an undeveloped power, while his pen was a tried and certain one; accordingly, immediately after his arrival at Versailles, he had entered into arrangements with M. le Jaye, a Parisian printer, for a daily paper, to be entitled, the "*Journal of the States-General;*" and, by that miraculous faculty wherewith he compelled imperceptibility, like the goblin bridegroom in Lenore, all he willed to fall in and follow him, he had collected instanter a staff of efficient collaborateurs—such as Dumont, Duroverai, and others—men who carried bricks, while he built. On the evening of the 4th, appeared No. 1 of this brochure, containing an account of the procession, with criticisms on the folly of reviving the costumes—on the Bishop of Nancy's oration at the church, like "modern tragedies, half verse," and on other incidental subjects. On the 6th, appeared the second, with a like account of the opening of the States, and lengthy remarks upon the various speeches; especially Necker's, to which he gives all the praise due: which, on calculation, will be found to be none at all. The prime minister received a well-merited and masterly castigation. To this Necker replied in a manner little honorable to him—he took a mean revenge. Forgetting that for six months, by general understanding, the censorship of the press had been laid aside, and that its abolition was one of the topics on which the minds of the States were already settled, on the 7th of May a decree of council suppressed this journal. But Mirabeau was not to be daunted: he continued his plan, by changing the title to "*Letters of the Count of Mirabeau to his Constituents,*" which shortly afterwards lapsed into the "*Courier de Provence,*" and from Mirabeau's editorship. The municipality of Paris met, and protested against the suppression; and, indeed, the measure incurred universal odium. In

his first "Letter to his Constituents," Mirabeau thus expressed himself concerning it. "Twenty-five millions of voices demand liberty of the press; the nation and the king demand unanimously the concentrative suggestions of all genius. Well! It is at such a time they give us a ministerial veto! It is at such a time that, after having been lured by an illusive and perfidious tolerance, a minister, popular, so called, has the effrontery to put the seal to our thoughts—to encourage the system of lying—and to treat, as a contraband object, the indispensable exportation of truth."*

CHAPTER II.

BATTLE WITH THE PRIVILEGED ORDERS—APPEAL TO THE CLERGY—ADVANCES TO THE COURT—FIRST AND SECOND ORATION ON THE VERIFICATION AND NAME OF THE ASSEMBLY—THE SITTING OF THE 23D OF JUNE.

May 6th to June 23d, 1789.

In the whole annals of ministerial history there exists no such instance of pusillanimous and suicidal timidity as that of Necker leaving the decision of separate or united verification to be fought out among the interested parties themselves. Either he should have confronted the unanimous demands of France, and refrained from calling the States-General at all, or he should have convoked them in such a manner as to ensure the amicable and constitutional discussion of the state of the kingdom. But by not doing so—by pitting the three orders to battle for the victory—he deluged France with anarchy and ruin, and called forth angry passions and wicked class prejudices, which neither he nor any other man could allay. Necker has ever to us appeared too lightly censured for his ridiculous behavior in this instance: his insanely stupid conduct, in fact, for it was the two months of jangling and disputing, when France had to behold the melancholy spectacle of those men who had been assembled to remedy their country's miseries, squabbling in confused bedlam-chatter about mere forms;

* 1re Lettre du Compte de Mirabeau à ces Commettans.

which, however intrinsically vital, were nominally and to appearance but forms after all: it was this example of anarchy in the high places, which first aroused that lax anarchic spirit in France, which has lasted to the present day; and which, while it continues, must ever disorganize France and retard her political and social culture. That Necker was privately an amiable, well-meaning man, there can be no doubt: but that, in his capacity of premier, he was a paltry, pedantic egotist, totally unfitted for the times he had fallen upon, must become manifest more and more in proportion as the history of those times is studied.

On the 1st of May the States re-assembled for business; but, owing to the blundering policy of the ministry, a quarrel ensued upon the instant. This was not as to the manner of voting, but as to the less important subject of verification. As that, however, was the prelude to the voting question, it was very apparent that if separate verification were agreed to, separate voting would also follow. The Commons met in the great hall, used for the opening ceremony; and, as that chamber had even so soon obtained the name of the Hall of the Assembly, gained a decided advantage thereby. The nobles and clergy occupied separate apartments in the same building. By an immense majority, the first of these latter resolved upon the separate verification, and by a slender superiority the latter arrived at a like conclusion. The Commons, adopting a wily and wise line of policy, remained inactive; stating that they waited for the other powers before proceeding to business. Thus, with all France gazing at them with more or less annoyance, they sat mere nullities; the Commons unverified, the others verified, but to no purpose. On the 12th, Rabaut de St. Etienne (the historian) suggested the establishment of a conference between the three, upon the contested point. This was carried: conferences did ensue, but they came to nothing; the only end gained thereby being to exasperate all parties, and render conciliation doubly difficult.

With the knowledge of Mirabeau's love of action, and hatred of wrangling about trifles, which the reader must have long ere this acquired, he can imagine his extreme disgust at these disputes. With impatience fast amounting to boiling rage, he had sat from the 6th to the 26th, listening to these tedious debates, but taking no share therein; venting his sentiments through his "Letters to his Constituents," and in pri-

vate correspondence with Mauvillion and others: but on the 18th, being resolved that some definite conclusion should be arrived at, he delivered his first speech in the Assembly; being an exposition of the state of the quarrel, blaming the privileged order severely, and ending by a proposition to invite the clergy to join them, and so, having gained a majority of orders, to throw over the other remaining one. It is a common error to suppose that Mirabeau assumed the lead in the Assembly on its first opening; the real fact being, that, until his celebrated reply to de Brézé, he spoke little, and possessed exceedingly small influence among that body. This is shown by this suggestion having fallen to the ground. The commissioners of the three orders still continued to meet and play at conference; until, on the 27th, the Nobles sent in their final and definite answer, that they should verify themselves separately this session, but that the States might decide how it was to be done in any future convocation. On receipt of this reply, Mirabeau mounted the tribune again, and reproduced his motion of the 18th in a fine harangue.

"The verification by commissioners," he began, "is at variance with principles; it is, and it ever will be, impossible to substitute this verification for the sanction of the United States-General: above all, so long as the General Assembly shall be composed of what we term *three orders*, it is impossible that the contentions which interest the respective orders can be discussed in presence of each other. It is equally impossible that an order in particular can become the judge of questions which interest the other two orders; each order is only a part, the States-General united are the only judges."

Having thus shown that the commissioners could never come to a conclusion, he proceeds to demand that a deputation from the Third Estate should be sent to the clergy, to summon them, "in the name of God, and for the welfare of the nation," to join them; that so the legislation of the country might proceed. This was carried by acclamation, and Target was dispatched to the clergy with a large deputation. The clergy demanded till the following day to deliberate upon their reply, and in the evening the prelates and higher members of that body sought the advice of the court: the result of this was, that the king on the 28th sent a message to the three orders, requesting that new commissioners might be elected, and another general conference established in presence of the

keeper of the seals. A long discussion upon this proposal took place in the Third Estate; in which Mirabeau took the lead.

"In every sense," said he, "this is a snare; it is a snare if we defer to the desire of the king, a snare if we refuse to do so. If we accept the conferences, all this will be finished by a decree of the council; we shall be separated and despotized over by that fact; because all the aristocrats incline to the vote by order, because they would so maintain their place; while in the method of voting by head, they would not always be the first, and often they would be the last. If, on the contrary, we do not accept, they will say that the Commons, tumultuous, undisciplined, greedy for independence, without system, without principles, will destroy the royal authority."

He then proposed to them an address, informing the king, that,

"The national wish is for the unity of the Assembly; that individual powers can only be verified by the entire Assembly; that the Commons expressly charge their commissioners to occupy themselves with considering every expedient, which, without shaking their fundamental principle, shall be esteemed likely to establish concord between the different orders, and to make them concur in seeking in common the means of realizing the hopes his majesty has conceived for the welfare and the prosperity of the state!"

This advice was accepted; new commissioners were elected, and the conferences resumed; but Mirabeau placed not the slightest confidence in these conferences, and had only proposed them, because to comply with the king's request was the only method for an assembly professing loyal sentiments. He saw that by this delay the monarchy itself was being imperceptibly undermined; for even so early, the people had commenced forming two parties, the People and the Third Estate against the King and the Privileged; whereas, had they judged correctly, the parties would have been the king and the people against the queen and the court. The queen was a good and able woman, but over-rated; in her breast there dwelt no love for the people; nothing save love of her royalty, her dignity; the king, though weak-minded, had a lion's courage, and, what was far finer, a true loving heart towards his people and to God. Sorry to see one he so reverenced, so deserving of all reverence, perilled by the timidity of his mi-

nistry and the factious intrigues of his court, and disgusted at the inaction of the States, Mirabeau, at this period, decided upon offering his services to the ministry. He did this through M. Malouet, a deputy of constitutional principles, and friend of Necker; and a more manly declaration of sentiments than his explanation of his views to that gentleman, it would be difficult to conceive. It was as follows:—

"I have desired an explanation with you, because, despite your moderation, I recognize in you a friend of liberty; and because I am, perhaps, more fearful than you of the fermentation I perceive in men's minds, and of the evils that may result therefrom. I am not a man to sell myself basely to despotism; *I wish for a constitution, free, but monarchic.* I do not wish to overthrow the monarchy; but, if they do not take measures in time, I perceive in that Assembly of such vicious minds—of so much inexperience and self-exaltation—a resistance, a bitterness very little considered in the higher orders, that I dread, as much as you, most horrible commotions; I, therefore, address myself to your probity. You are connected with M. Necker and M. de Montmorin; you ought to know what they desire; *and if they have a plan, and if that plan be reasonable, I will defend it!*"*

Malouet, delighted at finding a man whom, in common with many others, he had taken for an ultra-democrat, to be a royalist and friend of order, brought about an interview between Mirabeau and Necker. It, however, served but to make Mirabeau's contempt for Necker's official capacity still stronger. Necker remembering, what he should have forgotten, Mirabeau's illiberal and vehement attacks upon him in his monetary writings—puffed up with an idea of his own capability for grappling with the dangers unaided; and having a super-sublime virgin-prudery in his constitution, which could by no means overlook the immorality of the man; received Mirabeau with haughty frigidity, with disdainful formality; answering nothing, disclosing nothing. This treatment was ill-suited to the proud spirit and the hot blood of Mirabeau. He left Necker in wrath; and meeting Malouet shortly afterwards, exclaimed to him, "I will go to him no more; but he shall hear of me!"

While this had occurred, the conferences were being con-

* Fils Adop., vi. 60.

tinued, and on the 9th June, the clergy laid another snare for the Third Estate. The harvest of 1788 had failed almost entirely, and consequently, as the harvest of 1789 approached, the famine therefrom arising grew all the more intense. The clergy, therefore, proposed to the Commons to form a general committee for remedial measures. This proposition might have sprung from purely charitable motives, or it might not; but it is certain that the position of the Commons was most delicate. Did they reject the clergy's request, it gave room for a charge of inhumanity being brought against them; did they, on the other hand, accept it, by thus commencing to transact business, they virtually acknowledged the separate verification, and the competency of the States to proceed to business. But the genius of Mirabeau, aided by one or two others, again extricated them from their danger. The answer returned was, that, as anxious as the clergy for the amelioration of the starving many, they had for now some four weeks been waiting for them in the Salle de Menus, before commencing active measures for the relief of the people.

On the 11th, occurred one of those great triumphs of extemporaneous eloquence so peculiarly confined to Mirabeau. Duroverai, banished from Geneva by the aristocrats, as we mentioned, had made Mirabeau his ladder of fortune in Paris, and all too frequently compromised his patron by his republican and factious sentiments. On the day stated above, this gentleman had accompanied Mirabeau to the Assembly, and having occasion to pass a note to Mirabeau, a deputy* arose and announced to the Assembly that a foreign spy, in the pay of the English Government, was among them taking notes. An immense uproar followed this: confused cries of "Name the deputy!" "Point him out," &c., arose tumultuously: but Mirabeau uplifting his giant frame and resounding voice roared them into silence; and they ended applauding, in such hearty concert as the Salle de Menus had never before heard.

In the meantime, on the 7th, the result of the conference under ministerial surveillance was made known: it was that, as before, no agreement had been made, but that a proposition from the king was submitted for their consideration. This

* As a proof that little or no reliance is to be placed on the confused *Souvenirs* of Dumont, he states that this deputy was the Abbé Maury, *whom he saw and heard;* whereas, the clergy did not join the Commons till a later day, and the very first speech delivered by Maury was on the subject of the Veto, in August!

was that they should separately verify, and whenever a discussed subject was differently decided upon, the king should give a casting vote. Had the king been left in such decision to his own heart's impulses, this proposition would have been most acceptable: but too often the monarch was swayed by a knot of blinded aristocrats; who, with the queen at their head, contrived to ruin themselves and their unfortunate master. Mirabeau attacked this in his ninth "Letter to his Constituents," and the Third Estate was spared the pain of appearing disloyal, by the nobles, with protest and suicidal rashness, rejecting it. The dispute was now evidently coming to a crisis. On the 10th, Mirabeau abruptly introduced Sièyes to the Assembly, by saying, "All our attempts at conciliation having been refused by one party, cannot be discussed by another: a month has elapsed, and no decided part has been assumed: a deputy of Paris has an important motion to submit; let us give him our attention." Sièyes then proposed that the two orders, for the last time, should be invited to join them. This was agreed to, and in reply on the 12th, the two orders declined: at seven in the evening, the Third Estate proceeded to verify themselves by calling over the list of the entire States. None of the clergy or nobility came to answer, and the Commons elected Bailly to be their first president. During the next day or two, about eight *curés* joined them; and on the 15th, Sièyes again appeared in the tribune, and proposed that the Third Estate should take the title of "The Assembly of the known and verified Representatives of the French Nation." It was then that Mirabeau pronounced one of those lengthy and resplendent orations, which literally took France by storm; and in which, in this instance especially, moderation and good sense are as apparent as eloquence and commanding power of words. The opening is singularly dignified.

"We are about to depart from the circle wherein your wisdom has so long circumscribed itself. If you have persevered, with a rare firmness, in a system of political inaction, incessantly decried by those who had a great interest in making you adopt false measures, it was to give leisure for your intellects to calm themselves—for the friends of the public weal to second the wishes of justice and of reason; it was to assure yourselves the better, that even in the pursuit of good you would not exceed all bounds; it was, in a word, to manifest

that moderation which is ever the companion of courage; or rather, without which there is no courage truly durable and invincible.

"However, time has glided on; the pretensions, the usurpations of the two orders have increased; your wise delay has been taken for weakness; they have conceived the hope that meanness, inquietude, public misfortunes, incessantly aggravated by circumstances almost inconceivable, would compel you to some pusillanimous or inconsiderate step. Behold, then, the moment to assure your friends, and inspire your foes with fear—I had well-nigh said terror—by demonstrating, in your earliest operations, the forethought of ability, joined to the quiet firmness of reason!"

He then proceeds to show that the king's will and the nation's was, that France should have a constitution; that the paltry disputes had hitherto retarded them; that

"All gentle measures are now exhausted; all conference is finished: naught remains save steps which are decisive, and perhaps extreme—extreme? *No, gentlemen, justice and truth are ever found in a wise medium; extremities are never adopted but in the last struggling of despair!*"

Having thus endeavored to keep their judgments cool and moderate, he demonstrates that the proposed title is too arrogant; insomuch as the two other orders were just as much the representatives of the nation as they were: that all united were alone entitled to that name. But Mirabeau's talent lying not alone in demolishing a bad name, he then went on to produce a better—this was that of "The Representatives of the *People* of France," supporting that form in the most masterly manner, and he concluded by submitting a string of eight resolutions to be forwarded to the king, expressing their loyalty, and their reasons for assuming that title. This speech was too temperate; too wise for the times, and was not well received. M. Mounier and Rabaut St. Etienne had proposed other titles, embodying a similar meaning to Mirabeau's, but too lengthy—the one consisting of six lines, and the other of three. Malouet supported Mirabeau; but M. le Grand proposed the arrogant and unjust title of NATIONAL ASSEMBLY. In the evening sitting of the same day, this subject was rediscussed; and on the 16th, Mirabeau delivered a second oration, prepared hurriedly in the interval. He had been attacked for having stated that the king's sanction to the title they assumed

was indispensable; and this is his reply, delivered amid howls of disapprobation.

"His answer (that of the member attacking him) to what I have urged concerning the necessity of the royal sanction, is, that when the people have spoken, he conceives the sanction quite unnecessary. For my own self, gentlemen, I consider the sanction of the king to be so indispensable, that I would much rather reside at Constantinople than in France, if it did not exist; yes, I declare, I know of nothing more terrible than an aristocracy of six hundred self-constituted men; who to-morrow would declare themselves permanent, then hereditary, and finish, like aristocracies in general, by engulfing all things."

But Mirabeau's eloquence was all in vain, and the title of NATIONAL ASSEMBLY was adopted by a majority of 401 votes; the numbers being 491 to 90.* This was the great false step of the Revolution, to have remained inactive until the force of circumstances compelled the two orders to have joined them, or even to have discussed separately, had been better. It was, to say the least, a flagrant usurpation; and it is to Mirabeau's eternal honor that his eloquence was directed against it. It was virtually decreeing that labor was everything, and property nothing; that a congregation of (with a few honorable exceptions) ci-devant lawyers, briefless barristers, and penniless democrats, were France; if they were, then was a reign of terror, and that damnable downrushing to Hades, precisely what France merited; and the Mirabeaus, and Louis', and such like, should have left the Hell-Gomorrah; it was unworthy of them; if it was *not*, then this decree was unjustifiable. "*They imagine*," said Mirabeau, in laudable contempt, "*that all is now ended! But I should not be surprised if civil war were the result of their beautiful decree!*"

The majority of the clergy joined the Commons directly afterwards; and the remainder of the two orders surrounded the king with supplications to take decisive measures to put

* The lower demagogues had lately established a plan of publishing the list of voters against the popular measures, and denouncing them to the people. Sensible that he might use his popularity for great good to the monarchy and to France, and knowing that his vote could not turn the scale, Mirabeau had, to preserve that popularity, retired before the division; and so, not seeing his name among the ninety, the multitude concluded it was among the 491. This act Michelet imputes as cowardice to Mirabeau; but to us it appears as the truest kind of courage.

down the third. But measures in that direction were too late; he should have commanded them to join the National Assembly; for, even calculating the doubled number of the Commons, there were sufficient moderate men among them to have ensured respectable laws, with the conjunction of the others; while to leave the Assembly to itself, was to permit France to be governed by its worst citizens, while its best were self-excluded. In this juncture, they decided on the worst plan possible—that of *forcing* the Assembly to unconstitute itself, and reverify as a separate power. This advice was mere madness. It was suggested by Bertrand de Moleville, and by Mirabeau's most unworthy and ungrateful friend Duroverai, who very officiously advocated such a plan to Necker. They had mistaken the crisis: and the greatest point of their mistake was in supposing the States-General the end: when they were but the commencement of an entire re-establishment and re-organization of the constitution. The king was lured away from his more sensible advisers to Marly, there pestered by his brothers and his queen until he consented to take the steps they wished: namely, to *compel* the Third Estate to separate verification. Necker sent in his formal protest against such a step; but the king resolved to take it: he was led like an innocent to the scaffold by his own friends: his blood did not so much lie on the heads of his actual murderers as upon the head of his queen and her most insensate coterie. On the 20th, Bailli received notice, that in consequence of the king intending to hold a personal sitting on the 23d, the hall would be closed till that time; he, however, went thither at the head of several deputies, and finding the doors closed against him, the Assembly performed that tumultuous adjournment to the Tennis Court so universally known. On the 23d, occurred the well-known king's sitting. King Louis entered the hall amid all the pomp of royal splendor, and, after a long speech, expressive of his wish that the people should be happy—the language of *his* heart—proceeded to deliver the language of his *courtiers'* heads—a most sorry blending of good and evil. He concluded by saying, "I *command* you, gentlemen, to disperse immediately, and to repair to-morrow morning to your *respective chambers*, there to resume your sitting!" and so saying, he left the hall. The nobility and clergy followed him instantly—the Commons remained hesitating, dubious, and irresolute. It was the crisis of the Revolution—one word either way would

have swayed that assembly—one word either way and the Revolution goes on, or stops its course for the time being to be more fearfully enacted later on: for so rotten was France that it must have come sooner or later. Had Mirabeau not been there? Consider that. But he *was* there, and his soul perceived, as a great man's alone could do, what each deputy would have said had he only dared to do so. Starting, like a sleep-refreshed giant, to his feet, he elevated his commanding form above the mass of deputies, expanded his broad Hercules-bosom, and flung his head back upon his shoulders, as was his wont.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I confess that what you have heard, might be beneficial to the country, were it not that the presents of despotism are always dangerous. Have we this array of arms, this violation of the national sanctuary, to command you to be happy? Who prescribes these things? Your mandatory! he who should receive your wishes, and not command you. The freedom of discussion is destroyed: an armed force surrounds the Assembly. Where are the foes of the nation? Is Cataline at our gates? I call upon you, gentlemen, to assert your dignity and legislative power, and to remember your oath;* which will not permit you to disperse till you have established the constitution!"

As Mirabeau sat down, the Marquis de Brézé, grand-master of the ceremonies, entered. "You have heard," he said to Bailli, "the orders of the king."

"Yes, sir," cried Mirabeau, starting up once more, flashing fire upon the usher. "Yes, sir, we have heard the intentions that have been suggested to the king: and you, sir, who cannot be his organ with the National Assembly—you, who have here neither place, nor voice, nor right of speech—you are not the person to remind us thereof. Go and tell those who sent you,† that we are here by the will of the people, and that we will only be driven hence by the power of the bayonet."

De Brézé disappeared, we read, backwards, bowing as before the king!

The Assembly then decreed, upon Mirabeau's motion, that the person of each deputy was inviolable; that any person or

* That of the Tennis Court.

† Not "go and tell your master," as has been generally given.

persons whatsoever, endeavoring to try, condemn, or punish any deputy for any speech delivered in the Assembly, were traitors to the nation, and guilty of a capital crime!

He who would pass judgment upon this action of Mirabeau, must remember two things:—1st. It was not a deliberated act; but a wild spontaneous outburst. 2dly. That the action of Louis was most unwise: he must, moreover, reflect what his feelings would be—what the feelings of the nation would be, did a British monarch, setting his ministers and the Commons at defiance, march down into the parliament-house, and there disperse the representatives of the British people. He must get his mind in *that* train of supposition, ere he is qualified to judge of that momentous 23d of June.

One thing, we can say: on that day was absolute monarchy overturned in France. Absolute monarchy, in the person of King Louis, stood up and said unto the nation, Thou shalt! and constitutional freedom, in the person of Mirabeau, confronted it and cried, We will not! And they did not. Therefore was King Louis deposed from the sovereignty his name had hitherto had over the people; and henceforth, from that day, over the hearts and over the intellects of the nation, was Mirabeau a king!

CHAPTER III.

SPEECH ON THE DISMISSION OF THE TROOPS—DEATH OF MIRABEAU'S FATHER, AND TAKING OF THE BASTILE—SPLENDID OUTBURST OF ELOQUENCE.

From June 23d to July 16th, 1789.

It is certain that had Mirabeau had leisure to reflect upon the king's measures, he would have never delivered his celebrated reply, but one entirely different. For several days he expressed his annoyance at not having been informed of the intentions of the court: even going so far as to say, "*It is thus kings are led to the scaffold!*" It brought about a coolness between him and Duroverai: which is not to be regretted; for nothing can be more thoroughly contemptible than the characters of those Genevese refugees. Banished their native country

for republican principles, they accepted a pension from the English government, gave secret counsel to the court, while they advised the revolutionary party; lived upon, and by, Mirabeau solely, and compromised his fortunes by their ultra-democratic acts and speeches: and when he was no more, maligned and traduced their friend and benefactor.

Seeing now clearly that there was no hope from Louis, owing to the pestilential atmosphere he breathed; seeing that any attempt to inoculate constitutional freedom on the existing régime could not be any other than unsuccessful; he entered with all his vigor into his design of entirely overthrowing the old system, and laying absolute monarchy and privileged aristocracy in the dust, and then re-raising the former: forgetting altogether that when a king has been reduced to entire subjection to his subjects, the spell of kingship is destroyed for ever in his person. To the end of this year, we must regard Mirabeau as a man bent upon destruction; and in so doing, taking at times many steps repugnant to his sentiments and wishes: and for that reason the immediately coming portion is the only questionable part of his legislative career.

On the 25th of June, the minority of the nobles under the Duke of Orleans joined the Assembly; and on the 27th, the complete junction was effected by the accession of the remaining nobles and clergy, who came by command of the king; who thus did at the close of June, what he ought to have done at the close of April. This junction brought into opposition with Mirabeau, his younger brother; whom we last saw at the Castle of If: since then, he had been fighting in America, with Lafayette; and now, having been returned as a deputy of the noblesse, took his place on the *coté droit*. He was nearly forty, and so fat that men called him Barrel-Mirabeau. He was, perhaps, the fiercest aristocrat in France: and the hardest drinker. On this occasion, Mirabeau, although laboring under a severe attack of illness, delivered an admirable address; which, when we remark that, according to some histories, he was even then plotting the overthrow of the king, must seem strange. He must exactly, have nullified, overtly, in the Assembly, what he secretly concocted in the Palais Royal! He argued that the king was well intentioned, and that the foolish power-parade on the 23d was purely the result of evil counsellors, and antagonistic to the benevolent heart of Louis: but that the people, being naturally exasperated by that ill-advised

procedure, were in a state of much exasperation on that account, which it was the duty of the Assembly to assuage.

"Let us, then," said he, "enlighten the people; we whom they should believe, because they have chosen us: let us enlighten them, for it is a sacred duty for deputies, that they invite their constituents to repose entirely upon them the care of upholding their interests—the care of battling for their rights. It would be, therefore, prudent to issue an address to our constituents, to inspire them with a calm confidence, by demonstrating to them the position of the National Assembly; to urge them, by the name of their dearest interests, to contribute all their wisdom and all their efforts to the maintenance of order, of the public tranquillity, and the authority of the laws and their ministers: so as to justify ourselves in their eyes, whatsoever be the events, by showing them that we appreciate all the value of moderation and of peace!"

To the following beautiful conclusion, we would draw especial attention; as it is important, as a refutation of the treasonous designs imputed to him. It is in the form of an address to the electors.

"Our combats are simple discussions: our enemies are only pardonable prejudices; our victories shall not be cruel; our triumphs shall be blest even by those last conquered! Ah! evil to him who would not shrink from corrupting a pure revolution, and from delivering to the sorry chances of the most uncertain events the destinies of France; which are not doubtful, if we wait for all things from the hands of justice and reason!

"When one reflects on all that should result for the welfare of twenty-five millions of men, from a legal constitution, substituted for ministerial caprices; from a concentration of all wishes, of all wisdom for the perfecting of our laws; from the reform of abuses, the reduction of imposts, the economy in finances; from moderation in punishments, regulations in the tribunals; from the abolition of a crowd of servitudes which fetter industry and mutilate the human faculties; in a word, from that great system of liberty which, commencing, as a basis, with municipalities created by free elections, and gradually ascending through provincial administrations, receives its perfection by the annual return of States-General: when one reflects on all that which should result from the restoration of this vast empire, one feels that the fellest blow to humanity,

would be to oppose the high destiny of our nation—to retain it oppressed beneath the weight of all its chains. But that could only result from evils of all kinds which accompany distractions, license, and the abominations of civil wars. Our fate is in our own wisdom: violence alone could render doubtful, or even destroy, that liberty which reason assures unto us.

"Such are our sentiments: we owe it to ourselves to explain them to you, that you may honor us with your conformity. It was important to prove to you that, in pursuing the great patriotic object, we shall only use proper measures for attaining thereunto.

"Such have we shown ourselves since the moment when you confided to us the noblest interests; such shall we ever be: firm in the resolution of laboring in concert with our king, not upon temporary reforms, but even upon the constitution of the kingdom; determined to see our fellow-citizens, in all orders, enjoy the innumerable advantages nature and liberty promise unto us; to assist the poor suffering country people; to ameliorate the misery which chokes virtue and industry; conceiving nothing equal to those laws which, equal for all, shall be the common safeguard of all; not less inaccessible to the projects of personal ambition than to the weakness of fear; upholding concord, but not wishing to purchase it by the rights of the people: desiring, in fact, for the complete recompense of our labors, to see all the children of this immense country united in the same sentiments, rejoicing in the general happiness, and cherishing the common Father, whose reign shall have been the epoch of the regeneration of France!"

Such is the substance of the form of address, as reintroduced on the 1st of July, after the mob had forced open the Abbaye prison. On the 2d, several of the clergy presented a protest against the legality of the Assembly. Mirabeau declared that the legality of the Assembly could not be questioned in the Assembly by members thereof: as if it were illegal to them, they had no right to speak in it. A majority of 672 over 28, on the 8th, decided that the question could not be discussed.

The plots of the court cabal went on even more indiscreetly. One could weep to think how the good Louis was sacrificed to his sublime conjugal and parental love! Alone, with his own feelings to prompt him, all was for concessions, for peace, and for general forgiveness; but when the beautiful Vindictive

entwined her soft, snowy arms around him, and looked love into his soul, he could not but melt, although that melting was his ruin. Such power has beauty over the spirit of man, for good or for evil. Had the king followed up his commands to the two orders with energy; the day following the general union, had he gone down into the hall, and there re-declared the concessions of the 23d of June, forgotten, owing to the commandful conclusion; with nine-tenths of the Assembly, at that period royalist; one sees not but all might have been well. But the queen—with all Maria Theresa's fire, and none of her discretion—and her rash coterie, would not have it so: they would reconquer completely, and have vengeance as well. Therefore, from all quarters poured troops into Versailles, under the pretence of protection, until the Assembly literally debated amid a forest of soldiers; for the most part German and Swiss mercenaries. The queen and her advisers even engaged themselves in manufacturing paper money, on the sole security of the king's name.* Reports were also rife that the Assembly was to be forcibly dispersed, and several of their leaders—Mirabeau among the number—seized for an example. At this juncture, on the 8th of July, Mirabeau appeared, with his celebrated speech, to propose that an address be presented to induce his majesty to dismiss the troops. This is replete with the same encomiums on the king, which no one can doubt, came from Mirabeau's heart: he acquits him of every unpatriotic design, and blames most bitterly his pervertors. He demonstrates how unjustifiable and useless that armed force was, and then puts this pointed and prophetic question—

"In fine, have the advisers of these measures foreseen the consequences resulting from them, as regards the security of the throne? Have they studied in the history of all nations how revolutions are commenced? How they conduct themselves? Have they observed by what fatal gradation of circumstances the wisest minds are driven beyond all the limits of moderation, and by how terrible an impulse an excited people precipitates itself into excesses, the first idea whereof would have made them shudder?" He concluded by moving for an address; and achieved a splendid triumph by having only four opposing votes, and being called upon, by acclamation, to draw up the address. This he submitted to the As-

* Bailli's Mémoires, i. 331.

sembly on the 9th; and it is too celebrated, and too often copied, to need insertion in our limited space. Let us remark, however, that the claims laid to it by Dumont* are apocryphal, if not positively unbelievable: a sample of the accuracy of Dumont's memory was given a few pages back; and as the document is immeasurably above Dumont's capacity,—and as Alexandre de Lameth, who was present at its compilation, distinctly states, that though Dumont may have attempered a strong passage or two, the fire and the eloquence were Mirabeau's alone—† we must, for ourselves at least, refuse any credence to the Genevese. A deputation of twenty-four, Mirabeau among the number, was ordered to carry it to the monarch on the spot: which was done. On the 11th, the king: or rather say the queen's cabal *through* the king; replied in a decidedly Jesuitic speech, giving no satisfactory reply about the troops; but offering to accompany the Assembly to Noyon or Soissons, if the necessity of having troops near Paris gave offence. The same day Necker was dismissed privately. Mirabeau attacked the king's reply: stating that it was, in fact, a refusal of compliance, and that, though they had every confidence in the king's word, they had none whatever in those unseen secret intriguers, in whose hands he was an amiable puppet.

On this day, July 11th, died the venerable but eccentric Friend of Man. When Mirabeau had triumphed in Provence at the elections, the scales that had for forty years blinded his eyes, regarding his most wonderful son, fell off—away forever. When young de Comps, Mirabeau's secretary, presented him with a letter from his son, describing his triumphal entries into Aix and Marseilles, after reading it, the old man seized the young man's hands in his, and grasping them warmly, and bursting into tears, cried, "Young man! This is glory—this is true glory!" The obscuring neasma then parted away, and he saw that what he had hitherto taken for an ill-hatched fledgeling, was none other than a proud-necked swan, sailing majestic upon the wave-tossed bosom of the River of Time! Since then, several affectionate interviews had taken place: the old man's sole enjoyment was reading the brilliant orations of his son; he reproved the Barrel for opposing his tremendous brother, and would only read such journals as contained somewhat relative to Mirabeau.

* Dumont, p. 107.

† Lameth's Histoire de l'Assemblée Constituante, p. 49.

'Twas a serene and tranquil summer's even, and the birds sang dear God's melodies around his rural mansion at Argenteuil. The old man sat, in the now fading sunshine, at an open window; his lovely grandchild, the Marchioness of Arragon, the eldest child of his beloved daughter, Madame du Saillant, was reading to him. She made an error in her speech, and he corrected her; apologizing for her carelessness, she was about to recontinue, when she observed he did not breathe: she took him in her arms, and he did not move—her cries attracted others, and, when they arrived, they found that the old marquis sat there, smiling, with a slight color on his cheeks —and DEAD! He was seventy-four. Forty years previous, he had said that such stumbling governments as France had, must, sooner or later, end in a general outbreak: and now, when that outbreak was just outbreaking, the cord is snapped, and the golden-bowl broken, and another spirit returns into its other home.

They buried him in the parish church of the Bénedictines, at Argenteuil: and when, a year later, this church was being sacrificed to the necessities of the nation, the syndic of the place was ordered by the commission to preserve it, for the sake of the old man's tomb, and for the love of the old man's son. "The administration declares that it takes under its particular care the tomb of Victor de Riquetti, ci-devant Marquis of Mirabeau, and that of his mother; and it charges specially the municipality of Argenteuil to watch attentively over their preservation, for respect to the memory of the Friend of Man, and of the father of the Friend of Liberty!" So ran the decree.

There is nothing more honorable to Mirabeau than his large quality of forgiveness. During the whole length of his tempestuous life, we find no instance of revengeful malignity, or stern unforgetfulness of wrong; and his love for his father stands, amid his troublous career, a very gem. At that precise time, the people of Paris were about to elect their mayor, and numerous friends urged Mirabeau to offer himself as candidate; but, though almost certain of election, he declined, being determined to devote himself to the obsequies of his father, the conducting whereof he had entirely taken upon himself.* He appeared for a few moments in the assembly,

* Bailli was elected.

and then rode away, twice a day, to Argenteuil; and at the very moment when impartial history writes him down as spending his leisure in the intriguing den of the Palais Royal, and all but heading the Bastillers, he was far away in quiet from it all, superintending the funereal ceremonies of his father!

From the 10th to the 16th must have seemed like one huge dream-chaos to Mirabeau. On the 11th, the king's reply, and an oration from Mirabeau thereon. On the 12th, the tidings of his father's demise and Necker's dismission, and the calling to office of Bréteuil, de Broglie, Foulon, &c., all ultra-royalists, and wedded firmly to the *ancien régime*. The 13th, busy with his father's funeral preparations, and a hurried attendance at the Assembly; to give his vote in favor of an address to the king, stating, that the dismissed ministers carried with them the regrets of the nation, and that the king's advisers were alone responsible for all evils, present and to come. On the 14th, the marquis's interment, and the astounding tidings of the storming of the Bastile. Thus when, on the 15th, he once more gave himself up to the business of the state, the crisis of the times had most fearfully advanced.

Broglie, and his fellow-ministers had, of course, adopted a coercive policy, and more troops were pouring into Versailles; the taking of the Bastile being the assigned cause: but it was publicly rumored that this outbreak in Paris was to be made a pretext for dissolving the States. The preceding evening a drunken festival had sent an inundation of intoxicated German soldiers upon the town, who revealed too lavishly the anti-revolutionary designs of their commanders. In this juncture, the assembly decided upon sending a third deputation to the king, praying for the removal of the troops. The president for several minutes had been submitting to the selected deputies, forms in which to couch their message, all of the driest and most tedious parliamentary circumlocution; when suddenly, as if by inspiration, Mirabeau started up, and interrupted him, rolling out, in one unbroken fire-ebullience, these immortal words:—

"Monsieur le President, tell the king that the foreign hordes by which we are surrounded, have yesterday received the visit of princes, of princesses, of male and female court favorites,*

* The Queen, Madame de Polignac, and others, visited some regiments, to fan the flame of loyalty by their fascinations.

and their caresses, their exhortations, and their presents; tell him, that all the night these foreign satellites, gorged with money and with wine, have predicted in their disgusting songs the slavery of France, and that their brutal wishes have invoked the destruction of the National Assembly; tell him that, in his very palace, the courtiers danced to the sound of that barbarous music, and that such was the prelude to Saint Bartholomew!

"Tell him that Henri, whose memory the universe adores, the one of all his ancestors he should select for a model, sent provisions into revolted Paris when besieging it in person, and that *his* inhuman counsellors have turned back the corn-supplies which commerce is carrying to that Paris,* faithful and famishing."

With these flame-words and the deafening plaudits of the Assembly ringing in their ears, the deputation was about setting out for the palace; when they were informed that the king, alone and without escort, was on his way to them. "Let a mournful respect," said Mirabeau, "be the first welcome given to the monarch. In a moment of public calamity, the silence of the people is the lesson of kings!"

Nothing is more mildly beautiful than the speech of the king on this occasion. He called the assembly the National Assembly; he told them, that, trusting in his people's fidelity, he had ordered back the military. "You mistrust me," he concluded. "Well, then, I will confide in you." At these words the whole Assembly arose, and with loud resounding vivats, escorted him back to the palace. O, could some unseen power have but extinguished for a season the queen and her proud vindictive colleagues, and left the gentle monarch to pursue his own conciliatory paths, all might even then have been well. But it was not to be so. Europe had to be taught by fearful experience, that when a nation, flinging aside God's edicts—instead of each man pushing his own fortunes resolutely, injuring no other man by so doing—arises in rude riot to drag down good and bad into one promiscuous and degraded level; anarchy, bloodshed, mob-despotism, and general misery are the only possible results.

* Fearing that it might be necessary to reduce Paris to quiet by famine, the ministry had forbidden grain to be forwarded from Versailles to Paris.

CHAPTER IV.

ADDRESS TO THE KING—NECKER'S RECALL—VISIT TO THE RUINS OF THE BASTILE—MASSACRE OF FOULON AND BERTHIER—SPEECH IN FAVOR OF THE INVIOLABILITY OF LETTERS—RIGHTS OF MAN—ORATION IN SUPPORT OF THE VETO—BRILLIANT EFFUSION—THE MOB AT VERSAILLES.

July 15th to October 6th, 1789.

THE title of Marquis devolved upon Mirabeau by his father's death; but he would not adopt it, considering that he had made that of Count more famous. His father had died in disordered circumstances, so that little or no monetary benefit accrued from his accession to the family estates; the marquis having speculated in philanthropy and economy, until he had run all his lands into the hands of mortgagees.

The dismission of the troops was a signal victory, and every confidence might have been placed in the king personally; but so long as he was surrounded by his ultra advisers, that confidence could be but dubious, and the truce then established between the court and the people very hollow. Barnave, on the 15th, proposed an address, praying for the dismissal of the ministers, and the recall of the popular cabinet. Mirabeau supported this, and on the 16th submitted to the Assembly the form of an address, wherein a manly exposition of the dangers of sinister advisers, and the culpability of such counsellors, is judiciously blended with the most scrupulous loyalty and enthusiastic affection for the monarch himself. While the Assembly were engaged in passing this, news reached them of the resignation of De Broglie and two others; a deputation was therefore sent, merely to request the dismissal of the remainder. In the discussion previous to sending this, Mounier had denied the right of the Assembly to interfere at all with the king's choice of ministers, and stated that the House of Commons impeaching these at times had been *the ruin of England*. Mirabeau replied in a long speech, in which we read—

"But look, you remark, at Great Britain, what popular tumults are created in that kingdom by the very right you are

laying claim to! It is that which has ruined England—England ruined! God eternal! what lamentable intelligence! From what quarter did the mischief come? What earthquake, what convulsion of nature has devoured that illustrious island —that inexhaustible treasury of brilliance—that classic land of the lovers of liberty? But you comfort me; for England still flourishes for the eternal instruction of the world!"

On the 17th, the king visited Paris, where he was well received: a woman, however, administering a merited rebuke to his want of decision, by flinging herself on her knees, and saying, "O, sire, but are you really sincere?" On the same day, as though to enter a protest against the king's conciliatory conduct, the Count of Artois, Prince Condé, the Polignacs, Lambescs, and the whole body of the *ancien régimists* fled from France.

At the same time as the king's journey to Paris, Mirabeau paid the city a visit in order to examine the ruins of the Bastile. Dumont accompanied him, and as there is no date to be wrong in, and no oration to lay claim to, his account may be relied on. "It was," he says, "a triumphal procession for Mirabeau. The crowd in the Rue St. Antoine and the adjacent parts opened to afford him a passage: poems and flowers were thrown in to him, and his carriage was filled with books and manuscripts, taken from the ruins of the fortress."*

On the 21st, Necker was recalled, and on the 22d occurred the horrid massacre of Foulon and Berthier in the streets of Paris. The same evening Mirabeau, in rendering an account thereof, in his nineteenth letter, thus expresses himself.

"But let us hasten to state that the continuation of this popular dictation would expose the public liberty more than the plots of its enemies. Society would soon become dissolved, if the multitude, accustoming themselves to blood and to disorder, placed themselves above the magistrates, and braved the authority of the laws. *Instead of flying to liberty, the people would soon cast itself into the abyss of slavery; for too often danger rallies absolute rule, and, in the midst of anarchy, a despot may even seem a saviour.*"†

This seems almost prophetic of a lapse into a reign of terror and anarchy, and a salvation by Napoleon. The "popular dictation" did continue, and it was as Mirabeau had said. On

* Dumont, p. 305.
† 19me Lettre à ces Commettans, p. 58.

the 23d, Lally-Tollendal presented a form of proclamation to the people, reprehending these dreadful excesses. But Mirabeau opposed this; arguing that it was not good to reply to deeds by any other manner than by deeds again; he therefore called upon the Assembly immediately to adopt some method of strengthening the municipalities, so that in future the evil-disposed might be kept in continual check. On the 25th, it was proposed that several letters of the king's brother, the Count of Artois, to the French minister at Geneva, which had been intercepted since his flight, should be opened and examined. It is to Mirabeau's honor that he protested long and indignantly against any such proceeding. On the 29th, the subject of a simple majority deciding or three-fourths being required, was discussed, and Mirabeau spoke in favor of the simple majority.

"What is the end of a law requiring three-fourths of suffrages? Simply this, that among twelve hundred as we are, three hundred will have more power to maintain their opinion, than nine hundred would have to control that opinion: that when a proposition has not nine hundred and one voices, it shall be without force; or, what comes to the same thing, that the will of nine hundred who wish one thing, would have to submit before three hundred who wish another. In such a system, where is the justice?"

The part he took in the ensuing debate of the 31st, has subjected him to much undeserved obloquy; his intentions being grossly misinterpreted. Necker, recalled to the helm on the 21st, had experienced a perfect triumph on his return: every town presenting him with addresses, and manifesting many other eccentricities of popular delight. While he was returning in such manner, a few leagues from Paris, he rescued from an attacking mob the Baron de Besenval, who was flying out of France. This gentleman had commanded the troops in Paris on and before the Bastile-day, and had ordered his troops to disperse a peaceable crowd; in doing which, several women and an old man had been slaughtered, and for which act a prosecution was instituted against him. On the 30th, when Necker presented himself at the Hotel-de-ville, taking advantage of the enthusiasm his return excited, he announced to the people a general amnesty for all offenders of all kinds; and on the 31st the Assembly was requested to confirm this. Clearly this was an unwarrantable and dangerous action, for

by no law could the pardon of a prime minister acquit a culprit; and it was on these grounds, and not as an "opponent of humanity," that Mirabeau demanded the reversion of this amnesty: it was done solely to guard against so dangerous a precedent, and to censure Necker for the liberty he had taken with the king's prerogative. That these were Mirabeau's reasons is evident, both from his speech and from the fact of his ceasing to influence Besenval's prosecution, after he had thus procured his reincarceration.*

On the first of August, Mirabeau opposed a motion prohibiting deputies from attending the meetings of the various clubs; which was withdrawn in consequence. The 4th of August is celebrated for being the last day of feudality in France: the country people, being famished and ground down by various barbarous remnants of the feudal times, had risen in many places and burnt the noblemen's châteaux, and all feudal parchments they could seize. To save his life and his non-feudal domains, the Duke of Aiguillon, the largest landed-proprietor in France, determined to side vehemently with the people, and to renounce in full Assembly all his privileges. This he did on the morning of the 4th, and in the evening sitting, as though seized with an infection, the nobles vied with each other in renouncing in hot haste the aggregated gains of a thousand years. Good, bad, and indifferent, all alike fell a sacrifice to this cacoëthes, and they gave a finish to the madness by declaring all these rash renunciations to be law. It was the sublime of revolutionary insanity: but hailed with rapture all over France. Mirabeau was prevented witnessing this memorable scene, by a general meeting of the family, in consequence of his father's recent death. His head, however, appears to have been the only one in France untoxicated by this delirious self-denial; he applauded it for its good intent and generosity of purpose, but blamed it for its inconsiderate haste. His private letters and the twenty-second number of the *Courier de Provence* are replete with sarcastic reflections on this memorable sitting. In the latter he says: "For a long time we have reproached the National Assembly with occupying itself upon insignificant objects, with not laboring sufficiently for the general good; and suddenly, in a single night, it passes by acclamation more than twenty important laws! Such legislating

* Besenval was acquitted January 28th, 1790.

by steam (*tant d'ouvrage en si peu d'heures*) astonishes us: it appears like a dream."*

On the 7th, Mirabeau opposed a motion to except the king's liberties from the law passed on the 4th, abolishing the rights of the chase; it being urged, in defence of the motion, that to abolish them in those liberties was to interfere with the royal prerogative. "In my eyes, gentlemen," said Mirabeau, "the royal prerogative is too illustrious for me to consent that it should consist of the futile privilege of an oppressive pastime:" the motion was rejected. On the 8th and 9th, he supported the ministerial demand for a loan of thirty millions.—On the 10th, he supported a measure for abolishing the administration of the oath of allegiance to the army by the municipal officers, on the ground that the soldiery should be altogether unconnected with civil associations of any kind. On the same day he advocated, in a very powerful and argumentative speech, the total abolition of tithes.

"No!" he said, "tithes are not property; they have never been for the clergy more than an annual douceur; a simple possession, revocable at the king's pleasure; beyond that, tithes are not even a possession, as has been said; they are a contribution applied to that part of the public service which relates to the ministers of the altar; they are the subsidies wherewith the nation salaries the officers of morality and instruction. The nation abolishes ecclesiastical tithes, because they are an onerous method of paying a portion of the public service to which they are destined, and because it is easy to replace them in a manner less expensive and more equal."

The day following, the Archbishop of Paris, and majority of the clergy voluntarily resigned their tithes. About the same time, the Assembly began to occupy itself with the preamble to the celebrated *Rights of Man*. Men of all parties besought them to adjourn the discussion of this important, dangerous, and singularly ridiculous subject; the warmest among whom was Mirabeau, in his *Courier de Provence*. To him, it seemed absurd for an assembly to be discussing principles, and passing theoretical laws, when the nation was going to ruin for sound practical ones. Selected, however, among a committee of five, for the purpose of drawing up these Rights in a definite form, Mirabeau performed that task almost entirely

* *Courier de Provence*, No. xxii. p. 2.

himself; and on the 17th presented them to the Assembly.—The substance of the declaration is too well known to need repetition. The day following, when they came to pass these into law, Mirabeau used all his influence, vainly, to persuade them to postpone the promulgation of these Rights, until the constitution was finally established; till when, he stated with point, "a declaration of rights is but an almanac for the year."

On the 19th, he attacked a motion for the reduction of the interest on the new loan, from the ancient rate of five to four and a-half per cent., but was unsuccessful; and on the 22d, he advocated the responsibility of every member of government, from the very lowest situation to the highest. The legality of the Assembly being acknowledged, and all differences calculated to arrest legislation removed, they were now working at the compilation of a constitution. On the 22d, a demand having been preferred for some mention being made in the Rights of Man respecting public worship, with an eye to the ascendency of the Papist Formularies, Mirabeau delivered these notable words:

"I come not to preach tolerance; the most unlimited liberty in religion is, in my eyes, a right so sacred, that the word *tolerance*, which is used to express it, appears to me a species of tyranny itself; since the existence of an authority which has the power of toleration, endangers liberty of thoughts, by the very fact that it *has* the power to tolerate; and thus has also the power *not* to tolerate.

"But I cannot understand why we treat a question whose day is not yet arrived.

"We are making a declaration *of rights;* it is, therefore, absolutely necessary that what any one proposes should be a *right;* otherwise they would enter into the declaration any principles they wished, and this declaration would then become a mere collection of principles. They will, perhaps, say that it is one of the rights of men to respect religion and to maintain it; but is it not evident that this is a *duty*, and not a *right?*"

The following day the subject was renewed; and it having been argued by the non-toleration party, that religion, being a matter of external policy, it belonged to government to regulate it—permitting this one, and prohibiting that, Mirabeau replied in the following masterly manner:—

"I ask those gentlemen who maintain that worship is an

object of government, whether they speak as Catholics or as legislators?

"If they raise that objection as Catholics, they agree that worship is a subject for government—that it is a purely civil affair; now if it be civil, it is a human institution; if it be a human institution, it is fallible, since men can change it—whence it follows, according to them, that the Catholic religion is not a divine institution, and, according to me, that they are no Catholics!

"If they raise this objection as legislators, I have the right and title as a statesman to speak to them as statesmen; and I tell them at once, that it is not true that religion is a subject for state government, although Nero and Domitian have maintained that opinion to interdict that of the Christians.

"Government consists in seeing that no person disturbs the public order and tranquillity: that is the reason why its officers watch in our streets, in our squares, around our houses, and around our temples; but it does not interfere with what you there may do; all its power consists in seeing that what you there do, does not injure your fellow-citizens.

"I find it, therefore, absurd to pretend, that to prevent the disorder which might arise from your actions, it is necessary to forbid those actions. Assuredly that would be a very expeditious way: but, perhaps, I may be permitted to doubt that any one has that right. To see that no religion, not even your own, disturbs public repose,—that is your duty: further than that you cannot go!"

The Assembly compromised the matter, by declaring that "*no citizen should be disquieted for his opinions, even religious ones,*" and as that decision rather denied than asserted perfect freedom of conscience, it met with a severe attack from Mirabeau in the *Courier de Provence.*

On the 27th, Lally Tollendal, as chairman of the Committee of the Constitution, demanded to be informed whether the king would be allowed to have an absolute, or merely a suspensive veto. On the first of September this was discussed. Never had a subject so thoroughly aroused the country; people who did not understand its meaning in the slightest bellowed out against the veto: one man was heard to inquire, savagely, *in what district he* (the veto) *lived, that they might*

*hang him to the lantern!** In fact, it was currently reported, that Paris was on the eve of marching up to the Assembly to compel it to refuse the veto to the king. While popular feeling was at this height, Mirabeau visited Paris in company with Dumont. "I shall never forget," writes Dumont, "my going to Paris, during this excitement, with Mirabeau, and the mass of people we found waiting for his carriage, round Le Jay, the bookseller's shop. They cast themselves before him, entreating him, with tears in their eyes, not to permit the absolute veto to pass. They were in a frenzy. "Monsieur le Compte, you are the people's father—you must save us—you must succor us against the scoundrels who would bring back despotism. If the king have the veto, what good is the National Assembly? We are all serfs again, and ruined.' Mirabeau was perfect in such scenes—he answered copiously, but committed himself to nothing."† In the face of all this effervescence, Mirabeau astonished France and the Assembly, by mounting the tribune, on September 1st, and delivering an oration, of some forty pages, in favor of the absolute veto. This, though one of the most important of Mirabeau's speeches, it is impossible to insert, from its length; and the connectedness of argument renders it equally impossible to give extracts. Sufficient to say, that his opinion is supported by the example of England, and that his arguments are those of true freedom; which can alone exist under a limited monarchy. An immense majority declared in favor of the suspensive veto. In the 52d number of the *Courier de Provence*, he expounded his views upon the veto again, at great length, under the head of "The Royal Sanction in a New Light."

On the 15th, the subject of the succession, in case of the extinction of the elder Bourbon line, was the order of the day. It was proposed, that despite the Treaty of Utrecht, whereby the kings of Spain were bound never to become kings of France, the Spanish Bourbon branch should be declared the successors to the throne. Foreseeing that such a consummation must occasion a general war, and other undesirable consequences, Mirabeau strenuously combated this mischievous proposal, and demanded that it should be decreed that "no prince, not a native of France, could exercise the regency or sovereign power." The question was left to chance, by

* Toulongeon, i. p. 68. † Dumont, 156.

merely declaring that the crown was hereditary in direct line, to the exclusion of females alone. Between the celebrated veto speech on the 1st, and the one still more celebrated on the 24th, of which we are about to speak, though Mirabeau's name appears more or less in every debate, there is nothing worthy notice—nothing save mere parliamentary debatings. On the 19th, M. Volney proposed a batch of decrees relative to the number of deputies, their qualifications, and the duration of the present Assembly; all of which Mirabeau quashed, by reminding the house that their Tennis-Court Oath did not permit them to disperse until the completion of the Constitution, and therefore that these matters were quite extraneous then. Writing of the same thing in his paper, he advocated the English system, of a member resigning and submitting to a re-election on being appointed to a government situation.*

During this period the financial aspect of France had been darkening—darkening even unto the grim blackness of impending bankruptcy. Wherefore, on the 24th of September, was Necker constrained to visit the Assemby, to tell them that the loan of 30,000,000 fr. they had sanctioned, had but yielded 2,000,000 fr.; that the second, of 80,000,000 fr., only 10,000,000 fr.; that, public credit being thus ruined, it was necessary to make a general sacrifice, and that he had come to propose an income-tax of 25 per cent. Every man was to lay down a quarter of his income for his country. But the manner in which this speech was received, quickly demonstrated that the Assembly was in no humor for such self-denying edicts. Had Mirabeau been any other than the noble-hearted man he was, he might with one word have ruined Necker in an instant: but private piques were ever in him sacrificed to convictions. In a long speech, he supported Necker's plan in the aggregate, without committing himself to the details thereof at all. This speech produced small effects, and was indignantly attacked. Mirabeau replied, but still the sense of the house was against him and the motion; and they were just on the eve of rejecting it, when, moved by sudden impulse, Mirabeau for the third time rushed into the tribune, and poured forth a last appeal.

"Two centuries of depredations and robberies have created the gulf wherein the kingdom is in danger of being engulfed:

* Courier de Provence, No. lxxxii. p. 8.

it must be filled—this terrible chasm. Well then, behold here the list of the French proprietors; select from among them the richest, in order to sacrifice the fewest citizens: but select; for shall not a small number perish for the mass of the people? Come, then; these two thousand notables possess sufficient to choke the deficit, re-establish the order of your finances, the peace and prosperity of the kingdom: strike! immolate without pity these wretched victims—cast them in the abyss; it will then close. You recoil with horror—timid men! pusillanimous men! Alas! can ye not see that in proclaiming a bankruptcy—or, what is yet more odious, in rendering it inevitable without proclaiming it—you will be stained by an act ten thousand times more criminal; and, thing inconceivable, gratuitously criminal? for, after all, that horrible sacrifice would at least wipe off the deficit. And do ye imagine, because you will not have paid, you will then owe nothing? Do you imagine that the thousands, the millions, of men who will lose in an instant, by that terrible explosion, or by its reaction, all that constituted the consolation of their life, and perchance their only means of sustenance; that they will leave you peaceably to fatten on your crime? Stoical contemplators of the incalculable evils which that catastrophe will vomit upon France!—stupid egotists! who fancy the convulsions of despair and of misery will pass, as all others; and so much the more rapid as they are violent!—Are ye certain that so many men without food will leave you tranquil to devour those dishes, of which you have desired to diminish neither the number nor the delicacy? No! you will perish; and in the universal conflagration you have not shuddered to enkindle, the loss of your honor will not preserve one of your detestable enjoyments! Vote, then, this extraordinary subsidy: may it be sufficient! Vote it, because, if you have any doubts upon the methods (doubts vague and not enlightened), you have none upon the necessity; none upon impotence to replace it: immediately at the least. Vote it, because the public circumstances suffer no retard, and we should be accountable for all delay. Refrain from demanding time—misfortune cannot grant it. Gentlemen, I remember, concerning a ridiculous motion of the Palais-Royal*—concerning a miserable insurrec-

* The rumor that the Palais-Royal faction were about to march on the Assembly when discussing the Veto, drew from M. Goupil the cry of "Catalina is at the gates of Rome: and they deliberate."

tion which had no importance save in feeble imaginations, or in the perverse designs of some men of evil intentions, you heard these furious words, 'Cataline is at the gates of Rome: and they deliberate.' And truly, there was then around us nor Cataline, nor perils, nor factions, nor Rome. But to-day, bankruptcy—hideous bankruptcy is there: it threatens to consume yourselves, your properties, and your honor—and you deliberate!"

The Assembly was not proof against eloquence like that: amid roof-shaking plaudits, the tax was granted. Madame de Staël was near Mirabeau when he delivered this, and the effect she describes as clearly indescribable. "One felt a *power of life* in his speech of which the effect was prodigious!"*

Following up his support briskly, on the 26th Mirabeau proposed a general address to their constituents, to insure a response to the great monetary appeal. Commissioned to draw one up, he did so instantly; and they would have adopted it upon the spot, but he insisted upon a revision. On the 3d of October, therefore, he presented it completed; when it was unanimously assented to. It is a splendid composition: but, having been claimed by Dumont (though ourselves distinctly believing that claim, as all others of his, to be entirely and altogether unfounded), we do not insert it.

All this time, since the Bastile day, a dreadful storm had been gathering in the capital: it burst on the 5th and 6th of October. The people had been literally starving; and, impelled by hunger, early in the morning there occurred a hitherto unprecedented fact—a rising of women. In tumultuous wrath and countless numbers they besieged the town-hall for bread. Anxious, under any pretext, to drive off that cluster of buzzing wasps, Maillard, usher of the Châtelet, raised a cry of "To Versailles." Instantly it was taken up, and on rushed the masses, increasing every minute to Versailles. The scenes enacted there are matters of history, not biography. We may as well, however, state that, after considerable bloodshed, a stormy investment of the palace, they compelled the king and family, and all the deputies, to return with them in procession to Paris on the afternoon of the 6th. In stormful manner, on the 5th, they filled the Hall of Assembly, and stayed proceedings by their cries of "Bread—no long speeches." Mirabeau

* Œuvres de Madame de Staël, xii. p. 315.

rebuked them with fierce language, and was cheered by them even while rebuking. After, when debates were resumed, and a tedious deputy spouting glibly, a woman cried from the gallery, "Where is our little Mirabeau? Let us see him—let us hear him." But Mirabeau spoke to please no mob, and so sat still in scornful and indignant silence.

Having thus mentioned this wonderful event, it now becomes our duty to dispose of some doubts and falsehoods, with which the name of Mirabeau has been plentifully bespattered concerning this outbreak, and other matters; which will be found fully treated of in the succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER V.

AN INQUIRY INTO MIRABEAU'S CONNECTION WITH THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

THE ridiculous story of Mirabeau having entered into certain midnight plots and conspiracies with his most supreme scoundrelship, the Duke of Orleans, of which this Versailles outbreak was at once the consummation and the conclusion, would call from the biographer merely an unqualified denial, were it not that it has lately received additional publicity through the medium of the respective histories of M. Michelet and Mr. Alison. The distorted ravings of the former fanatic would extort no notice from reasonable and thinking men, were it not that they constitute, at present, the guide-lamp to that frenetic cohort of young men under whose misguidance France is, we suppose, to be danced away in a meaningless liberty-whirl to universal anarchy. The claims of the latter elegant and learned historian are so known and so appreciated, that mention thereof from us would be gratuitous. It is because the story has obtained credence from these gentlemen, especially the latter, and been promulgated thereby wholesalely to the world, that this chapter is devoted to—1st, Demonstrating that the attack on Versailles was totally disconnected with Mirabeau; and, 2dly, to manifest that no connection at all ever did subsist between the duke and the revolutionary monarch.

1st. *The irruption to Versailles was not caused by any plans in which Mirabeau shared, nor influenced in any way by him.*

There are two ways to prove this: first, by showing that the event was spontaneous, as all such ever are, and not produced by secret contrivance at all; and, secondly, that if such were not the case, by showing that there does not exist one shadow of evidence for implicating Mirabeau. In the first place, the true cause of this irruption was a grievous and long-continued scarcity, grown into a terrible famine; and the actual movement was commenced by the ill-advised court-banquet of the 1st of October. At this feast young noblemen, officers of the troops stationed at Versailles, and all the pomp and beauty of the court had, amid ancient feudal king's-melodies, and general loyal toast-givings, vowed enmity to the Revolution, and trampled into dust the tri-color cockade; adopting in their stead the white ensign of the Bourbons, plenteously bescattered by beautiful court ladies. The king, queen, and dauphin were present. The queen, next day, expressed herself delighted with the banquet. It was the tidings of this most foolish demonstration, added to the wholesale rumor that the king was about to fly to Metz, that caused a meaningless rage to seize upon the fierce, starving women; turned, in order to save the town-hall from sacking and from flames, without any ulterior object, to a march on Versailles by the usher, Maillard. This one fact disproves the whole: had not Maillard been anxious to save the venerable Hôtel-de-Ville, the pillage thereof and the robbing of the two or three bakers' shops would have been the sole result. "It is yet a general mistake," says Mignet, "to attribute the greatest revolutionary act to some mere private manœuvring; as if, at such an epoch, the entire people could be employed as the instrument of one man."* "Was it not D'Orleans, then, and Laclos, Marquis Sillery, Mirabeau, the sons of confusion, hoping to drive the king to Metz, and gather the spoil? Nay, was it not, quite contrariwise, the Œil-de-Bœuf body-guard Colonel de Guiche, minister St. Priest, and high-flying loyalists; hoping, also, to drive him to Metz, and try it by the sword of civil war? Good Marquis Toulongeon, the historian and deputy, feels constrained to admit that it was *both*."† And whosoever seeks, instead of selecting the middle, probable, and natural course, to find the truth by reconciling the writers of the time, must be prepared to admit endless such-like contradictions and absurdities. In the second place, waiving

* Mignet, vol. i. chap. ii. † Carlyle's Revolution, i. p. 343.

altogether this ground, and admitting—what every standard historian,* save Mr. Alison, expressly denies—that this was caused by some money-bribes and secret machinations, no proof can be found that Mirabeau was connected therewith. A man connecting himself with the causing of such an outbreak, must have some settled and definite end in view. This is what we accord to an ordinary man; how much more, then, to a Mirabeau? It is totally antagonistic to the opinion one forms of him, to imagine, for one moment, that that end was simply the creation of confusion and riot: what, then, was the end he struggled for? To drive away the king, and proclaim the Duke of Orleans, answers Alison; re-echoing Besanval, de Moleville, and numerous other ultra-royalists of the old school, who could not possibly have had any means for becoming acquainted with his objects. For which most libellous assertion what proof can be given? In the most extended sense, none at all. The reader cannot be ignorant that this charge against Mirabeau and the Duke of Orleans was, in the October of the following year, made the subject of a judicial inquiry at the Paris Court of the Châtelet; that that court declared that there was ground of accusation against the duke and Mirabeau; that the Assembly demanded the evidence and the report of the trial to be submitted to it; and that, on the receipt thereof, the Abbé Maury, the fiercest opponent of Mirabeau in the Assembly, while attacking the Duke of Orleans, stated distinctly, *that there was no ground of accusation at all against Mirabeau;* and that, after a long and tempestuous harange from Mirabeau himself, the Assembly almost unanimously acquitted them both. Mirabeau's speech on this occasion has been much censured for its heat and want of argument. But such censurers should bear in mind that there were no arguments to be disproved, and that when a man is branded as a scoundrel, a hot, indignant reply is the natural result, if he be not so. To us this speech appears as the act of a manly and right-minded man, who, when a blackguard calls him "thief," does not set about procuring testimonials to the effect that he is no thief, but fells the insolent fellow to the earth, and, lion-like, marches on his way, never bestowing a second thought upon the sprawling insignificant! The full detail of this Châtelet evidence lives in print to this day, occupying a considerable volume; and we

* *Vide* Mignet, Thiers, Carlyle, &c.

are convinced that any unbiassed reader would come to the conclusion, from the numerous contradictions and incongruities of the witnesses, that Mirabeau was entirely innocent. And the court used their full influence to collect this evidence. To the length and tedious copiousness of this trial may be traced the flippant contradictions of many historians; they either siding with the Châtelet or against it, according to their preconceived opinions; this report being too formidable to examine. The present writer, determined, if possible, to hunt out the truth, waded industriously through it; and on arriving at its conclusion, found himself in such a pleasing state of amiable confusion, that, beyond the fact of his existence, he was unconscious. But when this confusion-sea retired, leaving the shells of conviction upon the beach of thought, he decided that, as a proof of Mirabeau's guilt, it was an utter failure, considered morally and legally; and that the Assembly, in rejecting it, did what any English jury, in similar circumstances, would have done. To this conclusion we came, regarding all the evidence to be true: but when that evidence comes to be examined, the Châtelet trial appears even more ridiculous. The Fils Adoptif mentioning that, in the whole trial, only two evidences directly inculpate Mirabeau, we re-examined it, and find that statement to be correct: these are the testimonies of two citizens, who deposed that they saw Mirabeau in the crowd, on one of the days, armed and urging on the people: such depositions bear their falsity on their very face. The writers of Lafayette's life, having compiled their work from that general's multitudinous notes, state, on his authority, that these depositions were unfounded; and Lafayette himself says, regarding the whole evidences, "*These, as related to Mirabeau, were entirely without foundation.*"* Besides this evidence of the Châtelet, early in 1791, when the whole affair had been decided, Mounier, the ancien-régimist, published a volume on the subject, entitled, "An Appeal to the Tribunal of Public Opinion," (Geneva, 1791,) wherein he brings forth a little fresh evidence; but of no weight. This consists of two conversations of Mirabeau's; in one of which he confided to Mounier, and another ultra-royalist friend, his intention of dethroning Louis for the advantage of the Duke of Orleans; which bears its controversion along with it. No man, plotting to overthrow

* Lafayette's Memoirs, by his Family, i. 348.

Queen Victoria, would make the Duke of Wellington or Lord John Russell his confidants in the matter; and if Mirabeau did mention such a scheme to avowed enemies like Mounier, that very fact alone would prove that there was nothing whatever in it. The other is, that a few moments before the mob arrived at Versailles, Mirabeau strode across to Mounier, then president, saying, "Mounier, Paris is marching upon us" (*Paris marche sur nous*); which, of course, proves that he had secret information, think his accusers. But, in an open assembly like the hall of the States, where men came in and out, mingling with the deputies, and many times in a sitting notes and messages reached the deputies, what is more natural than that one of that mighty crowd, a friend of order, should have wished to acquaint the Assembly of the approaching danger, and, not knowing who might be president that week, sent the information to Mirabeau, being the member most likely to take energetic steps. Mounier forgets to argue, from the remainder of Mirabeau's words, that he was opposed to the outbreak; that remainder being an advice to Mounier to pretend sickness, and so run over to the palace to acquaint the king of the coming storm; thus giving him time to take measures for his safety.

So much for the proofs adduced to support this charge. And now what proofs have we on the opposite side? First, we have, and it is not wholly despicable, Mirabeau's positive denial in full Assembly; next, that in all his letters to Mauvillion and other private friends, the greatest disgust is expressed at this charge: and concealment was in no case a fault of his. Then the Prince d'Arenberg, at that time Count de Lamarck, confidential agent and friend of the king and queen, and friend also of Mirabeau, has left in the hands of the Fils Adoptif an unpublished document on this subject: written in a state of much excitement, against the revolution, owing to the ruin of the monarchy. In this he expressly denies the charge, assigning the best reasons of all; a personal knowledge of Mirabeau's haunts and habits, and, in many instances, the ability to prove an alibi. "The queen," he writes, "asked me if Mirabeau had not mingled in the horrors of the 5th and 6th of October: it was exceedingly easy to assure her on that point, as *I had passed the day of the 5th almost entirely with him.*"* And again, "the idea of finding himself under the weight of such

* Fils Adop. vi. 332.

a supposition overwhelmed him: when I told him that the queen included him in her suspicions, his face assumed a frightful color, and he manifested the utmost indignation at the very supposition."* Mirabeau had not the faculty for assumption of any passion; and no man has ever preferred against him the charge of dissimulation or deceit: coming, therefore, from the unquestionable authority this does—from a prince whose name every lover of loyalty and nobility of soul must honor—this testimony is worth the whole volume of the Châtelet evidence. But the strongest and concluding argument has yet to come. Mirabeau wished to dethrone Louis and place Orleans in his stead, it is asserted. Now, just for one moment look over his acts in the Assembly since the opening, and see how he shaped his course that way. In every speech, oration, address, in which he had any share, the most exalted loyalty and devotion to the monarch are the distinguishing features; and he never loses an opportunity in the tribune and in his newspaper, of painting the king in the fairest and most laudatory colors. It is hardly the way to succeed in deposing a sovereign to make the nation believe him a perfect monarch: well-nigh a saint. Had such been his views, would he not have been in advance of the people in their fast-increasing king-hatred, instead of confronting them and risking his popularity by inculcating reverence for the sovereign. Had Mirabeau, at the taking of the Bastile, when Paris was mad against the court—had he preached a crusade against Louis and his newly-selected advisers, he might have had their fortunes and lives in his hands directly. But his course was to censure the disturbances, and to vote a respectful and loyal address to the king. His vote on the veto, too, was not that of one who was endeavoring to compass the king's ruin. And, lastly, on the memorable occasion of Necker's income tax, when the fabulous plot must have been well-nigh completed, and, consequently, when national bankruptcy and the anarchy he so vividly described would have insured it success, his conduct alone secured the temporary stability of the throne. And in the address to the people, of October 1st, from his pen, we find these words, "O, thou so justly loved by your people! king, upright man, and good citizen! While the love of France for your sacred person murmurs at your privations, their feeling

* Ibid., vi. 324.

applauds your noble courage, and their generosity will return your benefits, as you desired when you bestowed them, by imitating your virtues, and by giving you the joy of having guided the nation in the career of the common weal!" It is hardly a likely method to induce people to rebel against a monarch, that of speaking of him in a national address in such terms. No! The reader has two courses, and but two: either to fling these unsubstantiated *on dits* to the winds for valueless trash as they are; or else, for the sake of maintaining this theory of his league with Orleans, to throw overboard the whole known character of the man during his forty years of private life and two years public career: his habits and opinions, as found by all who knew him; his principles, as expressed in his earliest publications, and maintained unto his death.

II. *He had never at any time, or for any purpose any connection with the Duke of Orleans.* We shall treat this very briefly; as the former arguments to some extent prove this assertion. We must protest against the system under which the charge of a conspiracy with the Duke of Orleans is preferred. It is not, as it should be, said: "This is the fact, thus we prove it," but "this is the fact, *disprove* it if you can." This is manifestly unfair, and the exact reverse of what should be. We might assert from a few paltry insinuations, that a criminal connection existed between Queen Elizabeth and Leicester, and then strutting about self-satisfied, like a hen that has laid some dirty egg and is proud thereat, cluck out ceaselessly, "Disprove it, disprove it;" and there is no man living that could disprove it: but should it therefore be writ down in history so? By no means. And yet the story of Mirabeau's connection with Orleans rests on as slender authority; being simply and solely based on the excited statements of zealous partizans, his enemies, who, from a complete ignorance of both parties, could know nothing. Take the historians who support the charge, and they will refute it among themselves, by the very contradictions they make. Mr. Alison makes the connection last till after the 6th of October.* M. Michelet finishes it at the Bastile taking;† and Lamartine, having investigated the case, and finding that the position of there being an actual liaison is untenable, merging off into a sublime eccentricity, states that Mirabeau proposed plans to the duke, which that individual—whose cha-

* Alison, ii. chap. v. † Michelet (Bohn's ed.), 164.

racter was one huge mass of cowardice, beastliness, and prurient villany—refused to take share in; being a "patriot," and having no personal ambition.* And Madame de Staël cuts it shorter still: saying, "Mirabeau *sounded* his moral courage in several interviews, and convinced himself speedily than no political enterprise could be founded on such a character."† Thus, between them, a beautiful tale is made out; pleasingly consistent. How much more sensible the view taken by M. Thiers. "Many inconsiderate expressions," he says, "have caused him to be frequently accused of being one of the Duke of Orleans's party; although in reality, he never was. His pecuniary distresses, his indiscreet language, his familiarity with the Duke of Orleans, *although he was on the same terms with every one else*, his proposition in respect of the Spanish succession, and, finally, his opposition to the departure of the duke, all naturally excited suspicion; *yet it is nevertheless true that Mirabeau was without any party*, and even without any other object than the extinction of the aristocracy and arbitrary rule. The author of those suppositions should have learned that Mirabeau was at that time obliged to borrow the most paltry sums; which certainly would not have been the case had he been the agent of a prince so immensely rich, and who is supposed to have been nearly ruined by his partisans."‡ This appears to us to be the true view of the case; for when Mr. Alison asserts, that in June, 1789, he removed to a superb house, and it was therefore evident he was receiving the money of Orleans,§ he commits an anachronism; as it was not till after several months that this took place: not till after he admits all connections between them had ceased.

The cause of all these false statements and fabulous assertions was the same which ruined the king—that of looking for a petty under-current of plot, when the treasures were being swept away by the popular surface-current. All was suspicion. If, in those days, one man met another and said "fine morning," and on that day an *émeute* took place, he was fortunate if he was not charged with having had share in it; the argument being that, when he said "fine morning," he meant "fine morning *for a riot!*" On this principle, Mirabeau, the most illustrious and most

* Lamartine's Girondists (Bohn's ed.), i. 362.
† Œuvres de Madame de Staël, iii. 309.
‡ Thiers' History of the Revolution, pp. 42 and 43. (Whittaker's trans. ed.)
§ Alison, ii. 64.

courted man of the time, could not go occasionally to visit the Palais Royal, where all the wit and talent of Paris assembled, but he was hatching plots: he could not be intimate with the Duke of Orleans, but he was in a conspiracy with him; although he was as intimate with every eminent man in Paris, from Desmoulins, Danton, and the low clubbists, to Cazalès, de Lamarck, and the high aristocrats.

Wishing to illustrate his view of a limited monarchy,—which was, that the king was nothing as an individual, but merely as a recognized head; which, while a bulwark against the feuds of personal ambition, was no drawback to the popular will—to illustrate this idea of the personal non-importance of the king, he could not say, "What matters it whether the king be called Louis XVI. or Louis XVII.?" but it reveals an invidious design to elevate the duke by the overthrow of the other; it being entirely lost sight of, that if this speech meant anything beyond the mere illustration (which would have been as complete if he had said Nero or Trajan), the Dauphin would be the Louis XVII. meant thereby. He cannot express an opinion of the Duke of Orleans, in strong true language, "He is an eunuch for crime—he would do it, but cannot," but it is because the duke failed in plans which he had concocted for their mutual benefit; forgetting that nothing was more natural than for him to pass an opinion upon a leading character of the day. On the same ground it might be argued, because foreseeing the villainous tendency of Robespierre and the extreme left, he said, of that individual, that "he would go far," it was because he had proposed a joint reign of terror to that deputy, who had repulsed his advances, wishing to monopolize that era to himself. Bertrand de Moleville, and others, who never spent a moment in Mirabeau's society, were perfectly acquainted with his connection with Orleans; while Dumont and de Lamarck, who scarcely ever lost sight of him, knew nothing about it, disbelieved it, and denied it; and Lafayette, who knew more about such things than any of the aristocratic historians, totally denies it in many places, although no friend to Mirabeau.

But enough of this. The whole affair is so ridiculous, so empty, that were it not that through the insertion of these paltry untruths, history gets mis-written, we had not cared to argue the matter. As it is, we have endeavored to demolish one venerable lie, and so do the world a service. The historian who loves facts, will do well to state that, owing to the excited

state of party feeling, Mirabeau was accused of having leagued with the Duke of Orleans to subvert the throne; but that there was in reality no political connection whatever between them.

CHAPTER VI.

FORESIGHT AND MISGIVINGS OF MIRABEAU—BRIEF ALLIANCE WITH LAFAYETTE—THE ASSEMBLY AT PARIS—MIRABEAU'S SHARE IN THE DEBATES—GREAT SPEECH ON THE SUBJECT OF THE CLERICAL PROPRIETORS, AND ON THE GENEVESE LOAN.

From October 6th to the end of 1789.

IMAGINING that the Duke of Orleans was, at any rate to some extent, the promoter of these outbreaks, Lafayette desired to remove him; and, by threatening and so terrifying him, succeeded in prevailing upon that pusillanimous debauchee to consent to retire to England on an honorable mission. This appeared to Mirabeau a most dangerous and unwarrantable action on the part of Lafayette: an assumption of the sovereign judicial power; and, as used against a member of the Assembly, highly unconstitutional. He publicly announced, that, in case the duke was driven away by such means, he should impeach Lafayette; and the duke, hearing this, decided upon remaining: but fear obtaining the mastery, he again changed and departed; Mirabeau exclaiming, "He is not worth the trouble that is taken for him." This conduct on the part of Mirabeau must not be taken for the support of the Duke of Orleans as an individual, but as a deputy to the States, intimidated by the threatenings of power: had Maury, or Lameth, or any other member of the Assembly, been used in similar manner, there can be no doubt Mirabeau would have protested in the same strain; for the line of conduct was clearly unwarrantable. The affair at Versailles, and the return to Paris, seemed to have convinced Mirabeau that, as far as the royal absoluteness was concerned, destruction had done its work; and that reconstruction, or rather consolidation, was now at once to be commenced. While all France was rejoicing in the king's return to Paris, and poor people watched day and night in the cold to see his figure pass the window, and all was

delirium and self-gratulation, Mirabeau's foresight and strong calculating powers enabled him to perceive that it was not such a glorious thing as was considered; that in entering the Tuileries, Louis had just placed manacles upon himself; that, in fact, royalty was in imminent peril. In such a crisis, Mirabeau was too generous not to act irrespective of personal pique. About the 10th of October, he forwarded the following note to Lafayette; a man to whom he had a personal aversion, but which the danger of the crown caused him to forget. It is overflowing with manly frankness.

"There is a man in the State who, by his position, is in the midst of all the events: who cannot even compensate for reverses by success, and who, to some extent, is guarantee of the public repose: one might almost say of the State's safety, which comprises at once the means of sustenance, the finances, the obedience of the army, and the peace of the provinces. Who is that man? It is M. de Lafayette. What are the means whereby he attains this power? A portion of the public forces which he holds in his hand, and his influence with all the agents of the executive power.

"That public force of which he disposes is an obstacle as well as a means: it would be powerless if sustenance failed;* it would turn itself even against its chief; that is evident. M. de Lafayette ought therefore to be able to answer for the means of sustenance; to answer to-day, to-morrow: every day and every instant.

"What are his resources for being answerable for the sustenances? Nearly none at this moment. For that reason, it is incontestable that the operation of the Commune of Paris does not suffice; that the operation of the public force, even within a radius of fifteen leagues, does not suffice better: it is therefore necessary that there should be another concentration of power, and of all the agents of authority. But so long as M. de Lafayette has no *minister* acting with him, he cannot calculate on this concentration.

"The public force of which the same individual disposes will finally become, will become soon, an embarrassing burden, without finances; and it is evident that these will be drained in the very instant when aggravated wants cry out for plenty.

* The reader must remember that there was a very terrible scarcity.

"What are the resources of M. de Lafayette for providing finances? None, if the actual ministers will not assist him; and nearly none, even supposing that their intentions are not, as I think, adverse to him. The time is at hand when small means will not suffice for great things, when small resources will not suffice for great evils. It is therefore necessary, under this new aspect, that M. de Lafayette should have a minister, who can enter perfectly into his views, and coincide with him upon all points, and under all circumstances.

"The public force which is in his hands may even become very impotent, if the heads of the army refuse to obey; if the provinces separate themselves; isolate and dismember themselves; first by declaration, and then by open force. The disquieting symptoms are already known: Brittany runs to arms; an ambitious leader, a jealous and personal enemy menaces the frontiers; another misunderstands the orders of the king; a province, whose fire is redoubtable, is illegally convoking its states,* and appears vacillating.

"What are the means M. de Lafayette possesses to prevent this impending dislocation? Nearly none, for his portion of the public force would be nothing to oppose all that. First, unity of counsel, unity of action, and the coalition of all kinds of power alone could do somewhat; but if M. de Lafayette has no minister to act with him, how could he bring about that union of efforts? The second means M. de Lafayette possesses is his influence; but all influence is small, when it turns upon sustenance and finance. Eloquence, virtues, public opinion, will not yield bread when corn fails, and will not give money without a plan of finances. Influence is a very active means for calming and retaining the provinces; but it requires to be seconded. Faith in a single man is a gift of God, and cannot be counted on. What, therefore, will usefully serve the influence of M. de Lafayette? To give ministers to him, who will associate themselves with his patriotic intentions as with his glory: who will not give an inverse motion to the wheels of the same machine; who will not discourage him by inaction, nor impede him by plans contrary to his views; who, in fine, faithful at once to the people's interests and to the monarch's, to political union and to personal friendship, will not separate their head from his, should it be necessary to lean it on the dais of triumph, or on the scaffold.

* Mounier had retired to Dauphiné, and was raising a counter-revolution.

"The man it is useful to retain* will depart, they say, in two months: in that case he would leave behind him evils without remedy. It is, therefore, preferable, since the State is of more value than a single man, that he should depart, while there is yet time to save all things. His retreat is, without doubt, one new peril; but in removing that peril they do not foresee all the others; and I had much rather ward off ten blows than succumb to nine, through not having dared to act owing to a dread of ten."

This letter manifests an immense insight into character; and the insidious sops given to Lafayette's vanity had their due effect: a meeting was held shortly after at the house of Mirabeau's niece, the Marchioness of Arragon, at Passy, whereat Lafayette and Mirabeau, with Alexandre de Lameth, and another or two, were present. But the characters of the two leading men were so diametrically opposite, that no union was possible between them. Lafayette was wedded to a barren theory of republican principles, which he was determined to act upon, practicable or not. Mirabeau scorned all formulas, and flung aside all idealic dreamings; making it his chief business to ascertain what was practicable, and to do that: satisfied that a medium, actable theory was far better than a faultless, impracticable one. Then, again, Mirabeau's popularity was always with himself a secondary consideration: he scorned from his soul the applauses of the mob; but with Lafayette, popularity was the one great principle of life. There was as much difference between Mirabeau and Lafayette, as between Hamlet and a modern burlesque. The former with his strong self-will, his wonderful eloquence, contempt of world-praise, and transcendent genius, was the Atlas of France; the latter, flying here and there in dapper blue coat, on white charger, haranguing, squabbling, and tenaciously watching his popularity, was the mountebank of the Revolution. The interview came to nothing, and was not renewed. There is no detailed account of this meeting; but from the fragmentary descriptions remaining, it would seem that they both agreed that royalty was to be saved: that Mirabeau proposed bold and startling plans, all calculated to save it; that Lafayette wanted his sublime theories to be adopted, all calculated to have no effect; that so, mutually disappointed, they separated: Mira-

* Necker.

beau calling the general a "Grandison Cromwell,"—a name which ever must remain, so long as that of Lafayette survives, as the best description of the man which human words could possibly convey. Historians who, crime-extenuating, seek to exculpate that rascality which deluged France with blood, by laying every evil to court-intrigues and royal short-sightedness, blame the king for not having taken advantage of this alliance between Lafayette and Mirabeau: they should, however, bear in mind, that, in reality, there never was any alliance between them; beyond the knowledge that each was a friend of order, and averse to such insults as had been put upon the king. In the melancholy story of the Revolution, there is so much royal blundering and blindness, that it is not good to lay imaginary instances of such to their charge.

Great an event as was the bringing the king and the Assembly to Paris, it did not impede the *en avant* spirit of that last-named body. There being no proper place ready to receive them in Paris, they took up their temporary quarters in the palace of the Archbishop, and recommenced their debates on the 7th; the very day after their tumultuous removal. On that day, Mirabeau spoke on one or two insignificant questions. On the 8th, he proposed that "by the grace of God" should be retained in all State papers; "because," he said, "these words are a homage to religion: a homage which is due from all people of the world, and the terms are precious as a rallying point among men." In consequence of the numerous departures of royalists from the country, and the gradually increasing number of the emigrants over the frontiers, on the 9th, Mirabeau supported a motion for refusing passports to such as could not give a satisfactory reason for their departure: at the same time explaining that he deemed every individual had perfect right to travel where, when, and how he liked; but that the present edict was demanded by events, wrung from them by necessity. On their coming to Paris, most of the ancien-régimist leaders had been hooted and attacked by the mob, and their lives placed in jeopardy; on the 10th, therefore, they proposed that a new decree of the inviolability of the deputies should be promulgated: this Mirabeau opposed, and in that opposition the strong practical essence of his mind is apparent.

"Do not multiply," he cried, "vain declarations: revive the executive power; know how to maintain it; support it by the

succor of all good citizens; or else society must fall into dissolution, and nothing can preserve us from anarchy! Let us, therefore, rest content with our ancient decrees: there is far more grandeur in maintaining them than in renewing them. Let the executive power act; if it can do nothing, if our decrees are null, society is dissolved, and nothing is left for us but to lament over its disruption."

But Mirabeau's love of order, and hatred of the daily increasing mob domination, did not blind his eyes to the culpable rashness of the ultra-royalist party: in the course of his speech he proceeded to show that these insults were brought upon themselves by their own most foolish speeches to the people.

"It is," he concluded, "publicly reported that a minister, and that minister is M. de St. Priest, said to the crowd of women demanding bread,—'*When you had only one king, you did not want bread; now you have eleven hundred, address yourselves to them.*' I demand that the Committee of Inquiries be instructed to examine into this report."

M. de St. Priest addressed an exculpatory letter to the president of the Committee, and Mirabeau prepared a fierce reply: but, his generosity telling him that it was hardly fair for him to denounce a minister in an Assembly where he, being a minister, had no right of speech; he did not speak this, but published it as a letter. It was entitled, "*Letter addressed to the Committee of Inquiries by the Count of Mirabeau.*" (Paris, 1789.) Lally Tollendal, who, disgusted with the revolution, had retired into Switzerland, took upon himself to reply to this, and sent forth upon the world a fuliginous pamphlet, called, "Observations of the Count of Lally Tollendal," &c.; in which, if he does not outargue his opponent, he at least outblusters him.

On the 19th, the Assembly transferred its sittings to the Salle de Manège, and commenced debating *in propriâ formâ* in Paris. On this occasion, Lafayette and Bailli presented themselves at the bar to congratulate the Assembly on assuming their place in the metropolis; and to promise, the one as mayor, the other as general, the maintenance of their peace and freedom of debate. Taking the lead, as ever, Mirabeau rose and proposed a vote of thanks in a very powerful speech; wherein his antipathy to popular hubbub shines forth so conspicuous, that the journals of Desmoulins, Marat, and others, denounced Mirabeau in the bitterest manner, as an enemy of the people.

As this commencement of the Paris sittings is a break in the

history of the Assembly, which does not again occur in Mirabeau's lifetime; and as, moreover, it had then become consolidated, and the talents of each prettly clearly developed, we cannot choose a better place for giving a slight sketch of the various other speakers of the Assembly.

The reader will very likely be aware that the Assembly was divided into two portions, occupying each half of the hall, and called respectively the *coté droit* or right side, and the *coté gauche* or left. The latter professed the revolutionary principles, but in different shades and complexion: there was Barnave, who was a kind of incipient republican, and the Lameths, Robespierre, and some few of his clique, who deposed a sovereign of refinement and education, to believe in and adore the sovereignty of pickpockets and ignorant idlers—screech-owls in the domain of anarchy; and there were the constitutional moderate monarchists, such as Sièyes. Each of these had their particular party, known all over France. Mirabeau alone leagued with no party—led no party: he was himself a party, and in that particularity did he shoot aloft so supremely great; because while others, wedded to some dry theory, fought for that, and would have it, tenable or untenable, he alone examined measures by the ungreened glasses of candid criticism and unbiassed fact-seeking judgment; and, if he found them to be good and practicable, supported them—if not, opposed. The right were the opponents of the revolution, and, so far, were one united party.

The Assembly contained many *debaters* and *speakers;* but Mirabeau was the sole *orator*, of both it and of the Revolution. On the right, only two were very eminent—the Abbé Maury and Cazalès. The former was chiefly notorious for his inflexible courage: with the utmost fearlessness, he opposed the measures dearest to the people; and supported his part with such vehemence and sophistry, as rendered him more famous than the real merit of his speeches justifies. He either spoke in hot invective or the shallowest sophistry. "When he is wrong," said Mirabeau, "I argue with him; when he is right, I crush him." Cazalès was a headlong, impetuous man, noticeable, not for the polish of his style or the learning of his matter, but for rugged earnestness and zealous vigor: he was a military man, and had more of the roughness of the mess-room than the finish of the cabinet. Barrel Mirabeau also spoke frequently, in a kind of fiery, drunken style; always in

opposition to his brother. The left contained, unquestionably, the talent of the nation. Sièyes was a most consummate debater, but his style never rose beyond conversational fluency. Talleyrand also debated well, spoke with ease, and rivalled, nay, beat, the Abbé Maury in Jesuitism and sophistry. These were generally in Mirabeau's favor; being constitutionalists. Barnave was the finest speaker, however; but he required preparation; he was essentially no orator: his words were not the impulsive language of the moment, as an orator's ever must be, but were the result of study. Many times Barnave delivered an oration carefully prepared, in which he seemed almost to gain an advantage over Mirabeau; but it was when Mirabeau, without a minute's preparation, stepped into the tribune, and replied in lengthened eloquence, carrying away by storm the plaudits of the Assembly, while Barnave again responded, but in a lame and impotent manner, that it became manifest who was the stronger. It is thus that the difference between an *elocutionist* and an orator is seen. Robespierre had then no weight, or even notoriety; he spoke frequently, but in the dullest and most pedantic manner. The two Lameths were very pleasing speakers; and beyond those there were none whose frequency and importance require notice. The names of Lafayette, Bailli, Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, St. Etienne, and others, frequently are seen in the debates; but never either at great length, or as originating or opposing important measures.

Such was the state of the Assembly when it then set itself anew to the formation of the constitution on the 19th of October. On the 21st, a phrenetic mob massacred, in the most revolting and hideous manner, a hatter named François; making his then-pregnant wife kiss the bloody lips of her slaughtered husband. This was the commencement of those refinements of brutality which rendered the reign of Robespierre so execrable; and it is gratifying to find Mirabeau using all his influence to obtain martial law, in order that such scenes might be effectually suppressed. On the 14th, he had proposed this measure, but it had been rejected; the murder of François caused the Commune to demand it, and after that demand was supported by Mirabeau, and attacked by Robespierre, it was assented to by a large majority. We mention this more particularly, as Mr. Alison, taking up an old error of Lacretelle's, has stated that Mirabeau "vehemently opposed the measure:"* as we

* Alison, vol. ii. 180.

possess Mirabeau's speech in favor of it, and there is nothing save Lacretelle's unfounded assertion to support Mr. Alison, the reader will know what to believe. It is rather too bad, that after Mirabeau was denounced to the people by Camille Desmoulins, for having provoked the murder by secret emissaries, *in order to obtain a law for slaughtering the people*, he should be held up to contempt for having leagued with the bloody and the base to keep back that law. On the 27th, the subject of electoral qualifications being discussed, Mirabeau proposed that no one should enjoy political rights who was a bankrupt: not even solvent men who refused to discharge a certain portion of their father's debts. This proposition was very like throwing stones from a glass-house; Mirabeau having been all his life, and being then, more or less insolvent. It was adopted; and on the following day, on the motion of Sièyes that all citizens of the age of twenty-one should be placed upon the list of voters, he proposed a plan of "civic inscription," whereby all equitable and upright majors were to be enrolled on the list, and all the contrary refused admission; thereby giving rise to a new system of moral punishment, which he showed very powerfully might be exceedingly salutary.

Surrounded by a famishing and poverty-stricken nation, with an empty exchequer, and no immediate signs of a speedy replenishment, the Assembly had for a long time looked with keen and hungry eyes upon the gigantic revenues of the Church, then valued at 300,000,000 of franks annually.*—Ever since the last loan of Necker's, ominous hints on this subject had been given out: and the abolition of tithes seemed to lead the way. Barnave, Dupont de Nemours, and Alexandre de Lameth, had stated that it was perfectly lawful to appropriate ecclesiastical possessions—producing precedents in the royal appropriation of the Templars' possessions, and, much recenter, of those of the Jesuits. To escape the impending storm, the Archbishop of Aix proposed to his order to wipe off the deficit, by borrowing 400,000,000 franks on security of the Church lands: but that was silenced by the Assembly; it being argued that the debt, being national, could not honorably be discharged by a moiety of the nation. All the supporters of this disorganized idea of claiming the cleri-

* About 13,000,000*l.*

cal estates were beating very lamentably about the bush; saying and hinting, but doing, daring nothing: when Mirabeau took up the idea, and placed himself at the head of the crusading cohorts: and the presence and generalship of a great man soon manifested itself; for in a week after his taking up the matter, the Church's wealth was national property. Mirabeau received both threats and attempts at conciliation in great numbers: especially of the former; but could neither be seduced by the one, nor daunted by the other. On the 30th, he laid the matter before the Assembly in a long and elaborately argued oration; his brother, the Barrel, having first moved that the motion should be rejected. The opening is, as is usual in Mirabeau's orations, singularly dignified and imposing: it is the trumpet-flourish wherewith an earnest soul announces its advent to the battle.

"When a great nation is assembled, and when it examines a question which interests a large portion of its members—an entire class of society—a class infinitely respectable; when the question appears to embrace, at once, the inviolable rules of property, public worship, political order, and the primary foundations of social order; it is important that we should treat it with a religious caution, discuss it with a scrupulous wisdom, and consider it above all, in order to do away with even the suspicion of error, under the most remote points of view.

"The question concerning the property of the Church is clearly of that number. Already has a number of deputies discussed it with a due solemnity; I am, however, far from conceiving that the subject is exhausted.

"Some have considered the question only as it relates to the *public* interest; but that motive, however great it may be, will not permit us to decree that the estates of the clergy belong to the nation, if we should thereby violate the rights of a large proportion of its members: they have told you that nothing is useful save what is just, and surely we all admit that principle.

"Others have spoken of the influence it would have upon the public credit; of the immense mortgage which it would offer to the creditors of the State; of the confidence which it would resuscitate at a moment when that confidence seems to retire daily farther from our hopes: but beware of imagining such a motive would suffice, if the declaration that is proposed was only destined to sanction a usurpation. True credit is

only the result of general confidence, and no confidence could be durable where the violation of a single, but immense property, menaces, by the very fact, all others. *Than save an empire by such means, I had rather, whatsoever be the dangers whereby we are surrounded, confide entirely upon that eternal Providence which watches alike over the people and the king!*"

Having thus attempered the minds of his audience and cooled down the excited spirit raging in the Assembly, he proceeds to discuss, in the most collected and lawyer-like manner, the question in all its bearings. In this oration there is a total absence of that tremendous and overwhelming declamatory fire which is for the most part the individuality of Mirabeau's harangues: on the contrary, all is prudent argument and cool discussion worthy the subject. Those who, deeming the estates of the Church inviolable and sacred, are opposed to the conclusions he arrives at, can hardly read his arguments without some little doubt being given to their preconceived ideas: and such as agree with the principles propounded by him will regard them as the very perfection of rhetorical logic. He answers the objection that the will of the founders should be scrupulously obeyed, by saying, that "Public utility is the supreme law;" and that if the behests of deceased personages are necessary to that utility, the majority of the national governors has a good right to appropriate them, on the same principle, that by levying a tax they appropriate the property of the living. He argues that for a nation to be inconvenienced by the insane legacies of fanatic superstitionists in the feudal ages, is the very height of absurdity. "If every person," he says, "that had ever lived had willed himself a sepulchre, there would have been a need for overturning such barren monuments, to find lands to till; and for removing the ashes of the dead to provide food for the living." He then goes on to divide all foundations into three classes: those established by the kings, those by public bodies, and those by private individuals. Those founded by the kings are national property, he contends, because the king is, and ever was, not the disposer of individual fortune, but the dispenser of the nation's power and bounty; and they never were given like the fiefs granted to the nobility, but bestowed simply as a provision for public worship: *ergo*, if the State finds it can maintain public worship in a more economical and convenient manner, it has the manifest right to resume these

royal grants. Those founded by public bodies are the indubitable property of the nation, he asserts: but candor compels us to add, that he by no means proves this assertion to be indubitable. He slurs over the question; and the portion wherein he treats that important topic is at once the briefest and lamest in the whole speech. On the subject of individual founders, he speaks at much more length, and with almost unanswerable argument: either, he says, the clergy are the heirs of those individual founders, or else the nation is. If the clergy be, then clearly have they the right to will and appropriate their hereditary property; which they themselves acknowledge they have not: in that case, the nation is the heir, and has that right. The clergy, he emphatically asserts, are not possessors, but stewards: they have not even the usufruct; and he says,—

"Seamen never appropriated to themselves the vessels which the nation built to defend the State; never, according to our existing customs, will an army part among its soldiers the territories it has conquered. Shall, then, the clergy alone be permitted to say, that the victories achieved by its piety over that of the faithful are to belong to it, and remain inviolable, instead of constituting a portion of the indivisible domain of the State?

"Is it consistent with the new order of things which we have been establishing, that the Government—the distributor of all ecclesiastical riches—by the nominating of the dignitaries, should thereby preserve infinite means of action, of corruption, of influence? And for the interest of religion and public morals—those two benefactresses of the human race—is it not important that a more equal distribution of the riches of the Church should henceforth oppose itself to the luxury of those who are the stewards of the wealth of the poor—to the licentiousness of those whom religion and society present unto the people as an everlasting living example of purity of morals?"

He concluded by proposing, as a guarantee of the good intentions of the State, that the stipend of even country curés should be fixed at a minimum of 1200 francs.* When the reader calls to mind the thoroughly rotten state of the church in France in those days—how de Brienne had 30,000*l.* per

* 50*l.*

annum, was an atheist, kept harlots, and lived in sumptuous pomp, while few of the village curés reached Mirabeau's minimum of 50*l*.—he cannot but acknowledge that the intent and theory, at the least, were most laudable. It is to be regretted that Mirabeau, in his zeal, never reflected that, though he could guarantee his own sincerity in proposing the appropriation of the clerical funds—not for secular purposes, but for equalization—he could not answer for that of the Assembly: that it was easy to get a nation to seize immense properties, but not so easy to induce it to repay them. On the 2d of November the subject was again discussed, Mirabeau submitting the form of the decree, which was twofold—1st. That the ecclesiastical revenues were State property, on condition that the State undertook to provide the necessary officers, &c., for public worship. 2d. That in such a provision none were to have less than 1200 francs per annum, exclusive of house, glebe, &c. He had prepared another very powerful oration of about fifty pages in length; which, owing to the anxiety of the Assembly, he refrained from pronouncing, although he obtained hearing in order to do so. It was, however, printed, but is immeasurably inferior, in every respect, to the former one; being little other than a reply to the Abbé Maury, who had opposed the motion with his usual violence and subtlety. The Assembly divided, and the numbers were—

For the motion, ...	568
Against it, ...	346
Majority in favor, ...	222

On the 6th of November he spoke largely on the subject of finance; attacking his ancient enemy, the Bank of Discount, and urging upon the Assembly to immediately establish a National Bank of France. But, suddenly branching off from the subject, he discoursed vehemently upon the advisability of ministers being deputies, or, at any rate, having seats in the Assembly, with a view to being, ere long, a minister himself, and seeing that, deprived of the tribune, half his power would be gone. But jealousy and faction were rife in the land, leagued firmly together to keep from the king the only man who had the power and the earnest, unselfish wish to save him: the court-cabal did not want to be saved by the Leviathan of the Revolution; the Robespierre hell-cabal did not want the

fast extending power of anarchy to be clipped; and so these two, banded together, met his motion with howls of execration; until Mirabeau had to rise in indignant scorn and tell them—not from fear of *his* ascendency to ruin France, but if they would keep him from the ministry—not to decree that *no* deputy could be in office, but that no deputy named Riquetti de Mirabeau! But it was all in vain: "Mit der Dummheit:" against stupidity the very gods fight unvictorious. And, on the 7th, the Assembly decreed their ruinous and ridiculous decree. Mirabeau took no pains to conceal his sentiments on this decision, either in public or private. "Atrocious," "beastly," "insane," and similar expressions, are the epithets wherewith he plentifully bespatters the decree and decreers. The secret of Mirabeau's anxiety to combat this baneful motion is, that about that time had commenced the first of the long series of flirtations with the court, which lasted till his death; never, in reality, coming to that complete alliance so generally supposed. The court behaved as a coy maiden, who smiles on one she fain would win; and then, when he steps forward, heart-inflamed, unto her, suddenly draws back coldly, and so leads him on an ignis-fatuus dance, until, perchance, he grows disgusted and turns away. Monsieur asked and obtained from Mirabeau his ideas as to the danger of royalty: in which Mirabeau advised the king to cast aside his Austrian miscounselors, and assume a thorough-going patriotic line of action, so as to win that confidence of the nation in his approbation of the Revolution which he was then far from possessing. Such advice could not have been palatable at that time at all, and it is no wonder that no farther communication ensued for the time being. At this period all his letters to Major Mauvillion are overflowing with the most tender concern for France, thus sailing onward to the Niagara-gulf of anarchy: for royalty, so stupidly ruining itself, but refusing to see who were *men*, and who were pedantic impostors—sham men merely.*

On the 14th of November, the Assembly discussed the project of dividing France into eighty departments, instead of the old provinces; which Mirabeau warmly supported, though he quarreled with several details. He wished the number to be one hundred and twenty, thereby causing many towns, that, if there were but eighty, would be second or third in the depart-

* *Vide* Lettres à Mauvillion, p. 408 to 508.

ment, to be chief towns. These he had proposed in committee; but, being defeated there, had reproduced them on the report being submitted to the Assembly. Several of his suggestions were adopted in the following January, when the division was finally arranged. On the 20th he opposed a plan of Necker's, for constituting the Bank of Discount the National Bank. Every day, more or less, Mirabeau's name appears both in the morning and evening debates; but mostly on matters uninteresting at the present day: technical details, and formalities. To cite these, nay, even to mention them, would be tedious alike to author and reader; and we shall, therefore, confine ourselves solely to such matters as are of historical importance, or interesting from other reasons.

On the 8th of December, the Assembly was engaged in the discussion of the mode of constituting the municipalities; and Mirabeau, on the 10th, introduced, *apropos* of this, a very laudable design for progression of offices: to the effect that no man could rise to the higher employments, who had not qualified himself for election thereto by first occupying the subordinate ones. By so doing, he conceived that an advisable delay would be caused in a man's political career; so that no rash young man would find himself in the National Assembly before experience had been duly added to talent. Moreover, it would render many insignificant and otherwise despicable situations more honorable, by constituting them necessities. This proposition was most fiercely attacked by Barnave; but as Mirabeau had to leave the debate, to sit upon a committee, he could not reply, and the subject was adjourned to the 15th. On that date Mirabeau's motion was the order of the day; and, after having been attacked by the viscount (whose rule of political life was to confront his brother) and by Duport, Mirabeau briefly defended it, and then the Assembly adjourned the motion indefinitely,—a kind of "this day six months."

We have before stated how Geneva was governed by a minority, aided by French influence; and that the best citizens had been ejected by the dominant faction. That faction fearing, we suppose, that the Assembly might reinstate the popular party, and so being anxious to conciliate it, early in December offered a gift of 900,000 livres to the French government, in a letter to Necker; wherein, as excuse for the sum not being larger, there was a vivid description of the penury and sufferings of the Genevese. This, on the 18th of December, Necker

submitted to the Assembly, and on the 28th M. de Volney proposed that the gift should be rejected: but it was reserved for Mirabeau to express the sentiments of the Assembly in one of his most splendid efforts. After showing that the loan was not the loan of the Genevese people, but of an unpopular and tyrannous government—to whose interest alone it was that the guarantee of France should be maintained—he turned to the famine in Geneva, and delivered himself of this most splendid paragraph:—

"At what period is this gift offered to you? Precisely at the same time when that guarantee is obtained; as though it were the price and remuneration for that guarantee. These suspicions are confirmed, when we discover, from the very letter of the donors, that far from being the overplus of abundance, this gift is extorted from indigence and from want. Singular generosity! What? The citizens of Geneva behold around them a people, bound unto them by the strongest relations, by the ties of blood, by social and national affections: they are spectators of their misery, they themselves draw a sorrowful picture thereof; and at a time when their beneficence can and ought to be exercised upon their own brethren, they prefer scattering it elsewhere; forwarding it afar off: preceded by the blatant trumpet of boastful pride, they offer us a magnificent gem-present in the setting of misery! They forget that our delicacy would lead us rather to give relief to them; and that, at the very least, we might say, 'Arouse the drooping arts, support your manufactories, spread plenty in your own laps, ere you dream of offering us donations, which humanity will not permit us to accept, unless upon the condition of showering them back with usury upon the starving wretches of your own country.'"

The most unanimous thunders of applause burst from every quarter of the Assembly, and amid renewed plaudits, Mirabeau submitted a form of refusal; which, after the Abbé Maury (a somewhat remarkable thing) had warmly seconded, was passed *nemine dissentiente*.

Thus, strong in Herculean body and gigantic intellect, daring heart and unbending genius, swaying the destinies of France, and, as it happened, of the world, in his hands; with the resounding cheers of the nation ringing in his ears, did 1789 fade out from Mirabeau and 1790 come in: the last complete year he was ever to go through here. Oh! if, as we are told, no man knoweth what a day may bring forth; what shall we say of a year?

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE TERRITORIAL DIVISION—LIBERTY OF THE PRESS—THE ABBE MAURY—THE MURDER OF FAVRAS—GREAT EFFUSION ON THE TERM OF THE ASSEMBLY—ORATIONS ON THE RIGHT OF DECLARING WAR.

From the commencement of 1790 *to May 24th.*

THE year 1790 opened with debates of a feudal and territorial character, in which Mirabeau took his usual prominent position. As we informed the reader in the first chapter of this book, France was in reality a number of small kingdoms, each possessing more or less distinct privileges, united under one monarchic head. This the division into departments entirely abolished; and, accordingly, various provinces resuscitated musty charter-rights of the middle ages, and, standing with stupid pertinacity upon these, protested against the departmental partition. The Assembly, under the able guidance of Mirabeau, refused to listen to these discontented and most insanely factious complaints, and passed weighty censure on a few individual offenders (Jan. 11th). About the same period he also prepared a speech upon the unrestrained freedom of the press; taking especial cognizance of the infamous publications then daily increasing, and which instilled the most vicious principles into the minds of the rabble.—Mallet du Pan's paper, the *Mercury of France*—the organ of the ultra-royalist or emigrant party, and the unblushing and unscrupulous defamer of the Revolution (which God knows wanted no defamation, the truth being quite enough!)—was also especially noticed in this production; which, however, was never delivered.

On the 22d of January, the grand magnanimity of Mirabeau's noble and generous disposition shone forth in a striking manner; as did also his power of swaying the Assembly.—Cazalès proposed that a full history of the national debt should be laid before the Assembly; and the Abbé Maury, in defending that proposal, gave way to such a transport of ungoverned passion, as to make use of language so insulting, that, in the

midst of fierce yells, and all the noises of excited frenzy, a motion was made for his expulsion from the Assembly. The cheers, loud and resounding, which greeted this motion proved the feelings of the Assembly on the subject. Maury was Mirabeau's personal and unflinchingly virulent opponent; and now, when one word from him would have infallibly insured Maury's expulsion, he rose and opposed the motion. He might have crushed his chief antagonist into nothing: extinguished him, without any stain having remained upon his character therefrom; but his generosity of temperament would not allow him to strike a defenceless enemy. Amidst a storm of angry cries for expulsion, he demanded leave to speak: but M. Montlausier opposed that demand, informing the Assembly that Mirabeau was about to say something very violent and unadvised. Mirabeau, however, obtained a hearing, and in a short but convincing speech, showed the injustice of expulsion; and ended by saying, "I recommend, therefore, that the Abbé Maury be censured, and that that censure be recorded on the journals. And now, sir," he added, addressing M. Montlausier, "Should you have guessed that such would be my conclusion?" Strange to say, the passions of the Assembly cooled down before his reasoning, and his motion was adopted.

On the 17th of February, the unfortunate Favras fell a victim to the constantly-recurring plotlets of the court; which every week brought to light. He was accused of having plotted to effect a counter-revolution, and was executed therefor; resolutely refusing to disclose anything: although it was generally supposed his evidence could have implicated Monsieur, the king's brother. Monsieur was only saved from sinking under the popular hatred, by adopting the spirited plan recommended to him by Mirabeau; of showing himself to the people, and declaring in plain, unmistakeable terms, his full and complete adherence to the Revolution. On the 20th, Cazalès, with the probable design of extorting a kind of revenge for the death of Favras, proposed that the king should have *unlimited* executive power for three months! A most reasonable proposition truly; and which Mirabeau attacked with all his force: telling the Assembly that they had passed a martial law, perfectly adequate to restrain popular license, provided they did not fall into timidity, and neglect supporting the municipal officers; and, having supported them, refrain from

declaring them perfectly responsible for the peace of their respective towns. The Assembly foolishly took the third worst part of all: they adopted the *laissez-faire* policy, and did not strengthen the municipal officers at all; neither granted the king any increased power.

On the 26th, Mirabeau's design of rendering France English in its constitution was again visible. He very strongly advocated the ministerial submission of an annual budget to the Assembly: but with small success.

In the month of March, his name appears incessantly: but never upon any topic of sufficient importance to demand a detailed notice.

On the 13th of April, Mirabeau pronounced one of the most splendid and widely-circulated of all his extemporaneous effusions. It was on the motion of the fanatic Carthusian, Dom Gerle, that the Catholic dogma should be declared the national religion. Mirabeau opposed this; and in the course of that opposition, in reference to several appeals to history made by the *coté droit* in the debate, delivered this magnificent apostrophe:—

"Since historic citations are permitted in the matter which now occupies us, I myself will just make one;—recall to mind that from hence—from this very tribune where I am speaking—I behold the window of the palace, wherein the factions, uniting temporal interests to the most sacred interests of religion, sent forth from the hand of a king of the French, the fatal shot which was the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew!"

On the 19th, the Assembly was engaged in discussing the advisability of setting aside the period assigned to them in their summons, which was fast drawing to a close: being for twelve months; and on this occasion Mirabeau achieved a brilliant oratoric triumph. Anxious to remove the hated Assembly, the whole strength of the court-faction advocated the cessation of the Assembly on the completion of its year; and basing their arguments upon their writs, and the prescribed term of the functions of the deputies, were clearly in the ascendant; because their opponents endeavored to refute their arguments, also by the strict letter of the law, and—that being decidedly in favor of the twelvemonth's duration—failed of course to do so. There are periods, however, when the strict letter of the law is a mere bugbear: and so was it in this case. They could

not transact what they had to transact by any law-letter, because the whole revolution was unprecedented, unexpected, and had not got its statutes drawn up as then. This Mirabeau saw clearly, and while others had been prating most barrenly on parchment-titles, and other dreary lawyerisms, he mounted the tribune, and threw out a genuine ray of verdant freshness into the waste of pedantic aridity.

"The efforts of despotism, the perils we have overcome, the violence we have suppressed—these are our titles: our success has consecrated them; the adhesion of all parts of the empire, oft-repeated, has legitimatized them: has sanctioned them.

"Let those who have preferred the strange reproach against us, of having used new words to express new sentiments and principles, new ideas and institutions, now seek, in the paltry vocabulary of the publicists, the definition of these words—*National Convention!* Called into being by the invincible tocsin of necessity, our National Convention is above all imitation, as above all authority; it owes no account but to itself alone, and can only be judged by posterity!

"Gentlemen, you all know the anecdote of that Roman who, to save his country from a mighty conspiracy, had been constrained to exceed the power conferred upon him by the laws. A captious tribune asked him to take oath that he had respected these powers. He desired, by that insidious question, to place the consul in the alternative of committing perjury or making an embarrassing avowel; '*I swear*,' cried the illustrious man, '*I swear that I have saved my country!*' Gentlemen, I swear that you have saved France!"

These words, rolled forth in deep musical bass notes from the broad chest of Mirabeau, reverberated from the tribune roofwards, and echoed into the hearts of every man as a message from the inexhaustible region of truth. *In an instant*, Ferrières tells us, the discussion was closed; and the Assembly declared itself permanent until the completion of the Constitution.

We may as well here remark, that about this period began those inconstant and mysterious flirtations between the king and Mirabeau, which have given rise to so many false reports and strange contradictions. These, for obvious reasons, will be given later on, connectedly, in a chapter exclusively devoted to his liaison with the court; but, that the reader may form no false inferences, let us state that it was not until the

commencement of 1791 that there was any really settled understanding between the parties: nay, strictly speaking, not even then.

Ever since its commencement, Pitt and England had been regarded as the bitterest enemies of the Revolution; and the rupture between Spain and England having caused the latter to prepare for hostilities, her gathering armaments excited the fears of the French king's minister of war. The king issued orders for preparations at Brest, and elsewhere, to meet any attack; and then submitted a demand to the Assembly for the necessary subsidies. This caused great discontent in the Assembly, and the elder Lameth asked them to decide whether the king or the nation had the right of declaring war or peace; stating, truly, that the king's demand involved that question. This was on the 14th of May; on the 15th, Mirabeau prevailed upon them to propose a vote of thanks to the king for his precautionary measures, and then to proceed at once to the discussion of that most important topic.

This discussion immediately ensued, and continued uninterrupted for several successive days. As usual, the Assembly was divided into two extremes: the right advocating, with their usual heat and *hauteur*, under the generalship of Cazalès and Maury, that the exclusive right should be vested in the king solely and arbitrarily; the left, equally excited, demanding that that right should be vested entirely in the legislative body. Thus were the two poles battling; until, on the 20th, Mirabeau appeared, for the first time, in the debate. He, fettered to no idealic theory—were it republican, or were it of the ancien régime—had examined the case unprejudicedly; and so astonished all France by proposing as an amendment, that the Assembly should decree, "that the power of waging war or making peace belongs to the nation, which delegates that power to its head, the king. That the king could therefore declare war, but must ask the Assembly for the funds for carrying on the same: stating, at the same time, the reasons for declaring war, and the ultimate object thereof." This was obviously the truest and most moderate proposition; and we may therein discover once again how thoroughly imbued was the great French statesman with our English system.

This oration is beyond all doubt the most wonderful and important of all his efforts; wonderful for its consummate boldness, for it was a direct confronting of the popular faction;

and no less so for the intellectual vigor and political shrewdness abounding in its every sentence. Occupying eighty octavo pages, it is at once far too lengthy for complete insertion; and the peculiarities of Mirabeau's cogent and close reasoning render it exceedingly difficult to make an analysis. Nevertheless, as no life of him could possibly be complete wherein this oration had not a prominent place, we must attempt the latter.

As was his wont, he opens by endeavoring to allay the excitement of the Assembly; urging warmly a calm, reflective consideration. Then he goes on to state the case: That there are two extremes before them; both equally dangerous; both equally hostile to his individual opinions: that, however, he by no means thought it was incumbent upon them to adopt either extreme; accordingly he would endeavor to demonstrate how a much wiser medium might be resolved upon. He then plunges into all the intricacies of piercing argument. Before his ruthless onslaught, the arguments of Lameth and the ultras of their school fall, beyond any hope of resuscitation. It is almost laughable to see how utterly incontrovertible and lucidly conclusive are these demolitions of his opponent's positions. The Assembly has the right of making war? he asks. Very well, then, let us see. The king has the sole power of maintaining foreign diplomatic relations: this you cannot deny, without rendering the king positively useless as an executive. If, then, a foreign nation insults our flag, must our honor be tampered with until the ambassador receives his instructions from you: which instructions might have to wait during a week's debate? No: the ambassador would leave the country instanter, and thus a tacit war would be commenced ere even the king was aware of it. Thus you see the only power you could decree yourselves, would be that of continuing or arresting the progress of a war. But how is that to be done? By submitting everything to the Assembly. "Will ye force the executive power to notify its least preparatives, its most diminutive steps? You will thus violate all the rules of prudence: the enemy knowing all your precautions, all your measures, will laugh at them: you will render the preparatives useless." No: it is plain that the power of both declaring and prosecuting a war must be vested in the responsible executive. But then, again, are there not numerous dangers from rendering the king's war-power too arbitrary? Undoubtedly: but these

could all be guarded against by retaining the liberty of refusing the supplies; by the power of impeaching the ministry causing the war, who should be punished as high-traitors, if found guilty; by preserving the right to demand the executive to make peace, whenever a majority of the Assembly is opposed to the continuance of the war. An executive thus responsible would be far more chary about plunging into hostilities, than an Assembly; which, responsible to nobody, might be urged in times of excitement, to the maddest measures, by a favorite orator's seducing or inflammatory power.

He then proceeds, after having thus laid down the great principles, to enter minutely and extendedly into the most intricate details, into a maze of elaborate and connected arguments, all demonstrating that the chief beauty of a limited monarchical government was the pure liberty enjoyed thereunder; owing to the just equipoise between arbitrary rule and demagoguic confusion. After having occupied the tribune more than two hours, he proposed a string of resolutions; the substance whereof has been already given. The speech was received with complete attention and much applause throughout.

Thus much for a concise analysis, giving a most incomplete idea of this remarkable harangue. We must not, however, omit a little scene which occurred near its conclusion. Speaking of his proposition that the Assembly should possess power of disbanding the surplus army immediately peace was declared, and also considering the general tenor of his proposals, he was showing that to give the king the utmost constitutional power, and to hold sway over the army at the same time, were the only means for insuring the state against a military king leading his victorious army against the existing laws of the country, and establishing his own system there instead. After drawing a striking picture of such a rebel king, he cried in enthusiastic anger,—

"Annihilate ambition! let the king have nothing to sigh for, but that which the law can afford him; render his magistracy what it ought to be, and entertain, then, no further apprehensions that a royal renegade, abdicating his throne, will run the chance of hastening from a victory to the block!"

At this point, loud cries of disapprobation burst forth from several members; and, in the midst thereof, D'Espréménil (who, since his factious conduct in the Paris parliament, had

drifted round into a very ultra and uncommonly zealous courtite) arose, and demanded that Mirabeau should be called to order, as the king's person had been declared inviolable. Mirabeau immediately replied,—

"I shall be careful how I answer the charge of disloyalty thus brought against me. You have all heard the extreme case I was supposing; that of an arbitrary and despotic monarch who, having revolted against his people, returns home with an army of Frenchmen, to repossess himself of the citadels of tyranny:—now, a king so situated is a king no longer!"

Reiterated applauses shook the hall, and he concluded his harangue uninterrupted, save by plaudits.

On the 21st, Barnave replied at length to Mirabeau: but unsuccessfully; and on the motion of Casalès, seconded by Mirabeau, the debate was adjourned to the day following, when Mirabeau was to answer Barnave. In the mean time, every step was taken to intimidate Mirabeau; or, in case that did not succeed, to ruin him in popular opinion. All over Paris, all over France we may say, he was held up to the contempt and hatred of the people, as one determined to restore despotism in its most hateful phases. No libel so audacious but it found at once ready affirmation, and as ready credence: for in those times the people imagined that any law giving the slightest shadow power to the monarch, militated against the liberty of the nation. An infamous pamphlet was publicly distributed in the streets of Paris, and the hoarse voices of the hawkers were heard crying in all the streets, "THE EXPOSURE OF THE GREAT TREASON OF THE COUNT OF MIRABEAU;" of the execrable character whereof, this extract will alone give sufficient evidence.

"Have a care lest the people promenade thy head, as they have carried that of Foulon; whose mouth was filled with grass. This people is slow to be irritated, but it is terrible when the day of its vengeance arrives: inexorable, cruel is this people: through the magnitude of perfidies, the hopes they have been made to conceive, the homages they have rendered."

This revolting pamphlet was the work of a young man, named Lacroix, who had been induced to compose it, by Alexandre de Lameth, Barnave, and others of the anarchist faction; at whose expense, chiefly, six thousand copies had been given away to the populace. Added to all this, mob-orators went

about all the streets, taverns, and clubs of the lower order, denouncing Mirabeau as a traitor.

The result of all this was, that a tree was marked whereon the populace decided upon hanging Mirabeau; and on the 22d, the day of debate, as Lameth himself tells us, "more than fifty thousand citizens" occupied all the avenues leading to the Salle de Manège; giving most ominous hints as to Mirabeau's probable destination after the debate: that being the *lanterne!* In this appalling juncture, Mirabeau's fund of indomitable daring does not desert him: he rises as usual to the height of circumstances: rises indeed to the very sublime of courage. He did not, with cowardly effrontery, go over to his opponents: as has been done by men in our own country, whom history delights to honor more than such as Mirabeau; nor did he adopt the easier method of feigned illness, and consequent absence. On the morning of debate, he rode down to the hall through the crowds of infuriated people; and when timorous friends clung round him, urging upon his notice the personal danger he was undergoing, he said, "I know it well enough: I must come hence to-day triumphant or piecemeal!" For three-quarters of an hour, with the most impenetrably cool *hauteur*, he stood, arms crossed, in the tribune, waiting until it might please his bellowing opponents to hear him: and then spoke thus:

"It is something, without doubt, towards reconciling oppositions, to state clearly upon what they agree, and upon what they differ. Amicable discussions are far more adapted to the establishment of a right understanding, than are calumnious insinuations, insane accusations, the hatreds of rivalry, the machinations of intrigue and malevolence. It has been reported, for eight days now, that the portion of this Assembly that advocates the concurrence of the royal will in the exercise of the right of peace and war, are parricides of the public liberty: rumors of perfidy, of corruption have been disseminated; popular vengeance for the sustenance of the tyranny of opinions has been invoked. It would appear that there cannot, without crime, be two opinions upon one of the most delicate and difficult questions of the social organization. O! what a strange mania! What a deplorable blindness is this which thus influences, the one against the other, men whom one same object, one same indestructible sentiment should always reconcile, always unite, even in the midst of the most violent debates: men who thus substitute the irascibility of self-love

for the worship of our country, and deliver up one another to popular vengeance!

"Myself, for instance! but a few days agone, and they would have carried me in triumph; and now, behold! they are crying in the streets, THE GREAT TREASON OF THE COUNT OF MIRABEAU. I did not need that lesson to know that there is small space from the Capitol to the Tarpeian rock: but the man who combats for reason, for his country, does not so easily hold himself conquered. He who is conscious of having merited well from his country, and, above all, that he can yet be useful to her; he who lives not on a vain celebrity, and who disdains the success of a day for true glory; he who would speak, who would act for the general good, independent of the fickle movements of popular opinion; that man carries within himself the recompense of all his services, the solace of his pains, the reward of his dangers: he should await his harvest, his destiny—the only one that interests him, the destiny of his name—from time alone; that incorruptible judge who does justice unto all!"

True, O thou gold-speaking Mirabeau: and Time shall do justice unto thee!

"Let those who, for eight days, have been prophesying my opinion without knowing it; who even now calumniate my speech without comprehending it; who accuse me of offering incense to impotent idols at a moment when they are overthrown, or of being the vile stipendiary of one I have never ceased to combat; who denounce as an enemy of the Revolution him who perhaps has not been useless to it, and who, even were that Revolution unconnected with his glory, could therein alone find safety: let those deliver up to the fury of a deluded populace the very man who for twenty years has combatted oppressors; who spoke to Frenchmen of Liberty, of the Constitution, of Resistance, while his vile calumniators sucked the milk of the courts, and lived under all the dominant prejudices. What matters it to me? This cowardly back-blow will not impede me in my career. I will say to them, Answer, if you can: then calumniate as much as you may please!"

After this sublime opening, he commenced replying to all Barnave's objections one by one; which he performed so successfully, that when that gentleman ascended the tribune to reply, he found himself totally unable to do so, and, after a few very lame remarks, retired, while the Assembly adopted

Mirabeau's plans by a large majority. He was perfectly correct in his remark: there could be no middle ending to the question. Triumph or death were the two inevitable results; for had the Assembly not shared the odium of the measure by adopting it, he must have fallen a victim. All, therefore, depended on his own powers: these did not betray him in his need, and the end was triumph!

CHAPTER VIII.

MIRABEAU ON THE SLAVE-TRADE.

1790.

With that dogged and imperturbably complacent feeling of national perfection, which has won for us the cordial dislike of all continental nations, more or less, and caused the cynical but well-deserved sarcasm so current abroad, of "Christ died for the British nation," it never enters into the mind of a genuine Englishman, that any other than his own countrymen could have suggested, or taken share in, the many great discoveries or reforms celebrated in the history of the world. To associate the name of any foreigner with those of Wilberforce or Clarkson in the abolition of slavery, would be treated as simply ridiculous; unworthy, perhaps, the labor of denial. Least of all, in selecting a foreigner to share the honor with these, would Mirabeau be fixed upon. So very little, until after long years of misrepresentation and falsehood, does the world know of its great men.

That Wilberforce and Clarkson survived to behold their darling measure carried, was their good fortune, not merit; that Mirabeau was rapt away suddenly ere *his* scheme had been propounded to the legislation of his country, was his misfortune, and should not detract from the high praise every lover of humanity must award him: that his scheme was not propounded before his death, was owing in reality to the paltry system of international diplomacy then in vogue: as we are about to see. And beyond all this, in placing the name of Mirabeau with the other twain, we must urge with emphasis the glaring difference of external situation between them and

Mirabeau. Wilberforce, of easy means, calm, pellucid life-lot, political and private, had no other occupation, no other business, than for twenty years to advocate his humane measure; with Clarkson also, it was the unique idea of his life, and no other great measure absorbed his abilities and attention. With Mirabeau how different! embarrassed in his circumstances; occupied in his time; morning and evening in the Assembly delivering orations which for long ages shall dazzle the admirers of human eloquence; making, we may say, the constitution of his country almost himself; confronting at once absolute tyranny and lawless anarchy: surely, if, amid all this, he had only devoted an hour's efforts to the cause of the negroes, he might be entitled to the place we claim for him. That from the vast abyss of oratorical declamation, and private, headlong intrigue and dissipation: nay, at the very moment when, in addition to his already superhuman labors, he was just adding the last Hercules labor of saving the monarchy; that, in such a whirlpool of confusion, his great heart should have found time to consider the awful condition of the sable sons of the south, and to consecrate to their cause the mighty magic of his genius, is a thing unknown almost to our English reading world: a thing which, known, adds one more splendid jewel to his already gem-brilliant diadem. Neither was this topic forced upon Mirabeau, by being a matter of probable discussion just then: he undertook it from an entirely spontaneous sympathy, unsolicited by any; and with him alone was to have rested the onus of introducing it to the Assembly. So important to the right understanding of Mirabeau's character, do we deem these labors of his on the slave question, that, although never brought prominently forward by him, we are devoting to their exclusive consideration, the present chapter.

The subject was first brought under his notice at the opening of the States-General in 1789, when it became a question whether the French colonies should send representatives thereunto. On the 8th of June in that year, when a batch of deputies arrived from St. Domingo, and it was a matter of discussion whether they should be allowed to take their seats, Mirabeau opposed their admission, on the ground that they did not represent St. Domingo; since not one of the colored inhabitants, not even those who were proprietors and free, had been allowed to vote. On the Declaration of the Rights of Man, in August, La Rochefoucauld, and one or two others, had demanded the

abolition of the slave-trade; but in such an insipid manner as to excite no attention. Since then, however, the subject had been largely discussed in France, and a society of the "Friends of the Blacks" formed: in fact, it began to be feared by interested parties, that if the matter were taken up by some great leader, it would be carried. In order to take steps in time, a deputation of the "Armed Citizens of Bordeaux" demanded, on the 25th of February, 1790, the maintenance of the traffic as an essential to national prosperity. On this occasion, Mirabeau attacked their demand so forcibly in the *Courier de Provence*, as to draw upon him the earnest prayer of "A Citizen of Rochelle," that he would refrain from urging his opinions from the tribune.* That he did so refrain, was not from any doubts as to his duty, or any attention he accorded to the prayer of the "Citizen," but because he saw that it was useless to do so at that moment; since, on the 8th of March, the Assembly declared itself opposed to all innovation as regarded the colonies. He, therefore, had to gain one or two preparatory points before proceeding to throw the weight of his eloquence and influence upon that question. The stupid jealousy which retarded the abolition so long in England, was as rampant in France; the only argument advanced against the abolition, being, that of England and other nations reaping the advantage of their discontinuing the traffic.

> If we do not buy the poor creatures, they will;
> And tortures and groans will be multiplied still.

It was to provide himself, if possible, with an overwhelming argument against this mercantile selfishness, that Mirabeau, about April, 1790, addressed the following letter to Mr. Wilberforce.

To M. WILBERFORCE.

"I had formed for a long time, Monsieur, the design of addressing myself to you, with the confidence which two sincere friends of liberty owe each other; but an accident having temporarily deprived me of the power of using my own eyes and writing myself, I have been compelled to postpone from day to day the overture to which the immense services you have rendered to the cause of the negroes have encouraged me

* Courier de Provence, No. xxx., and Moniteur, No. cvii.

to make; now, however, my recovery still delaying a little, the session of the English Parliament arriving, and our own circumstances causing me to take the resolution of introducing earlier than I had intended the great question of the abolition of the slave-trade, I have decided upon addressing to you a few lines in a strange hand, reserving ulterior explanations to a manner of correspondence more free and off-hand (*plus abandonnée*).

"I know the resistance, and even the machinations, which the rage of the planters will excite against my motion, and against myself individually; I know also that I shall incur the blame of many honest men in whom the deceptions of interest blind humanity; but I know, beyond that, the distinction your idol, Cicero, makes on this subject: and further, I have but one fear, one solely, for the success of our cause, and that is, the influence of that deplorable argument—*if we abolish the slave-trade, the English will profit thereby.*

"In vain shall I tell them that, did I partake in those prejudices between nation and nation which have caused the invention of the odious expression, *natural enemies*, I could not desire for England a privilege more fatally exclusive than that of the traffic in negroes: in vain shall I demonstrate to them that the system of reciprocity is an absurd system on the face of it, because, according to the principle thereof, no one should trade save with himself; in vain shall I prove that the abolition of the slave-trade is not a measure of choice, but that it becomes inevitably necessary for the one of the two nations, which shall permit itself to be left from giving the example, as soon as the decree is adopted by its neighbor.

"Unhappily, enlightenment has not yet sufficiently advanced to allow a universal prejudice to be combated by the unaided force of reason; and of the well-intentioned voices of the Assembly, I shall lose the greater portion, if I be not able to persuade them that England will infallibly imitate our example: or rather concur in the execution of our law, the day when we abolish that infamous practice.

"It gives me pleasure to believe, Monsieur, that a man such as M. Pitt, sees in so great a question something more than a mere parliamentary evolution; and that, if the party which is opposed to him has thought to embarrass him, by compromising his popularity either with the enemies of liberty or with the slave-traders of Bristol, of Liverpool, &c. &c., it is impossible

for him not to consider among the first citizens of his country, him who, at a period when other men gave hardly any hope, has felt that he could not for a moment balance between the temporary clamors of commerce, and the imperishable glory of having closed the greatest and the most shameful of the plagues which afflict humanity: of having carried one of the revolutions which shall the most promptly ameliorate the destiny of the human race.

"But, Monsieur, everybody has not the same confidence in that opinion of M. Pitt relative to the abolition of the trade; more particularly as the planters have spread, with an infernal activity, the too well-credited report that the English minister has outwitted his adversary, by protecting without the demands of African commerce, while within he showed himself ostensibly the friend of the blacks.

"It is extremely important to me that I should destroy this report; and my zeal, although directed to the cause itself, can never be entirely indifferent to the glory of M. Pitt. We have, without doubt, both of us caution to maintain; for the day so desirable (and for a few who wish its advent, so near) has not yet arrived, when the principal minister of England and a member of the French legislature, animated by the same views, and nearly defenders of the same interests, can correspond together without human respect imposing reserve to their philanthropy: but can we not, Monsieur—you being our organ—give ourselves mutual gages of confidence and good faith? You are the friend of M. Pitt, and that is not one of the least rewards of his life. I have not the honor of knowing you personally, but you are, if I may so speak, the father of the revolution I would accomplish in France relative to the African commerce. The indefatigable constancy of your labors, the efforts and the sacrifices which your inexhaustible feeling has lavished on this cause, are the guarantees of your sentiments and of your principles; in which it is impossible to refuse every confidence, unless you also refuse belief in virtue. I believe in virtue, Monsieur, and I believe, beyond everything, in yours!

"I hope that a man who can have no interest in this beyond the mere good in which he would fain be the useful co-operator, and who, for so many years, has been known at least by his passion for liberty, by his perseverance in opposition to oppressors; I hope, I say, that that man, in his turn, will inspire you

with some confidence. All he asks is, that you should be useful to the pious end which seems your first ambition. Deign to concoct with M. Pitt some assurance you may be able to give me, not for myself, but for my allies; and to tell me to what extent I may use it. I shall be punctilious, even religious, in the observation of whatever shall be prescribed me.

"I offer, also, Monsieur, to submit to you the project of the law that I calculate on proposing to the National Assembly. Independent of the observations your experience and wisdom could enrich me with, you will find me ready to adapt my plan to your localities, whether in the New World or in Africa, in order to make a law corresponding perfectly with yours. To conclude, there is nothing which the beneficent Wilberforce has not a right to expect from my deference, from my zeal, and from the respect wherewith I remain, yours, &c.,

"THE COUNT OF MIRABEAU."[12]

Any praise of ours given to this truly beautiful letter would indeed be "gilding refined gold:" to compare it, whether as a model of subdued epistolary eloquence, or as the expression of enlightened and honorable sentiments, with the imbecile and even silly correspondence teeming throughout the numerous volumes of Wilberforce's life by his sons, cannot fail in producing a verdict highly favorable to the Frenchman. There is a body, a solidity, in the substance of that letter, which we shall search long ere we discover elsewhere. The only thing we have to regret is, that it met with no response. That a Mirabeau, in an admiring, half-timid love and wonder, should address himself to a Wilberforce, and that a Wilberforce should withhold reply, is one of the most singular incongruities of those times. The sons of Wilberforce slip over this very glibly; simply stating the application for the assurance of Pitt's sincerity being made, and adding, "*of course* this could not be given!" *Could* not? That it *was* not is not surprising; considering that it is notorious that Pitt made a convenience of the slave question, and was not in earnest thereon at all. That it was not is natural, calling to mind the narrow-minded, blundering policy then adopted towards France, and reflecting on the supercilious, self-righteous pride which formed the basis of such religionists as him addressed; whereby, professing a reverence for God's book, the precepts therein written are virtually broken, and men, erring men, judge their brothers, pha-

risee-like; although we read that to their own Maker they stand or fall. Considering these things, it is not to be wondered at that the assurance was not given; that an answer was not vouchsafed: but that, were our English abolitionists as sincere as they professed to have been, it could and should have been accorded, we must maintain. To the fact of it not having been, we may attribute Mirabeau never having introduced his moderate and well-digested scheme; so that, what was not well done by him, had to be very badly done by Barrère, three years after his death.

When waiting for a reply, however, Mirabeau busied himself with preparing the oration wherewith to lay this all-important subject before the Assembly. Dumont speaks of him laboring at it with "much affection;"* and, indeed, there is not a line in it but carries with it an irresistible proof of how much Mirabeau had this benevolent design at heart. It is an enormous production; and, if printed, would occupy nearly two hundred pages such as these; and, had it been delivered, it could hardly have failed to have gained the reputation of being Mirabeau's most triumphant oratoric achievement, as it would have indubitably been his longest. From this galaxy of beauties we now make a few selections.

The opening is singularly bold.

"I am now undertaking to plead before you the cause of a race of men who, endowed with a fatal pre-eminence among the unfortunate—experiencing, in a few years, all the griefs which humanity is subject to—live, suffer, and die slaves of the most detestable tyranny of which history has transmitted us accounts.

"You already know that I speak of the slaves of America.

"I will neither degrade this Assembly nor myself by seeking to prove that the negroes have a right to their liberty! You have already decided that question, because you have declared that *all men* ARE BORN AND DIE EQUAL AND FREE; and it is not on this side of the Atlantic that corrupted sophists will dare to assert that the negroes are not men!"

The reader must not imagine from this that Mirabeau asked or advocated anything so absurdly dangerous, as that the slave population should be emancipated instanter. He was too wise a man to propose any such thing: in this, as in almost

* Souvenirs, p. 310.

every measure propagated by him, moderation is predominant; and the scheme he herein proposes, being bound by no anti-slavery theory, is a feasible method and no mere theory. He wished the slave-trade to be immediately stopped, and that those who were already slaves should work themselves gradually free: and experience has taught us, whatever pseudo-humanity and sentimental cant may say, that such a measure was highly preferable to complete emancipation. A man who has been born and bred a slave is less safe to cast on the world, freed in an instant, than a lunatic: with equal reason, a lad of twelve might suddenly be declared a major. It is from this very reason that true freedom never yet was, and never will be, gained by a revolution: it is, like the diamond, the slow growth of centuries.

We will not seek, for an instant, to follow Mirabeau in his arguments; they are too lengthy, and the world has already passed an emphatic assent upon them all. A few disconnected excerpts is all we seek to give.

The supporters of the slave-trade had asserted that it was not *an inhuman commerce*. Mark how Mirabeau replies:—

"Count for nothing the desolations, the incendiaries, the pillages, to which it is necessary to devote the African coast, in order to obtain them at all—with the pains and infinite agonies, the small number of blacks which survive their capture; count for nothing those who during the voyage die, or perish in the distraction of despair; but figure what manner of voyage that is of two thousand, often three thousand, leagues. Behold the model of a vessel laden with these unfortunate beings, and seek not to turn away your gaze! How they are piled one upon the other! How they are crammed into the between-decks! unable to stand erect: nay, even seated, their heads are bowed. More than that, they cannot move their members, tightly bound, nor even their bodies; for, partakers of all the wants, of all the miseries of him who shares their irons, each man is attached to another: often to a dying one, often to a dead body! Mark how the vessel, when it rolls, hurts them, mutilates them, bruises them against each other, tears them with their own chains, and presents thus a thousand tortures in a single picture! They crouch themselves down, all the space is filled; and the insensate cupidity which should succor them has not even foreseen that no room for passage remains, but that it is necessary to tread under foot the bodies of the living victims.

Have they at the least a sufficient quantity of wholesome air? Let us calculate it together. A space of little less than six feet in length, and a little more than a foot in breadth, is the base of the column of air, the smallest possible, which has to suffice for the respiration of each one; so vitiated in a short time in its nature, little renewed by the narrow apertures (which stormy weather, rain, and a hundred divers occurrences, often require to be closed) that air speedily changes into poison. But why should they have more than that? Why should they have it pure? The poor wretches! I see them, I hear them gasping for breath! their parched and protruded tongues paint their anguish, and cannot further express it! How they hang to, how they cluster round the grates! How they endeavor to catch even rays of light, in the vain hope of cooling themselves thereby, were it only for an instant!

"Listen to those groans—behold the last efforts of these wretches, who feel themselves suffocating—then all is silence! That air meted out by barbarity, that air impregnated with grief, with despair, and with blood, is nothing better than a homicidal atmosphere of pestilential vapors; and, despite your efforts, room is only given to the victims by the death of half the captives.

"Let us follow that vessel, or rather that long floating bier, as it traverses the seas which divide the two hemispheres. The wretch who beholds his companion perishing, in vain refrains from motion; the only manner in which he can assist him. Many a time in the course of a day they forget that they are attached to nothing save a corpse; and so is reproduced, as an ordinary event, that torture which has rendered its inventor the type of the most frightful tyrants. The horrible dungeon, as it moves, depopulates itself more and more: negroes and sailors are alike mown down. The most revolting plagues, accumulating one upon another, frustrate, by their ravages, the very avarice which has reared them: the very avarice which has raised gold to buy the men, but would not do it to procure them air—*and this commerce is not inhuman!*"

And so on, until he has drawn the most powerfully vivid of all the numerous horrible pictures the slavery question produced. The following is in reply to the current and popular argument of Great Britain reaping the advantage of the French abolition:—

"Ah! do not let us fear in this instance that political dupli-

city wherewith but too often there has been occasion to accuse England. Rest assured that the sympathy of the most enlightened and the most influential of the English, associates them to the cause I now plead before you: if we had anything to fear, it would be rather that their genius would step before us in the abolition of this traffic! It is too easy to perceive what would then be their political system in this affair: friends, from that moment, of the Africans, to what an extent would not England carry the noble and great offices of friendship? Would it astonish any one to behold her flying swiftly to the coasts of Africa, to defend them against the barbarians trafficking in slaves;* against even her own islands, against all the efforts of Jamaica: if, in defiance of the mother country, that great isle perseveres in the fatal practices of the commerce in negroes? And what power would hinder England from undertaking that magnanimous crusade? or rather, what power would be so little heedful of its own honor to undertake such an odious and perilous enterprise? No, the enlightened friends of humanity never will draw back: the one of the two nations, which the first shall abolish the slave-trade, will force, almost immediately, the other to imitate her: she will have the voices of two worlds for her auxiliaries; she will reap without cost immense advantages, and an imperishable glory!

"Ah! if we but understood true courage, if our humanity did not expend itself in vain discourses, we should sacrifice in many instances our sensuality to the duties which alone can render us free and happy: we should refuse all the productions watered with tears and blood; we should repulse them, until, presented to commerce by pure hands, they did not call to mind the idea of the most horrible of crimes."

Our last extract shall be this concluding paragraph:

"Representatives of the French! do not allow the sacred fire to be extinguished in your keeping! *Do not allow a moment so favorable as the present for softening national enmities to escape you! Found, upon the eternal and unshakeable basis of the interests of humanity, an alliance of the two first powers of Europe; and let them henceforth command the peace of the entire world, instead of deluging it with blood by their factious quarrels.* Let that beautiful system be your pious diplomacy:

* It was not until seventeen years after this was written that slavery was abolished by England: and has not our conduct been exactly as predicted?

that alone is vast enough to conciliate all, to repress all; it is that which, making not the rivalries of commerce, but its absurd hatreds disappear, will confine to the paternal and vigilant care of France and England the liberty of the two hemispheres. For the good of the human race, we should thus imitate the Primary Cause who rules the universe in silence, and who, giving to all a uniform impulse, leaves, nevertheless, an immense latitude to secondary causes!

"Representatives of the French! ye are worthy of soaring to that dignified position. Manifest to all the nations what is the true spirit of our Revolution; which astonishes them so much, which moves them, which excites all their sympathies, but which ought also to instruct them by generous and virtuous examples: all the more necessary, since the blind prejudices of ignorance, or the interested enmity of a proud aristocracy, tend to render that Revolution misunderstood, even while they calumniate it. Prove to the universe that if circumstances have favored your noble and rapid victories over tyranny, they are due, above all, to the inspiration of your philanthropy, to its zeal and intelligence, to its unbending courage and its fervid perseverance; be the protectors of suffering humanity in Jamaica as in St. Domingo, in your colonies as well as in those of the other European States: your decree, longed for in the negro's hut, is the sole hope of his misery. Dry with a word the tears of these unfortunate beings: render their destiny less wretched by opening to them the hope of being one day happier; like the gods, grant all just prayers: spread, by so doing, over all climates the regenerative influence of peace and liberty, and let the restorers of France give freedom to the world!

"I do therefore propose,—

"1st. That his Majesty be supplicated to incessantly lay before the King of Great Britain, the desire of the National Assembly to consult with the English legislation, to effect in a peaceable and lasting manner the entire abolition of the trade in blacks.

"2dly. That the National Assembly name a committee to inquire into the actual troubles which distract the French Colonies; and, in order to present speedily its opinion, above all, into the best method of re-establishing order, that, under a constitution and laws adapted to our colonies, the liberty of the negroes may be prepared to be established: that the public well-being may be placed upon its true foundations, and so attach more and more to the mother country (become now an

equitable mother) those of her children whom, to the present time, she has disinherited from all the rights and privileges of the human race!"

From these extracts, the reader will be able to form an idea of how magnificent a production is the whole composition: this philanthropic and humane oration, wrung from the overflowing benevolent heart of Mirabeau; who ever, amid the hubbub and strife of his arduous political career, and the riotous current of his private life, had still large sympathies for suffering humanity, whether in the aggregate or as individuals: this oration, wrung from him, as one can imagine, in the long midnight watches, with the terrible birth-travail of the heart and brain: this oration was never delivered;—and wherefore? We have no cause to be proud when we reply thereto: it was because the British Philanthropist never saw good to return a reply unto a respectful and far too humble letter; because so narrow-minded and insulated was our foreign policy in those days, that even on a question of common humanity, a friendly correspondence could not take place between a British minister and a foreign statesman. Let the reader compare the enlarged sentiments expressed by Mirabeau in the conclusion of this address, with the meagre and confined views propounded in our House of Commons, down to a very late period, and draw his own conclusions.

We have been led to devote so much space to this almost extraneous matter, not from any importance in the subject now, but because it is so honorable to the memory of Mirabeau. The brilliances of the head, they dazzle men's eyes and compel admiration for a time, but they are comet-like in their essence, and fleetly fade; but the benevolent impulses of the heart endure, ever verdant, for long years, inducing love and sympathetic affection. The *great* deed is a thing of earth, essentially, and dies with its enactor; but the *good* deed lives forever: its influence is of God, and so immortal, and its spirit is not of this world: it is the passport of Eternity!

CHAPTER IX.

MIRABEAU SPEAKING—EULOGIUM ON FRANKLIN—MISCELLANEOUS MONETARY SPEECHES—THE CHATELET IMPEACHMENT—SPEECH ON THE CLERICAL AFFAIRS—MISCELLANEOUS.

From May 24th to the close of 1790.

For a considerable space have we been seeing *what* Mirabeau speaks; let us now briefly examine how and in what manner he speaks it.

When not speaking, he is never quiet; with his keen eye fixed upon the speaker, he every now and then demonstrates, by some outward sign, the inner feeling of his heart. Now applauding, for there is none applaud more heartily than he; now, with his lip curled in proud disdain; now, making gestures of vehement dissent, or seizing a paper and hurriedly passing a comment to a friend, or making a note for his own use. So is he in the Assembly, when not speaking. The manner in which he delivers his orations varies much. If he is reading one of his more elaborately-finished speeches—speeches which have received the suggestions and emendations of his literary hodmen—it is notorious that he does not deliver them well: he hesitates, recalls or miscalls words; nay, very often, only rescues himself from imminent likelihood of a failure by suddenly abandoning his written speech, and branching off into some impulsive and unstudied coruscation. But it is when he is delivering some of his greater efforts—say his "Peace and War" oration, or one of his extemporaneous replies or outbursts, that the physical man rises to the same level as the spiritual—that the actor is worthy of the thinker. All eyes are upon him as he sits, while the debate is yet going on: suddenly he is seen to start unto his feet, and hurry, with long and heavy strides, towards the tribune. Then, high above the anxious, expectant masses, aloft in mid-air, appears his form, and a breathless silence steals over the assemblage, as the renowned Titan-orator essays to discourse a little. His beginning is not striking; slightly stooping his form and casting

down his glance, his voice sounds low and but semi-audible, and his language is confused and scarce intelligible, like that of a dreamy, absent man; but suddenly, even while you are wondering if that tedious prater can be the great Mirabeau, his whole body is convulsed, like a rapt Cassandra or Pythoness; his entire frame quivers with emotion; he flings back his head and tosses his long, thick locks defiantly; expands the broad surface of his ample breast; his nostrils dilate, and his large black eyes glare with a fearful and miraculous light; his low, tremulous accents swell into powerful and melodious organ notes, and roll richly through the spacious hall: and then, with his arms keeping singular and half-grotesque action-accompaniment, he pours forth, in an unbroken and miraculous stream, the riches of his exalted and no less miraculous intellect; until his very enemies are constrained to exclaim, "The age of the mythologic deities is not past: here, in these latter times, is a man-god." So speaks King Mirabeau unto his liegemen.

The supernatural labors Mirabeau performed in carrying his motion on the war-declaration question, and in combating the fierce rancor of the anarchists thereupon incurred, brought on a severe attack of ophthalmia and partial blindness, to which he had been a victim ever since his sojourn at Vincennes; and which prevented his attending the debates for about a fortnight. On the 11th of June news reached Paris that Mirabeau's friend, the venerable Franklin, had died on the 17th of the preceding April, at Boston; and on the same day Mirabeau appeared in the tribune, and pronounced, to a silent and sympathetic audience, the following elegant eulogium:—

"Franklin is dead! Returned into the bosom of the divinity is that genius which freed America, and rayed forth upon Europe torrents of light.

"The sage whom the two worlds alike claim—the man for whom the history of science and the history of empires are disputing—held, beyond doubt, an elevated rank in the human species.

"For long enough have political cabinets notified the death of those who were only great in their funeral orations; for long enough has court-etiquette proclaimed hypocritical mourning. Nations should only wear mourning for their benefactors. The representatives of nations ought only to recommend to their homage the heroes of humanity.

"The Congress has ordained, in the fourteen States of the

early in June: on the 18th, the Assembly prayed the king to see to the safety of the viscount. The day following, Mirabeau himself, arguing upon the inviolability of members, demanded that the mayor should be ordered to deliver up the viscount, and that that individual should be summoned to answer for his conduct to the Assembly. This was agreed to; and on the 27th Mirabeau again befriended his brother, by procuring him permission to defend himself, not as a prisoner from the bar, but as a deputy from the tribune. This was also agreed to; and the viscount defended himself. But a committee appointed to examine the matter on the 27th of August, decided that there were grounds for accusation; proposing that the viscount should be tried by a council of war, or court-martial. To this the hasty and aristocratic Barrel responded by resigning his commission and seat, and crossing the Rhine to his friends, the emigrants. In the face of this, Mirabeau fought manfully for his brother, contending earnestly that there was no ground for accusation; but, on the 2d of September, the Assembly decided that there was: and so the case was ended.

Nothing of importance occurs from that day to the 2d of October; when the Assembly was to decide whether or not the Châtelet was correct, when it had arrived at the conclusion that the evidence received by them was sufficient to warrant the impeachment of the Duke of Orleans and Mirabeau, for having caused the Versailles insurrection. Having disposed of this subject already, we shall only say that the Assembly emphatically declared that it was not so: that "Mirabeau descended to his place amid the noise of the most violent and universal applause, which accompanied him unto his place, and prolonged itself long after he was seated. *The nobles, bishops, witnesses — ashamed, embarrassed — seemed to have changed places; and the accusers found themselves accused:*" * that, in our opinion, Mirabeau entirely demolishes the Châtelet evidence; and that whosoever wishes to judge for himself, will find the reply at full length in the eighth volume of the *Fils Adoptif*.

On the 21st, Mirabeau strenuously advocated the national tricolor being substituted for the old white standard in the French navy; which the foolish and culpably rash ministers

* Ferrières, ii. 181.

had hitherto excluded therefrom. Also, at the same period, he prepared a speech on the ministers having seats in the Assembly, with a view to obtaining a retraction of their former decree: but it was never introduced.

A few remarks on the aspect of Europe was found among his papers; and most probably were written somewhere about this time. They are remarkable, if it were only for their forcible conclusion, which is thus:—

"Burke has said that 'France only presents to the politician a great void:' Burke has uttered a great absurdity, for that void is a volcano; whereof one cannot, without imprudence, for one moment lose sight of either the subterraneous agitations, or the probable eruptions!"

On the 6th of November, Mirabeau appeared at the bar, at the head of a deputation of the "Society of Friends of the Constitution" (since the "Jacobins"), and there read an address, written by him, praying that the Tennis-Court should be decreed a national monument, and preserved as such. A few days after, occurred the duel between Charles Lameth and the Duke of Castries; which led to the famous sacking of the hotel of the latter on the 12th; and on the 13th, the Assembly in taking cognizance of the riot, experienced what we may term a Billingsgate debate, in which Mirabeau also joined, with a singular and reprehensible coarseness. In censuring the rioters, he was also animadverting, very justly, on the insanely irritating speeches made by the *coté droit*, when the Marquis of Foucault, interrupting him, exclaimed, "M. de Mirabeau always crushes me with irony;" to which Mirabeau replied promptly, "Since you are not fond of irony, you shall have the profoundest contempt." A reply which is curious as an instance of to what vulgarity a great man may descend.

One of the most delicate and most prominent of all topics whereunto the attention of the legislature was called, was that of the clerical affairs. The abolition of tithes—the absorption of the church property—had been far from agreeable to the whole nation; and as the priests stirred up endless strife, the Assembly, by way of silencing them, on the 12th of July, passed a batch of edicts, under the head of "The Civil Constitution of the Clergy," wherein a great onslaught was made upon the ecclesiastical privileges. The title of archbishop was entirely swept away; the number of bishops was reduced, and their dioceses equalized; the curés were thenceforth to be

elected by the people; every priest was to take an oath of fidelity to the nation; and innumerable other such-like regulations were adopted.

On no subject are evil passions aroused so easily as on that of religion; and a zealous dogmatist can hardly ever be a Christian. Therefore, there arose the most violent opposition to these decrees; the king refused his sanction timidly for some time, and then in August gave them his assent: wherefor Pope Pius VI. favored him with an insolent reproachful letter. However just their quarrel, one thing is very certain, the clergy demeaned themselves in their opposition in an outrageous and unclerical manner. The people were excited by them everywhere to rise against the constituted authorities; and nothing was spared, from Jesuitic sophistry to Papal bulls, to incite or terrify the ignorant to riot and incendiarism. This conduct, at once rebellious and dangerous, was inquired into by a special committee, who brought up its report on the 26th of November; and on the 27th Mirabeau propounded his opinion on the subjects in consideration.

His views on that momentous and delicate question are at once temperate, just, and elevated; there is a judicious admixture of tearing down numerous anomalies and superstitious prejudices, and of allaying the illiberal, persecuting spirit, then dominant among the revolutionary party in the Assembly. The former portion of his speech is devoted to a refutation of the casuistic and seditious positions taken by the clergy in their numerous pamphlets, &c.; and the latter to a brief proposal of several decrees to be passed relative thereunto.

The clergy asserted that the Pope was the power to decide the dispute, and not the National Assembly; the Pope being a higher authority to all true Catholics. This Mirabeau brands as an attempt to "arm France catholic against France free," and speedily dismisses it as an exploded usurpation. They then charged the Assembly with "straitening the ancient jurisdiction of the church, and of misconceiving the necessity and limits of a power which she exercised under the Pagan emperors, and even in the days of persecution." To this he replies with the invincible argument, that they being then unconnected with the State, and self-supported, had every right to unlimited sway over the church; which then was alone injured by their spiritual tyranny. Since when, the State, having lifted the church from its poverty and endowed her with riches, had every

right to direct her civil constitution. He paints the anxiety, the efforts of the church to effect an avowal, a union with the State, and then administers this severe reproof:

"It is at the very moment when you are rendering her inseparable from the nation; when you are incorporating her in the existence of this great empire; when you are consecrating to the perpetuating of her reign and her worship the solidest portion of the substance of the State: it is at the very moment when you are so gloriously making her share in the division of the finest kingdom in the universe, and when, planting the sign of Christianity upon the heights of all the departments of France, you are confessing before the face of all nations and all centuries that God is as necessary as liberty to the French people—it is at this very moment that our bishops have chosen to denounce you as violators of the rights of religion; to brand you with the character of the ancient persecutors of Christianity; to impute to you, by consequence, the crime of having wished to tear, to wither up, the last resource of public order; to extinguish the last hope of unfortunate virtue!"

The next objection was, that the election of the *curés* by the people would ruin religion. To this he replies, by demonstrating how pure and uncorrupt was the existing system of appointment; and manifesting that, if ancient forms were so irrefragable, the system of the congregation electing its own pastor was the earliest form of all. But to evade this, the clergy had asserted that the proposed system of popular priest-choosing was at variance with the early forms of election, and so inadmissible. This ridiculous cavil Mirabeau answers, by showing how remorselessly they could, when their interest or comfort was concerned, forget the usages of antiquity; and by impeaching the sincerity of their veneration for these ancient formulas.

"They do not sincerely desire order and justice; they only wish to sow division, and to disorganize; they are only irritated by the force of that dignity wherewith you have opposed the torrent of sacerdotal passions; they seek to paralyze the constitution of the State, in order to revive the ancient constitution of the clergy; they aspire to multiply all your labors by the length and continuity of the interruptions they give you, and to see all our political scenes resolve themselves into the horrors of a religious war."

He then goes on to the next objection, that the legislature had no right of interference with the dioceses and jurisdiction

of the bishops. The function of bishop is, Mirabeau affirms, a religious office; and in that capacity a bishop is a bishop to all catholics, whether in his diocese or not, in his capacity of divine overseer: but in that of civil lord, whose seignorial rights are confined within a certain boundary, he is only bishop to the inhabitants of his diocese; consequently, while the spiritual function of the bishop is a divine institution, that of the diocesan is purely civil. Then, proceeding to consider the deleterious results of this religious sedition, he launches at them the following warning:—

"Prelates and pastors! I do not possess beyond the rest of mortals the gift of prophecy, but I have some knowledge of the characters of men, and of the course of events. Are you aware what will happen, if the ecclesiastics, persevering in their opposition to the spirit of liberty, make the people at last despair of their conversion to the constitution, and, consequently, of their aptitude for being citizens? The public indignation, risen to its height, will no longer permit the instruction of the nation to remain confided to the enemies of your prosperity; and that which would be to-day, perhaps, a violent motion, will not be delayed from gaining the character of a reasonable and wise measure, commanded by the necessity of maintaining the safety of the State. They will propose to the National Assembly, as the only means for purifying the heart of the nation of all the ancient leaven, which would fain reinfuse itself into its organs,—they will propose to decree the universal nullity of all ecclesiastical appointments made under the old system: to submit them all to the election of the departments; to instruct the people to select for themselves pastors worthy of their confidence, that they might thus be enabled to cherish in the apostles of religion the friends of their deliverance and their liberty."

He then concluded by submitting a variety of decrees, in order, by moderate and effective present legislation, to do away with the necessity for such future severity. These were, 1st. To declare every bishop deposed who might be convicted of having applied to the Holy See for his episcopal investment. 2d. To declare the vacancy of the see of any bishop who should have solicited from the Pope any canonical investment giving him power over any district not included in his new diocese. 3d. To depose also any bishop who should refuse to ordain *curés* elected under the new system. 4th. To withhold the

salary from any ecclesiastic who should protest against any decree of the Assembly, approved and sanctioned by the king. 5th. To prosecute for the crime of nation-treason, all ecclesiastics who, in any pastoral letter, &c., should decry the laws or the revolution. 6th. To declare that vicars must be chosen from ecclesiastics constitutionally elected. 7th. To declare that none can administer confession who have not taken the civic oath before the municipality. And lastly. That, the number of priests being swollen inordinately by the opening of the convents, all ordinations should be prohibited for the time being.

If these measures seem tyrannous and too severe, let the fact of their being rejected by the Assembly as too moderate, be their excuse. There is no despotism so terrible as that of a thousand autocrats, calling themselves lovers of freedom. See how beautifully liberty of conscience and gentle castigation are blended in the decrees passed by the Assembly, instead of those Mirabeau propounded. "That all ecclesiastics in exercise of their functions, prelates, *curés*, vicars, &c. &c. be compelled to take the civic oath with no delay whatsoever. That all ecclesiastical deputies be compelled to receive the oath in presence of the Assembly within eight days; all refusing, to be expelled. That ecclesiastics who, after having taken the oath, refuse to obey sanctioned decrees, who form or excite oppositions, be deprived of their salary, prosecuted as rebels, stripped of their rights as active citizens, and rendered incapable of any public function. That all ecclesiastics remaining in the exercise of their functions, who would do so without having taken the oath; all titularies of suppressed offices endeavoring to continue them, shall be prosecuted as disturbers of the public repose." And it needed a revolution to produce a law like that! Nero or our Mary would have enacted one as good.

Had Mirabeau's code been adopted, he would have followed it up with other reforms in the ecclesiastical law: among others was the abolition of forced celibacy, on which topic he prepared an acutely-argued discourse; but which he never delivered. He combats the celibacists in this manner:—

"A single glance upon the organization of all nature, suffices to discover what has been the real will of the Creator: he himself has given the precept of marriage: he has repro-

bated even involuntary sterility; and these men have dared to upraise themselves against God, by opposing an unnatural and cruel law to that law of peace and love; the primitive basis, the divine principle of society.

"But if marriage has founded society, society can only be preserved by marriage: it appertains, therefore, as much to polity as to religion; for they have one common end,—the union, multiplication, and happiness of man.

"What, in effect, really is marriage? A civil contract, whereof all the consequences relate to society; and which, altogether, is under the domain of the civil laws.

"In what manner, to what end, does the Church interfere in marriage? She blesses it: she adjusts it to a religious form we name a sacrament; but that holy ceremony, exterior to the matrimonial contract, cannot constitute its essence. It is meet enough for religion to proclaim marriage, to give it a character of publicity, to mark with a seal of honor and decency the cohabitation of the espoused twain, already bound by their contract: and, if it thus solemnizes their union, it is, above all, to make it an example: to cover with flowers that inevitable chain which binds the two sexes to nature as to society.

"Religion counsels, therefore, commands, therefore, the marriage it thus consecrates: and, lo and behold, the ministers of that religion shun it, combat it, despise it! Who cannot see that these ministers are not herein the organs of religion, but rather the slaves of some other doctrine less pure; of some other power less legitimate?"

"Thus the Church has been able to say to a numerous class of citizens; to those whom she selects to be an example to the world:—'It is in vain that nature imposes upon you the obligation of perpetuating your existence by your descendants; that she solicits you thereunto by the most universal, the most imperious law: it is in vain that religion incites you to conjugal union, by precepts, by examples, by authorities; it is in vain that society, agreeing with religion and nature, presses you to form that honorable, that virtuous tie; it matters naught: we withhold from you as profane that which nature, religion, society call sacred; we isolate you from the civil world; you shall be holy after your own fashion; you shall live in society, but you shall not live for her; you shall only be united to us; your holiness shall be an abnegation of the quality of man; your state, a violation of the first social duty."

On the 12th of December, he spoke at considerable length on the subject of a large issue of coin, in small pieces of silver—*billon*—and copper; and his speech is a purely mercantile and mechanical examination into tedious details.

On the 13th, he introduced a string of propositions relative to the organization of the municipalities and tribunals. On the 20th, he proposed that the king should be desired to send a corps of soldiers and three commissioners to Aix: which town had been distracted by prison-forcings and aristocratic massacres; and Mirabeau himself procured a passport, with the intent to endeavor to allay the excited frenzy in person, by his popularity and decision; but press of business prevented him from going.

And so, amid debatings and Aix riotings, and innumerable such like disturbances, did 1790 fade away from him. His last year had been reaped from the field of Time, and was gathered into the garner of Eternity; there to remain until that great day when the wheat is winnowed from the chaff; when the good and true deed is parted from the bad and false deed: that to be placed for ever, star-glittering, in the diadem of Heaven; this to be speedily blown into annihilation, or burnt in the inexorable fires of hell: for there is no act, no word, no thought even, that has not an everlasting tendency, be it good or evil; that does not remain through all eternity a testimony of our shame or glory!

CHAPTER X.

ON THE CLERGY AGAIN—WAR MEASURE—ON THE TOBACCO DUTIES—MIRABEAU PRESIDENT—DEPUTATION OF QUAKERS—SPEECH ON THE EMIGRATION LAWS—MISCELLANEOUS—ON THE REGENCY.

January 1st to March 22d, 1791.

The story of Mirabeau's legislative career draws fleetly to a close; fading away like an expiring bale-fire, which having irradiated from its lofty mountain-seat, a beacon through the grim night season, pales slowly as the great to-morrow dawns.

The decree of the 27th of November, relative to the clergy,

bated even involuntary sterility; and these men have dared to upraise themselves against God, by opposing an unnatural and cruel law to that law of peace and love; the primitive basis, the divine principle of society.

"But if marriage has founded society, society can only be preserved by marriage: it appertains, therefore, as much to polity as to religion; for they have one common end,—the union, multiplication, and happiness of man.

"What, in effect, really is marriage? A civil contract, whereof all the consequences relate to society; and which, altogether, is under the domain of the civil laws.

"In what manner, to what end, does the Church interfere in marriage? She blesses it: she adjusts it to a religious form we name a sacrament; but that holy ceremony, exterior to the matrimonial contract, cannot constitute its essence. It is meet enough for religion to proclaim marriage, to give it a character of publicity, to mark with a seal of honor and decency the cohabitation of the espoused twain, already bound by their contract: and, if it thus solemnizes their union, it is, above all, to make it an example: to cover with flowers that inevitable chain which binds the two sexes to nature as to society.

"Religion counsels, therefore, commands, therefore, the marriage it thus consecrates: and, lo and behold, the ministers of that religion shun it, combat it, despise it! Who cannot see that these ministers are not herein the organs of religion, but rather the slaves of some other doctrine less pure; of some other power less legitimate?"

"Thus the Church has been able to say to a numerous class of citizens; to those whom she selects to be an example to the world:—'It is in vain that nature imposes upon you the obligation of perpetuating your existence by your descendants; that she solicits you thereunto by the most universal, the most imperious law: it is in vain that religion incites you to conjugal union, by precepts, by examples, by authorities; it is in vain that society, agreeing with religion and nature, presses you to form that honorable, that virtuous tie; it matters naught: we withhold from you as profane that which nature, religion, society call sacred; we isolate you from the civil world; you shall be holy after your own fashion; you shall live in society, but you shall not live for her; you shall only be united to us; your holiness shall be an abnegation of the quality of man; your state, a violation of the first social duty."

On the 12th of December, he spoke at considerable length on the subject of a large issue of coin, in small pieces of silver—*billon*—and copper; and his speech is a purely mercantile and mechanical examination into tedious details.

On the 13th, he introduced a string of propositions relative to the organization of the municipalities and tribunals. On the 20th, he proposed that the king should be desired to send a corps of soldiers and three commissioners to Aix: which town had been distracted by prison-forcings and aristocratic massacres; and Mirabeau himself procured a passport, with the intent to endeavor to allay the excited frenzy in person, by his popularity and decision; but press of business prevented him from going.

And so, amid debatings and Aix riotings, and innumerable such like disturbances, did 1790 fade away from him. His last year had been reaped from the field of Time, and was gathered into the garner of Eternity; there to remain until that great day when the wheat is winnowed from the chaff; when the good and true deed is parted from the bad and false deed: that to be placed for ever, star-glittering, in the diadem of Heaven; this to be speedily blown into annihilation, or burnt in the inexorable fires of hell: for there is no act, no word, no thought even, that has not an everlasting tendency, be it good or evil; that does not remain through all eternity a testimony of our shame or glory!

CHAPTER X.

ON THE CLERGY AGAIN—WAR MEASURE—ON THE TOBACCO DUTIES—MIRABEAU PRESIDENT—DEPUTATION OF QUAKERS—SPEECH ON THE EMIGRATION LAWS—MISCELLANEOUS—ON THE REGENCY.

January 1st to March 22d, 1791.

THE story of Mirabeau's legislative career draws fleetly to a close; fading away like an expiring bale-fire, which having irradiated from its lofty mountain-seat, a beacon through the grim night season, pales slowly as the great to-morrow dawns.

The decree of the 27th of November, relative to the clergy,

having been cunningly evaded by that body, it became necessary to take cognizance of their conduct. On the 4th of January, the Assembly ordered the ecclesiastical deputies to take the oath before leaving the hall: much against the wish of Mirabeau, who was as strong an opponent of the tyranny of democracy as of that of aristocracy. The majority did not comply; and so, having been a second time ordered, the Assembly demanded that the law should have its course, and the various pains and penalties be put into immediate execution. With a view to filling the vacancies thus likely to occur, Mirabeau proposed, that any priest who had been a minister for five years should be eligible to the highest offices in the church. This was passed on the 7th; and the Assembly also, by way of vindicating its conduct to the nation, appointed a committee to prepare an address to the people, on the subject of the clerical affairs. This the committee were engaged in compiling, when they heard that Mirabeau had already completed a similar work; they, therefore, made application to him, and the result was, that on the 14th, instead of the committee bringing up its address, Mirabeau appeared in the tribune, and read one of his own composition, to which the committee had given their sanction.

If extended liberality, leagued to a firm devotion to religion and morality; if vehement denunciation, united to splendid and picturesque imagery; fierce sarcasm and invective, to tear-drawing exhortations and invitations; and these, couched in the most forcible and elegant language; and, added to all this, if the hearty and constantly-recurring plaudits of the hearers be any criterion of eloquence; we may very safely venture to affirm that this is the completest, most brilliant, and altogether masterly of all Mirabeau's parliamentary efforts. It is as the last red gleam the summer sun shoots up into the western heavens ere it sinks beneath the dim horizon. Beyond all this, it possesses the incalculable advantage of not being entirely upon a shelved topic; the greater portion being on a subject still interesting—nay, becoming day by day more interesting, and even prominent.

After a few opening remarks, he abruptly enters into the points at issue, thus:—*

* Anxious to give this oration in a garment worthy it, we have departed more than is our custom from the literal wording, though the sense has never in any instance been altered.

"We are reproached with having refused positively to decree that the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion is *the religion of the nation:*

"With having changed, without the assent of ecclesiastical authority, the ancient boundaries of the diocese; and, by that measure, as well as in several branches of the civil organization of the clergy, of having given disturbance to the episcopal power:

"Lastly, with having abolished the ancient manner of nominating pastors, transferring the election to the suffrages of the people.

"Upon these three heads hinge all these accusations of irreligion and persecution, whereby attempts are made to cast a stigma on the uprightness, the wisdom, and the orthodoxy of your representatives;* who are now about to reply, not so much for their own exculpation, as with the view of forewarning the real friends of religion against the clamors of hypocrites, who are foes to the Revolution.

"To declare the Christian† religion to be the *national* religion, would be equivalent to casting a stain upon the dearest and most necessary attribute of Christianity. For the most part, religion is not connected with civil society; it is a relation between man as an individual, and the infinite Being who created him. Could you understand his meaning who told you of a national conscience? Certainly, then, religion is no more national than conscience: for a man is not in reality pious merely because he is a member of some state church; and although there were upon the earth only one religion, and all mankind should unite in professing it, still it would be true that every man would experience a proper sensation of religion, only in proportion as he adhered firmly to his own: that is, only in proportion as he would still cling to that universal religion, were the whole human race to abjure it. . . .

"There can be nothing *national* in an empire, save institutions established for the purpose of effecting political results; and religion being merely the relation between the reason and spirituality of mankind and the Divine reason, the universal spirit it worships, that religion cannot, in that light, assume any

* It was in the form of an address to the people, be it remembered.

† He means the "Catholic," but throughout he speaks of the Roman dogmas as the sole Christian code; whereas Mohammedism is considerably nearer Christianity than they are.

civil or legislative form. The very essence of Christianity excludes it almost entirely from every scheme of local legislation. God did not ordain that light to give forms and colors to the social organization of the French; but he placed it in the midst of the universe, in order that it might serve as a rallying point and centre of union to all humanity. Why, then, do they not censure us for never having declared that the sun is the national luminary, and that no other sun shall be recognized by law, for the governance of our nights and days! . . .

"Christianity, feeble and tottering at its birth, sought not the assistance of laws nor the patronage of governments. Its ministers would have scorned the idea of a *legal* existence; as it was only necessary that God should be apparent in what was his work alone: and at this moment we should feel the want of the most convincing proof of its truth, had those who in earlier times professed that holy religion discovered it in the legislation of empires.

"O, singular inconsistency! Who are they who demand from as, with so much clamor and a bitterness so unchristian-like, an edict for making Christianity constitutional? They are the very men who condemned the new constitution; who represented it as an overthrow of all the laws of justice and wisdom; who, from all sides, cried out against it as the instrument of perverseness, of violence, and of vengeance. They are the very men who informed us that that constitution would prove the ruin of the state and the shame of the French nation. O, perfidious men! why would ye introduce a religion which ye profess to love and adore, into a legislative system ye so glory in decrying and detesting? Why would ye blend together that which is the most august and holy essence in the universe, with what ye deem the most execrable monument of human malice? . . .

"No, men of France, it is not good faith nor sincere piety which arouses amid your representatives such contests about religion: human passions are the cause—passions which endeavor to shroud themselves under an imposing mask, in order to cover with more impunity their dark and iniquitous designs." He here takes a swift survey of the first foundation of Christianity by Christ and his apostles; and so demonstrated that the church, in its purest and most orthodox state, neither had

nor sought to gain any temporal authority whatsoever: and so be disposed of the first complaint.

He then attacks the second: that of having unjustifiably altered the boundaries of the dioceses. One would imagine that this subject had been entirely exhausted in his former speech: but such is not the case. There is no repetition of argument, neither is there any lack thereof. He denies expressly that there is any interference in ecclesiastical affairs; proving beyond doubt that the diocese question is a purely civil and territorial question. The man's bishopship is his relation to Catholicism, he says, and his diocese has nothing to do therewith—is merely his relation to the state. But why require the sanction of the bishop of Rome more than of any other bishop? He is, Mirabeau contends, not any higher than any other, but merely, for convenience sake, the point of centre for the church. St. Peter, he argues, was not higher than St. Paul or St. John; and, therefore, why should the successor of St. Peter have sway over those of St. Paul, or of any other other apostle? No: clearly all bishops are equal, "are essentially invested with the management of the universal church, as were the apostles: their mission is actual, direct, and independent of all local limitation. The ordinance of episcopacy suffices for the institution, and they have no more need for the sanction of the Roman Pontiff, than St. Paul had for that of St. Peter."

The third complaint of their having changed the system of appointing pastors, to popular election, is next treated by him in as masterly a manner. He commences by showing from St. Paul, that the ministry is a service for men and not for God, and therefore comes under civil control whenever these men are paid by the civil power.

"The priestly office is a ministry of humanity, of humility, of charity, and of zeal. Hence it is that St. Paul advises, that it should be delegated only to men who are imbued with a sensitive and paternal disposition; to men who have long been accustomed to beneficence, and well known to the people by their peaceful inclinations, and by their benevolent habits. Hence it is, also, that he points out, as fit judges of their aptitude for the episcopal functions, and for becoming pastors of the people, those who have been witnesses of their behavior and the objects of their care.

"And, yet, because the National Assembly of France, com-

elected by the people; every priest was to take an oath of fidelity to the nation; and innumerable other such-like regulations were adopted.

On no subject are evil passions aroused so easily as on that of religion; and a zealous dogmatist can hardly ever be a Christian. Therefore, there arose the most violent opposition to these decrees; the king refused his sanction timidly for some time, and then in August gave them his assent: wherefor Pope Pius VI. favored him with an insolent reproachful letter. However just their quarrel, one thing is very certain, the clergy demeaned themselves in their opposition in an outrageous and unclerical manner. The people were excited by them everywhere to rise against the constituted authorities; and nothing was spared, from Jesuitic sophistry to Papal bulls, to incite or terrify the ignorant to riot and incendiarism. This conduct, at once rebellious and dangerous, was inquired into by a special committee, who brought up its report on the 26th of November; and on the 27th Mirabeau propounded his opinion on the subjects in consideration.

His views on that momentous and delicate question are at once temperate, just, and elevated; there is a judicious admixture of tearing down numerous anomalies and superstitious prejudices, and of allaying the illiberal, persecuting spirit, then dominant among the revolutionary party in the Assembly. The former portion of his speech is devoted to a refutation of the casuistic and seditious positions taken by the clergy in their numerous pamphlets, &c.; and the latter to a brief proposal of several decrees to be passed relative thereunto.

The clergy asserted that the Pope was the power to decide the dispute, and not the National Assembly; the Pope being a higher authority to all true Catholics. This Mirabeau brands as an attempt to "arm France catholic against France free," and speedily dismisses it as an exploded usurpation. They then charged the Assembly with "straitening the ancient jurisdiction of the church, and of misconceiving the necessity and limits of a power which she exercised under the Pagan emperors, and even in the days of persecution." To this he replies with the invincible argument, that they being then unconnected with the State, and self-supported, had every right to unlimited sway over the church; which then was alone injured by their spiritual tyranny. Since when, the State, having lifted the church from its poverty and endowed her with riches, had every

right to direct her civil constitution. He paints the anxiety, the efforts of the church to effect an avowal, a union with the State, and then administers this severe reproof:

"It is at the very moment when you are rendering her inseparable from the nation; when you are incorporating her in the existence of this great empire; when you are consecrating to the perpetuating of her reign and her worship the solidest portion of the substance of the State: it is at the very moment when you are so gloriously making her share in the division of the finest kingdom in the universe, and when, planting the sign of Christianity upon the heights of all the departments of France, you are confessing before the face of all nations and all centuries that GOD is as necessary as liberty to the French people—it is at this very moment that our bishops have chosen to denounce you as violators of the rights of religion; to brand you with the character of the ancient persecutors of Christianity; to impute to you, by consequence, the crime of having wished to tear, to wither up, the last resource of public order; to extinguish the last hope of unfortunate virtue!"

The next objection was, that the election of the *curés* by the people would ruin religion. To this he replies, by demonstrating how pure and uncorrupt was the existing system of appointment; and manifesting that, if ancient forms were so irrefragable, the system of the congregation electing its own pastor was the earliest form of all. But to evade this, the clergy had asserted that the proposed system of popular priest-choosing was at variance with the early forms of election, and so inadmissible. This ridiculous cavil Mirabeau answers, by showing how remorselessly they could, when their interest or comfort was concerned, forget the usages of antiquity; and by impeaching the sincerity of their veneration for these ancient formulas.

"They do not sincerely desire order and justice; they only wish to sow division, and to disorganize; they are only irritated by the force of that dignity wherewith you have opposed the torrent of sacerdotal passions; they seek to paralyze the constitution of the State, in order to revive the ancient constitution of the clergy; they aspire to multiply all your labors by the length and continuity of the interruptions they give you, and to see all our political scenes resolve themselves into the horrors of a religious war."

He then goes on to the next objection, that the legislature had no right of interference with the dioceses and jurisdiction

of the bishops. The function of bishop is, Mirabeau affirms, a religious office; and in that capacity a bishop is a bishop to all catholics, whether in his diocese or not, in his capacity of divine overseer: but in that of civil lord, whose seignorial rights are confined within a certain boundary, he is only bishop to the inhabitants of his diocese; consequently, while the spiritual function of the bishop is a divine institution, that of the diocesan is purely civil. Then, proceeding to consider the deleterious results of this religious sedition, he launches at them the following warning:—

"Prelates and pastors! I do not possess beyond the rest of mortals the gift of prophecy, but I have some knowledge of the characters of men, and of the course of events. Are you aware what will happen, if the ecclesiastics, persevering in their opposition to the spirit of liberty, make the people at last despair of their conversion to the constitution, and, consequently, of their aptitude for being citizens? The public indignation, risen to its height, will no longer permit the instruction of the nation to remain confided to the enemies of your prosperity; and that which would be to-day, perhaps, a violent motion, will not be delayed from gaining the character of a reasonable and wise measure, commanded by the necessity of maintaining the safety of the State. They will propose to the National Assembly, as the only means for purifying the heart of the nation of all the ancient leaven, which would fain reinfuse itself into its organs,—they will propose to decree the universal nullity of all ecclesiastical appointments made under the old system: to submit them all to the election of the departments; to instruct the people to select for themselves pastors worthy of their confidence, that they might thus be enabled to cherish in the apostles of religion the friends of their deliverance and their liberty."

He then concluded by submitting a variety of decrees, in order, by moderate and effective present legislation, to do away with the necessity for such future severity. These were, 1st. To declare every bishop deposed who might be convicted of having applied to the Holy See for his episcopal investment. 2d. To declare the vacancy of the see of any bishop who should have solicited from the Pope any canonical investment giving him power over any district not included in his new diocese. 3d. To depose also any bishop who should refuse to ordain *curés* elected under the new system. 4th. To withhold the

salary from any ecclesiastic who should protest against any decree of the Assembly, approved and sanctioned by the king. 5th. To prosecute for the crime of nation-treason, all ecclesiastics who, in any pastoral letter, &c., should decry the laws or the revolution. 6th. To declare that vicars must be chosen from ecclesiastics constitutionally elected. 7th. To declare that none can administer confession who have not taken the civic oath before the municipality. And lastly. That, the number of priests being swollen inordinately by the opening of the convents, all ordinations should be prohibited for the time being.

If these measures seem tyrannous and too severe, let the fact of their being rejected by the Assembly as too moderate, be their excuse. There is no despotism so terrible as that of a thousand autocrats, calling themselves lovers of freedom. See how beautifully liberty of conscience and gentle castigation are blended in the decrees passed by the Assembly, instead of those Mirabeau propounded. "That all ecclesiastics in exercise of their functions, prelates, *curés*, vicars, &c. &c. be compelled to take the civic oath with no delay whatsoever. That all ecclesiastical deputies be compelled to receive the oath in presence of the Assembly within eight days; all refusing, to be expelled. That ecclesiastics who, after having taken the oath, refuse to obey sanctioned decrees, who form or excite oppositions, be deprived of their salary, prosecuted as rebels, stripped of their rights as active citizens, and rendered incapable of any public function. That all ecclesiastics remaining in the exercise of their functions, who would do so without having taken the oath; all titularies of suppressed offices endeavoring to continue them, shall be prosecuted as disturbers of the public repose." And it needed a revolution to produce a law like that! Nero or our Mary would have enacted one as good.

Had Mirabeau's code been adopted, he would have followed it up with other reforms in the ecclesiastical law: among others was the abolition of forced celibacy, on which topic he prepared an acutely-argued discourse; but which he never delivered. He combats the celibacists in this manner:—

"A single glance upon the organization of all nature, suffices to discover what has been the real will of the Creator: he himself has given the precept of marriage: he has repro-

bated even involuntary sterility; and these men have dared to upraise themselves against God, by opposing an unnatural and cruel law to that law of peace and love; the primitive basis, the divine principle of society.

"But if marriage has founded society, society can only be preserved by marriage: it appertains, therefore, as much to polity as to religion; for they have one common end,—the union, multiplication, and happiness of man.

"What, in effect, really is marriage? A civil contract, whereof all the consequences relate to society; and which, altogether, is under the domain of the civil laws.

"In what manner, to what end, does the Church interfere in marriage? She blesses it: she adjusts it to a religious form we name a sacrament; but that holy ceremony, exterior to the matrimonial contract, cannot constitute its essence. It is meet enough for religion to proclaim marriage, to give it a character of publicity, to mark with a seal of honor and decency the cohabitation of the espoused twain, already bound by their contract: and, if it thus solemnizes their union, it is, above all, to make it an example: to cover with flowers that inevitable chain which binds the two sexes to nature as to society.

"Religion counsels, therefore, commands, therefore, the marriage it thus consecrates: and, lo and behold, the ministers of that religion shun it, combat it, despise it! Who cannot see that these ministers are not herein the organs of religion, but rather the slaves of some other doctrine less pure; of some other power less legitimate?"

"Thus the Church has been able to say to a numerous class of citizens; to those whom she selects to be an example to the world:—'It is in vain that nature imposes upon you the obligation of perpetuating your existence by your descendants; that she solicits you thereunto by the most universal, the most imperious law: it is in vain that religion incites you to conjugal union, by precepts, by examples, by authorities; it is in vain that society, agreeing with religion and nature, presses you to form that honorable, that virtuous tie; it matters naught: we withhold from you as profane that which nature, religion, society call sacred; we isolate you from the civil world; you shall be holy after your own fashion; you shall live in society, but you shall not live for her; you shall only be united to us; your holiness shall be an abnegation of the quality of man; your state, a violation of the first social duty."

On the 12th of December, he spoke at considerable length on the subject of a large issue of coin, in small pieces of silver—*billon*—and copper; and his speech is a purely mercantile and mechanical examination into tedious details.

On the 13th, he introduced a string of propositions relative to the organization of the municipalities and tribunals. On the 20th, he proposed that the king should be desired to send a corps of soldiers and three commissioners to Aix: which town had been distracted by prison-forcings and aristocratic massacres; and Mirabeau himself procured a passport, with the intent to endeavor to allay the excited frenzy in person, by his popularity and decision; but press of business prevented him from going.

And so, amid debatings and Aix riotings, and innumerable such like disturbances, did 1790 fade away from him. His last year had been reaped from the field of Time, and was gathered into the garner of Eternity; there to remain until that great day when the wheat is winnowed from the chaff; when the good and true deed is parted from the bad and false deed: that to be placed for ever, star-glittering, in the diadem of Heaven; this to be speedily blown into annihilation, or burnt in the inexorable fires of hell: for there is no act, no word, no thought even, that has not an everlasting tendency, be it good or evil; that does not remain through all eternity a testimony of our shame or glory!

CHAPTER X.

ON THE CLERGY AGAIN—WAR MEASURE—ON THE TOBACCO DUTIES—MIRABEAU PRESIDENT—DEPUTATION OF QUAKERS—SPEECH ON THE EMIGRATION LAWS—MISCELLANEOUS—ON THE REGENCY.

January 1st to March 22d, 1791.

THE story of Mirabeau's legislative career draws fleetly to a close; fading away like an expiring bale-fire, which having irradiated from its lofty mountain-seat, a beacon through the grim night season, pales slowly as the great to-morrow dawns.

The decree of the 27th of November, relative to the clergy,

confederation, a mourning of two months for the death of Franklin; and America is acquitting, at this very moment, that tribute of veneration for one of the fathers of her constitution.

"Would it not be worthy of us, gentlemen, to join in that religious act; to participate in that homage, rendered, before the face of the universe, both to the rights of man and to the philosopher who has the most contributed to extend their acknowledgment over all the world? Antiquity would have raised altars to that vast and powerful genius; who, for the advantage of mortals, embracing in his aspirations heaven and the earth, knew how to tame tyrants and their thunderbolts. France, enlightened and free, owes at the least an expression of remembrance and regret for one of the greatest men who have ever aided philosophy and liberty.

"I propose that it be decreed that the National Assembly wear mourning during three days for Benjamin Franklin."

This was unanimously decreed and complied with: save by d'Espréménil, who obstinately appeared in anything rather than mourning.

On the 19th of June, the Assembly, with inconsiderate zeal, abolished all titles, &c., and prohibited the use of liveries, heraldic signs, &c. In this Mirabeau took no share, but gave it his complete defiance; retaining till death his liveries, arms, and titles.

On the 28th, Mirabeau appeared in his character of anti-monopolist, in opposing a proposed decree, whereby all Indian imports were to be confined to the port of L'Orient: the principles of unfettered commerce, and the inadvisability of legislative interference in such matters, are forcibly expounded in his speech thereon. On the 14th of July, was enacted that piece of egregious national tomfoolery, the immense Federation in the Champ-de-Mars: with which Mirabeau, from his letters, appears very justly to have had no sympathy (as, indeed with the mountebank system he rarely had), neither to have taken the prominent place therein his popularity and position seem to have demanded. His grace of Autun and Lafayette performed on that occasion the respective parts of national clown and pantaloon; to their individual satisfaction, doubtless.

During the whole of July and August, Mirabeau attended few debates, and those of no moment. This was owing to his continued illness, and recurring attacks of fever and semi-blindness; and also, in a very great measure, to his constantly

increasing weariness of the pulling-down system: he panted to be rebuilding: he had grown sick of being merely a destroying angel, and he wished to begin his other nobler mission. Besides all this, he entertained for the Assembly a daily deepening aversion and contempt.

On the 27th of August, however, he spoke on a very important subject—that of assignats and monetary affairs in general. The accession of the church-estates to the government had caused Necker to relieve his embarrassment, by an issue of paper-money to the extent of four hundred millions of francs.* These had suffered a great depreciation, and the consequence was that Necker and the other ministers were opposed to a new issue; and the subject being introduced within the Assembly, Mirabeau warmly advocated a continued issue, in opposition to Talleyrand and other deputies. Being wholly uninformed on the subject of currency in general, and of French currency in particular, we could not for an instant think of giving an analysis of Mirabeau's arguments: we shall confine ourselves to stating that, after many stormy debates, on the 29th of September, Mirabeau's ideas were adopted; the Assembly sanctioning, by a majority of ninety-five, a fresh issue of eight hundred millions of assignats, subject to various lesser laws and regulations perplexing to the unmonetary mind.

On the 28th, and two or three following days, Mirabeau was occupied in defending his brother, the viscount; in a committee of the Assembly, charged to inquire into his conduct and subsequent resignation. The viscount was colonel of a regiment stationed at Perpignan, and news reaching him that his corps were impregnated with the disaffection so dangerously prevalent among the soldiers, he flew instantly to their quarters, in order to extinguish it by his overwhelming influence. This influence, it was soon proved, had been nullified by his unpopular conduct in the Assembly, and he therefore found himself unable to allay the insurgents. In supreme disgust he took away their colors, and left them. But if he was exasperated with the troops, so were they with him by this rash act of punishment. He was pursued and overtaken at Castelnaudery, at which place he was held prisoner by the mayor, as a pledge for the return of the colors. This was

* 16,000,000*l.*

early in June: on the 18th, the Assembly prayed the king to see to the safety of the viscount. The day following, Mirabeau himself, arguing upon the inviolability of members, demanded that the mayor should be ordered to deliver up the viscount, and that that individual should be summoned to answer for his conduct to the Assembly. This was agreed to; and on the 27th Mirabeau again befriended his brother, by procuring him permission to defend himself, not as a prisoner from the bar, but as a deputy from the tribune. This was also agreed to; and the viscount defended himself. But a committee appointed to examine the matter on the 27th of August, decided that there were grounds for accusation; proposing that the viscount should be tried by a council of war, or court-martial. To this the hasty and aristocratic Barrel responded by resigning his commission and seat, and crossing the Rhine to his friends, the emigrants. In the face of this, Mirabeau fought manfully for his brother, contending earnestly that there was no ground for accusation; but, on the 2d of September, the Assembly decided that there was: and so the case was ended.

Nothing of importance occurs from that day to the 2d of October; when the Assembly was to decide whether or not the Châtelet was correct, when it had arrived at the conclusion that the evidence received by them was sufficient to warrant the impeachment of the Duke of Orleans and Mirabeau, for having caused the Versailles insurrection. Having disposed of this subject already, we shall only say that the Assembly emphatically declared that it was not so: that "Mirabeau descended to his place amid the noise of the most violent and universal applause, which accompanied him unto his place, and prolonged itself long after he was seated. *The nobles, bishops, witnesses — ashamed, embarrassed — seemed to have changed places; and the accusers found themselves accused:*" * that, in our opinion, Mirabeau entirely demolishes the Châtelet evidence; and that whosoever wishes to judge for himself, will find the reply at full length in the eighth volume of the *Fils Adoptif.*

On the 21st, Mirabeau strenuously advocated the national tricolor being substituted for the old white standard in the French navy; which the foolish and culpably rash ministers

* Ferrières, ii. 181.

had hitherto excluded therefrom. Also, at the same period, he prepared a speech on the ministers having seats in the Assembly, with a view to obtaining a retraction of their former decree: but it was never introduced.

A few remarks on the aspect of Europe was found among his papers; and most probably were written somewhere about this time. They are remarkable, if it were only for their forcible conclusion, which is thus:—

"Burke has said that 'France only presents to the politician a great void:' Burke has uttered a great absurdity, for that void is a volcano; whereof one cannot, without imprudence, for one moment lose sight of either the subterraneous agitations, or the probable eruptions!"

On the 6th of November, Mirabeau appeared at the bar, at the head of a deputation of the "Society of Friends of the Constitution" (since the "Jacobins"), and there read an address, written by him, praying that the Tennis-Court should be decreed a national monument, and preserved as such. A few days after, occurred the duel between Charles Lameth and the Duke of Castries; which led to the famous sacking of the hotel of the latter on the 12th; and on the 13th, the Assembly in taking cognizance of the riot, experienced what we may term a Billingsgate debate, in which Mirabeau also joined, with a singular and reprehensible coarseness. In censuring the rioters, he was also animadverting, very justly, on the insanely irritating speeches made by the *coté droit*, when the Marquis of Foucault, interrupting him, exclaimed, "M. de Mirabeau always crushes me with irony;" to which Mirabeau replied promptly, "Since you are not fond of irony, you shall have the profoundest contempt." A reply which is curious as an instance of to what vulgarity a great man may descend.

One of the most delicate and most prominent of all topics whereunto the attention of the legislature was called, was that of the clerical affairs. The abolition of tithes—the absorption of the church property—had been far from agreeable to the whole nation; and as the priests stirred up endless strife, the Assembly, by way of silencing them, on the 12th of July, passed a batch of edicts, under the head of "The Civil Constitution of the Clergy," wherein a great onslaught was made upon the ecclesiastical privileges. The title of archbishop was entirely swept away; the number of bishops was reduced, and their dioceses equalized; the curés were thenceforth to be

elected by the people; every priest was to take an oath of fidelity to the nation; and innumerable other such-like regulations were adopted.

On no subject are evil passions aroused so easily as on that of religion; and a zealous dogmatist can hardly ever be a Christian. Therefore, there arose the most violent opposition to these decrees; the king refused his sanction timidly for some time, and then in August gave them his assent: wherefor Pope Pius VI. favored him with an insolent reproachful letter. However just their quarrel, one thing is very certain, the clergy demeaned themselves in their opposition in an outrageous and unclerical manner. The people were excited by them everywhere to rise against the constituted authorities; and nothing was spared, from Jesuitic sophistry to Papal bulls, to incite or terrify the ignorant to riot and incendiarism. This conduct, at once rebellious and dangerous, was inquired into by a special committee, who brought up its report on the 26th of November; and on the 27th Mirabeau propounded his opinion on the subjects in consideration.

His views on that momentous and delicate question are at once temperate, just, and elevated; there is a judicious admixture of tearing down numerous anomalies and superstitious prejudices, and of allaying the illiberal, persecuting spirit, then dominant among the revolutionary party in the Assembly. The former portion of his speech is devoted to a refutation of the casuistic and seditious positions taken by the clergy in their numerous pamphlets, &c.; and the latter to a brief proposal of several decrees to be passed relative thereunto.

The clergy asserted that the Pope was the power to decide the dispute, and not the National Assembly; the Pope being a higher authority to all true Catholics. This Mirabeau brands as an attempt to "arm France catholic against France free," and speedily dismisses it as an exploded usurpation. They then charged the Assembly with "straitening the ancient jurisdiction of the church, and of misconceiving the necessity and limits of a power which she exercised under the Pagan emperors, and even in the days of persecution." To this he replies with the invincible argument, that they being then unconnected with the State, and self-supported, had every right to unlimited sway over the church; which then was alone injured by their spiritual tyranny. Since when, the State, having lifted the church from its poverty and endowed her with riches, had every

right to direct her civil constitution. He paints the anxiety, the efforts of the church to effect an avowal, a union with the State, and then administers this severe reproof:

"It is at the very moment when you are rendering her inseparable from the nation; when you are incorporating her in the existence of this great empire; when you are consecrating to the perpetuating of her reign and her worship the solidest portion of the substance of the State: it is at the very moment when you are so gloriously making her share in the division of the finest kingdom in the universe, and when, planting the sign of Christianity upon the heights of all the departments of France, you are confessing before the face of all nations and all centuries that GOD is as necessary as liberty to the French people—it is at this very moment that our bishops have chosen to denounce you as violators of the rights of religion; to brand you with the character of the ancient persecutors of Christianity; to impute to you, by consequence, the crime of having wished to tear, to wither up, the last resource of public order; to extinguish the last hope of unfortunate virtue!"

The next objection was, that the election of the *curés* by the people would ruin religion. To this he replies, by demonstrating how pure and uncorrupt was the existing system of appointment; and manifesting that, if ancient forms were so irrefragable, the system of the congregation electing its own pastor was the earliest form of all. But to evade this, the clergy had asserted that the proposed system of popular priest-choosing was at variance with the early forms of election, and so inadmissible. This ridiculous cavil Mirabeau answers, by showing how remorselessly they could, when their interest or comfort was concerned, forget the usages of antiquity; and by impeaching the sincerity of their veneration for these ancient formulas.

"They do not sincerely desire order and justice; they only wish to sow division, and to disorganize; they are only irritated by the force of that dignity wherewith you have opposed the torrent of sacerdotal passions; they seek to paralyze the constitution of the State, in order to revive the ancient constitution of the clergy; they aspire to multiply all your labors by the length and continuity of the interruptions they give you, and to see all our political scenes resolve themselves into the horrors of a religious war."

He then goes on to the next objection, that the legislature had no right of interference with the dioceses and jurisdiction

of the bishops. The function of bishop is, Mirabeau affirms, a religious office; and in that capacity a bishop is a bishop to all catholics, whether in his diocese or not, in his capacity of divine overseer: but in that of civil lord, whose seignorial rights are confined within a certain boundary, he is only bishop to the inhabitants of his diocese; consequently, while the spiritual function of the bishop is a divine institution, that of the diocesan is purely civil. Then, proceeding to consider the deleterious results of this religious sedition, he launches at them the following warning:—

"Prelates and pastors! I do not possess beyond the rest of mortals the gift of prophecy, but I have some knowledge of the characters of men, and of the course of events. Are you aware what will happen, if the ecclesiastics, persevering in their opposition to the spirit of liberty, make the people at last despair of their conversion to the constitution, and, consequently, of their aptitude for being citizens? The public indignation, risen to its height, will no longer permit the instruction of the nation to remain confided to the enemies of your prosperity; and that which would be to-day, perhaps, a violent motion, will not be delayed from gaining the character of a reasonable and wise measure, commanded by the necessity of maintaining the safety of the State. They will propose to the National Assembly, as the only means for purifying the heart of the nation of all the ancient leaven, which would fain reinfuse itself into its organs,—they will propose to decree the universal nullity of all ecclesiastical appointments made under the old system: to submit them all to the election of the departments; to instruct the people to select for themselves pastors worthy of their confidence, that they might thus be enabled to cherish in the apostles of religion the friends of their deliverance and their liberty."

He then concluded by submitting a variety of decrees, in order, by moderate and effective present legislation, to do away with the necessity for such future severity. These were, 1st. To declare every bishop deposed who might be convicted of having applied to the Holy See for his episcopal investment. 2d. To declare the vacancy of the see of any bishop who should have solicited from the Pope any canonical investment giving him power over any district not included in his new diocese. 3d. To depose also any bishop who should refuse to ordain *curés* elected under the new system. 4th. To withhold the

salary from any ecclesiastic who should protest against any decree of the Assembly, approved and sanctioned by the king. 5th. To prosecute for the crime of nation-treason, all ecclesiastics who, in any pastoral letter, &c., should decry the laws or the revolution. 6th. To declare that vicars must be chosen from ecclesiastics constitutionally elected. 7th. To declare that none can administer confession who have not taken the civic oath before the municipality. And lastly. That, the number of priests being swollen inordinately by the opening of the convents, all ordinations should be prohibited for the time being.

If these measures seem tyrannous and too severe, let the fact of their being rejected by the Assembly as too moderate, be their excuse. There is no despotism so terrible as that of a thousand autocrats, calling themselves lovers of freedom. See how beautifully liberty of conscience and gentle castigation are blended in the decrees passed by the Assembly, instead of those Mirabeau propounded. "That all ecclesiastics in exercise of their functions, prelates, *curés*, vicars, &c. &c. be compelled to take the civic oath with no delay whatsoever. That all ecclesiastical deputies be compelled to receive the oath in presence of the Assembly within eight days; all refusing, to be expelled. That ecclesiastics who, after having taken the oath, refuse to obey sanctioned decrees, who form or excite oppositions, be deprived of their salary, prosecuted as rebels, stripped of their rights as active citizens, and rendered incapable of any public function. That all ecclesiastics remaining in the exercise of their functions, who would do so without having taken the oath; all titularies of suppressed offices endeavoring to continue them, shall be prosecuted as disturbers of the public repose." And it needed a revolution to produce a law like that! Nero or our Mary would have enacted one as good.

Had Mirabeau's code been adopted, he would have followed it up with other reforms in the ecclesiastical law: among others was the abolition of forced celibacy, on which topic he prepared an acutely-argued discourse; but which he never delivered. He combats the celibacists in this manner:—

"A single glance upon the organization of all nature, suffices to discover what has been the real will of the Creator: he himself has given the precept of marriage: he has repro-

bated even involuntary sterility; and these men have dared to upraise themselves against God, by opposing an unnatural and cruel law to that law of peace and love; the primitive basis, the divine principle of society.

"But if marriage has founded society, society can only be preserved by marriage: it appertains, therefore, as much to polity as to religion; for they have one common end,—the union, multiplication, and happiness of man.

"What, in effect, really is marriage? A civil contract, whereof all the consequences relate to society; and which, altogether, is under the domain of the civil laws.

"In what manner, to what end, does the Church interfere in marriage? She blesses it: she adjusts it to a religious form we name a sacrament; but that holy ceremony, exterior to the matrimonial contract, cannot constitute its essence. It is meet enough for religion to proclaim marriage, to give it a character of publicity, to mark with a seal of honor and decency the cohabitation of the espoused twain, already bound by their contract: and, if it thus solemnizes their union, it is, above all, to make it an example: to cover with flowers that inevitable chain which binds the two sexes to nature as to society.

"Religion counsels, therefore, commands, therefore, the marriage it thus consecrates: and, lo and behold, the ministers of that religion shun it, combat it, despise it! Who cannot see that these ministers are not herein the organs of religion, but rather the slaves of some other doctrine less pure; of some other power less legitimate?"

"Thus the Church has been able to say to a numerous class of citizens; to those whom she selects to be an example to the world:—'It is in vain that nature imposes upon you the obligation of perpetuating your existence by your descendants; that she solicits you thereunto by the most universal, the most imperious law: it is in vain that religion incites you to conjugal union, by precepts, by examples, by authorities; it is in vain that society, agreeing with religion and nature, presses you to form that honorable, that virtuous tie; it matters naught: we withhold from you as profane that which nature, religion, society call sacred; we isolate you from the civil world; you shall be holy after your own fashion; you shall live in society, but you shall not live for her; you shall only be united to us; your holiness shall be an abnegation of the quality of man; your state, a violation of the first social duty."

On the 12th of December, he spoke at considerable length on the subject of a large issue of coin, in small pieces of silver—*billon*—and copper; and his speech is a purely mercantile and mechanical examination into tedious details.

On the 13th, he introduced a string of propositions relative to the organization of the municipalities and tribunals. On the 20th, he proposed that the king should be desired to send a corps of soldiers and three commissioners to Aix: which town had been distracted by prison-forcings and aristocratic massacres; and Mirabeau himself procured a passport, with the intent to endeavor to allay the excited frenzy in person, by his popularity and decision; but press of business prevented him from going.

And so, amid debatings and Aix riotings, and innumerable such like disturbances, did 1790 fade away from him. His last year had been reaped from the field of Time, and was gathered into the garner of Eternity; there to remain until that great day when the wheat is winnowed from the chaff; when the good and true deed is parted from the bad and false deed: that to be placed for ever, star-glittering, in the diadem of Heaven; this to be speedily blown into annihilation, or burnt in the inexorable fires of hell: for there is no act, no word, no thought even, that has not an everlasting tendency, be it good or evil; that does not remain through all eternity a testimony of our shame or glory!

CHAPTER X.

ON THE CLERGY AGAIN—WAR MEASURE—ON THE TOBACCO DUTIES—MIRABEAU PRESIDENT—DEPUTATION OF QUAKERS—SPEECH ON THE EMIGRATION LAWS—MISCELLANEOUS—ON THE REGENCY.

January 1st to March 22d, 1791.

THE story of Mirabeau's legislative career draws fleetly to a close; fading away like an expiring bale-fire, which having irradiated from its lofty mountain-seat, a beacon through the grim night season, pales slowly as the great to-morrow dawns.

The decree of the 27th of November, relative to the clergy,

confederation, a mourning of two months for the death of Franklin; and America is acquitting, at this very moment, that tribute of veneration for one of the fathers of her constitution.

"Would it not be worthy of us, gentlemen, to join in that religious act; to participate in that homage, rendered, before the face of the universe, both to the rights of man and to the philosopher who has the most contributed to extend their acknowledgment over all the world? Antiquity would have raised altars to that vast and powerful genius; who, for the advantage of mortals, embracing in his aspirations heaven and the earth, knew how to tame tyrants and their thunderbolts. France, enlightened and free, owes at the least an expression of remembrance and regret for one of the greatest men who have ever aided philosophy and liberty.

"I propose that it be decreed that the National Assembly wear mourning during three days for Benjamin Franklin."

This was unanimously decreed and complied with: save by d'Espréménil, who obstinately appeared in anything rather than mourning.

On the 19th of June, the Assembly, with inconsiderate zeal, abolished all titles, &c., and prohibited the use of liveries, heraldic signs, &c. In this Mirabeau took no share, but gave it his complete defiance; retaining till death his liveries, arms, and titles.

On the 28th, Mirabeau appeared in his character of anti-monopolist, in opposing a proposed decree, whereby all Indian imports were to be confined to the port of L'Orient: the principles of unfettered commerce, and the inadvisability of legislative interference in such matters, are forcibly expounded in his speech thereon. On the 14th of July, was enacted that piece of egregious national tomfoolery, the immense Federation in the Champ-de-Mars: with which Mirabeau, from his letters, appears very justly to have had no sympathy (as, indeed with the mountebank system he rarely had), neither to have taken the prominent place therein his popularity and position seem to have demanded. His grace of Autun and Lafayette performed on that occasion the respective parts of national clown and pantaloon; to their individual satisfaction, doubtless.

During the whole of July and August, Mirabeau attended few debates, and those of no moment. This was owing to his continued illness, and recurring attacks of fever and semi-blindness; and also, in a very great measure, to his constantly

increasing weariness of the pulling-down system: he panted to be rebuilding: he had grown sick of being merely a destroying angel, and he wished to begin his other nobler mission. Besides all this, he entertained for the Assembly a daily deepening aversion and contempt.

On the 27th of August, however, he spoke on a very important subject—that of assignats and monetary affairs in general. The accession of the church-estates to the government had caused Necker to relieve his embarrassment, by an issue of paper-money to the extent of four hundred millions of francs.* These had suffered a great depreciation, and the consequence was that Necker and the other ministers were opposed to a new issue; and the subject being introduced within the Assembly, Mirabeau warmly advocated a continued issue, in opposition to Talleyrand and other deputies. Being wholly uninformed on the subject of currency in general, and of French currency in particular, we could not for an instant think of giving an analysis of Mirabeau's arguments: we shall confine ourselves to stating that, after many stormy debates, on the 29th of September, Mirabeau's ideas were adopted; the Assembly sanctioning, by a majority of ninety-five, a fresh issue of eight hundred millions of assignats, subject to various lesser laws and regulations perplexing to the unmonetary mind.

On the 28th, and two or three following days, Mirabeau was occupied in defending his brother, the viscount; in a committee of the Assembly, charged to inquire into his conduct and subsequent resignation. The viscount was colonel of a regiment stationed at Perpignan, and news reaching him that his corps were impregnated with the disaffection so dangerously prevalent among the soldiers, he flew instantly to their quarters, in order to extinguish it by his overwhelming influence. This influence, it was soon proved, had been nullified by his unpopular conduct in the Assembly, and he therefore found himself unable to allay the insurgents. In supreme disgust he took away their colors, and left them. But if he was exasperated with the troops, so were they with him by this rash act of punishment. He was pursued and overtaken at Castelnaudery, at which place he was held prisoner by the mayor, as a pledge for the return of the colors. This was

* 16,000,000*l.*

early in June: on the 18th, the Assembly prayed the king to see to the safety of the viscount. The day following, Mirabeau himself, arguing upon the inviolability of members, demanded that the mayor should be ordered to deliver up the viscount, and that that individual should be summoned to answer for his conduct to the Assembly. This was agreed to; and on the 27th Mirabeau again befriended his brother, by procuring him permission to defend himself, not as a prisoner from the bar, but as a deputy from the tribune. This was also agreed to; and the viscount defended himself. But a committee appointed to examine the matter on the 27th of August, decided that there were grounds for accusation; proposing that the viscount should be tried by a council of war, or court-martial. To this the hasty and aristocratic Barrel responded by resigning his commission and seat, and crossing the Rhine to his friends, the emigrants. In the face of this, Mirabeau fought manfully for his brother, contending earnestly that there was no ground for accusation; but, on the 2d of September, the Assembly decided that there was: and so the case was ended.

Nothing of importance occurs from that day to the 2d of October; when the Assembly was to decide whether or not the Châtelet was correct, when it had arrived at the conclusion that the evidence received by them was sufficient to warrant the impeachment of the Duke of Orleans and Mirabeau, for having caused the Versailles insurrection. Having disposed of this subject already, we shall only say that the Assembly emphatically declared that it was not so: that "Mirabeau descended to his place amid the noise of the most violent and universal applause, which accompanied him unto his place, and prolonged itself long after he was seated. *The nobles, bishops, witnesses — ashamed, embarrassed — seemed to have changed places; and the accusers found themselves accused:*" * that, in our opinion, Mirabeau entirely demolishes the Châtelet evidence; and that whosoever wishes to judge for himself, will find the reply at full length in the eighth volume of the *Fils Adoptif.*

On the 21st, Mirabeau strenuously advocated the national tricolor being substituted for the old white standard in the French navy; which the foolish and culpably rash ministers

* Ferrières, ii. 181.

had hitherto excluded therefrom. Also, at the same period, he prepared a speech on the ministers having seats in the Assembly, with a view to obtaining a retraction of their former decree: but it was never introduced.

A few remarks on the aspect of Europe was found among his papers; and most probably were written somewhere about this time. They are remarkable, if it were only for their forcible conclusion, which is thus:—

"Burke has said that 'France only presents to the politician a great void:' Burke has uttered a great absurdity, for that void is a volcano; whereof one cannot, without imprudence, for one moment lose sight of either the subterraneous agitations, or the probable eruptions!"

On the 6th of November, Mirabeau appeared at the bar, at the head of a deputation of the "Society of Friends of the Constitution" (since the "Jacobins"), and there read an address, written by him, praying that the Tennis-Court should be decreed a national monument, and preserved as such. A few days after, occurred the duel between Charles Lameth and the Duke of Castries; which led to the famous sacking of the hotel of the latter on the 12th; and on the 13th, the Assembly in taking cognizance of the riot, experienced what we may term a Billingsgate debate, in which Mirabeau also joined, with a singular and reprehensible coarseness. In censuring the rioters, he was also animadverting, very justly, on the insanely irritating speeches made by the *coté droit*, when the Marquis of Foucault, interrupting him, exclaimed, "M. de Mirabeau always crushes me with irony;" to which Mirabeau replied promptly, "Since you are not fond of irony, you shall have the profoundest contempt." A reply which is curious as an instance of to what vulgarity a great man may descend.

One of the most delicate and most prominent of all topics whereunto the attention of the legislature was called, was that of the clerical affairs. The abolition of tithes—the absorption of the church property—had been far from agreeable to the whole nation; and as the priests stirred up endless strife, the Assembly, by way of silencing them, on the 12th of July, passed a batch of edicts, under the head of "The Civil Constitution of the Clergy," wherein a great onslaught was made upon the ecclesiastical privileges. The title of archbishop was entirely swept away; the number of bishops was reduced, and their dioceses equalized; the curés were thenceforth to be

elected by the people; every priest was to take an oath of fidelity to the nation; and innumerable other such-like regulations were adopted.

On no subject are evil passions aroused so easily as on that of religion; and a zealous dogmatist can hardly ever be a Christian. Therefore, there arose the most violent opposition to these decrees; the king refused his sanction timidly for some time, and then in August gave them his assent: wherefor Pope Pius VI. favored him with an insolent reproachful letter. However just their quarrel, one thing is very certain, the clergy demeaned themselves in their opposition in an outrageous and unclerical manner. The people were excited by them everywhere to rise against the constituted authorities; and nothing was spared, from Jesuitic sophistry to Papal bulls, to incite or terrify the ignorant to riot and incendiarism. This conduct, at once rebellious and dangerous, was inquired into by a special committee, who brought up its report on the 26th of November; and on the 27th Mirabeau propounded his opinion on the subjects in consideration.

His views on that momentous and delicate question are at once temperate, just, and elevated; there is a judicious admixture of tearing down numerous anomalies and superstitious prejudices, and of allaying the illiberal, persecuting spirit, then dominant among the revolutionary party in the Assembly. The former portion of his speech is devoted to a refutation of the casuistic and seditious positions taken by the clergy in their numerous pamphlets, &c.; and the latter to a brief proposal of several decrees to be passed relative thereunto.

The clergy asserted that the Pope was the power to decide the dispute, and not the National Assembly; the Pope being a higher authority to all true Catholics. This Mirabeau brands as an attempt to "arm France catholic against France free," and speedily dismisses it as an exploded usurpation. They then charged the Assembly with "straitening the ancient jurisdiction of the church, and of misconceiving the necessity and limits of a power which she exercised under the Pagan emperors, and even in the days of persecution." To this he replies with the invincible argument, that they being then unconnected with the State, and self-supported, had every right to unlimited sway over the church; which then was alone injured by their spiritual tyranny. Since when, the State, having lifted the church from its poverty and endowed her with riches, had every

right to direct her civil constitution. He paints the anxiety, the efforts of the church to effect an avowal, a union with the State, and then administers this severe reproof:

"It is at the very moment when you are rendering her inseparable from the nation; when you are incorporating her in the existence of this great empire; when you are consecrating to the perpetuating of her reign and her worship the solidest portion of the substance of the State: it is at the very moment when you are so gloriously making her share in the division of the finest kingdom in the universe, and when, planting the sign of Christianity upon the heights of all the departments of France, you are confessing before the face of all nations and all centuries that God is as necessary as liberty to the French people—it is at this very moment that our bishops have chosen to denounce you as violators of the rights of religion; to brand you with the character of the ancient persecutors of Christianity; to impute to you, by consequence, the crime of having wished to tear, to wither up, the last resource of public order; to extinguish the last hope of unfortunate virtue!"

The next objection was, that the election of the *curés* by the people would ruin religion. To this he replies, by demonstrating how pure and uncorrupt was the existing system of appointment; and manifesting that, if ancient forms were so irrefragable, the system of the congregation electing its own pastor was the earliest form of all. But to evade this, the clergy had asserted that the proposed system of popular priest-choosing was at variance with the early forms of election, and so inadmissible. This ridiculous cavil Mirabeau answers, by showing how remorselessly they could, when their interest or comfort was concerned, forget the usages of antiquity; and by impeaching the sincerity of their veneration for these ancient formulas.

"They do not sincerely desire order and justice; they only wish to sow division, and to disorganize; they are only irritated by the force of that dignity wherewith you have opposed the torrent of sacerdotal passions; they seek to paralyze the constitution of the State, in order to revive the ancient constitution of the clergy; they aspire to multiply all your labors by the length and continuity of the interruptions they give you, and to see all our political scenes resolve themselves into the horrors of a religious war."

He then goes on to the next objection, that the legislature had no right of interference with the dioceses and jurisdiction

of the bishops. The function of bishop is, Mirabeau affirms, a religious office; and in that capacity a bishop is a bishop to all catholics, whether in his diocese or not, in his capacity of divine overseer: but in that of civil lord, whose seignorial rights are confined within a certain boundary, he is only bishop to the inhabitants of his diocese; consequently, while the spiritual function of the bishop is a divine institution, that of the diocesan is purely civil. Then, proceeding to consider the deleterious results of this religious sedition, he launches at them the following warning:—

"Prelates and pastors! I do not possess beyond the rest of mortals the gift of prophecy, but I have some knowledge of the characters of men, and of the course of events. Are you aware what will happen, if the ecclesiastics, persevering in their opposition to the spirit of liberty, make the people at last despair of their conversion to the constitution, and, consequently, of their aptitude for being citizens? The public indignation, risen to its height, will no longer permit the instruction of the nation to remain confided to the enemies of your prosperity; and that which would be to-day, perhaps, a violent motion, will not be delayed from gaining the character of a reasonable and wise measure, commanded by the necessity of maintaining the safety of the State. They will propose to the National Assembly, as the only means for purifying the heart of the nation of all the ancient leaven, which would fain reinfuse itself into its organs,—they will propose to decree the universal nullity of all ecclesiastical appointments made under the old system: to submit them all to the election of the departments; to instruct the people to select for themselves pastors worthy of their confidence, that they might thus be enabled to cherish in the apostles of religion the friends of their deliverance and their liberty."

He then concluded by submitting a variety of decrees, in order, by moderate and effective present legislation, to do away with the necessity for such future severity. These were, 1st. To declare every bishop deposed who might be convicted of having applied to the Holy See for his episcopal investment. 2d. To declare the vacancy of the see of any bishop who should have solicited from the Pope any canonical investment giving him power over any district not included in his new diocese. 3d. To depose also any bishop who should refuse to ordain *curés* elected under the new system. 4th. To withhold the

salary from any ecclesiastic who should protest against any decree of the Assembly, approved and sanctioned by the king. 5th. To prosecute for the crime of nation-treason, all ecclesiastics who, in any pastoral letter, &c., should decry the laws or the revolution. 6th. To declare that vicars must be chosen from ecclesiastics constitutionally elected. 7th. To declare that none can administer confession who have not taken the civic oath before the municipality. And lastly. That, the number of priests being swollen inordinately by the opening of the convents, all ordinations should be prohibited for the time being.

If these measures seem tyrannous and too severe, let the fact of their being rejected by the Assembly as too moderate, be their excuse. There is no despotism so terrible as that of a thousand autocrats, calling themselves lovers of freedom. See how beautifully liberty of conscience and gentle castigation are blended in the decrees passed by the Assembly, instead of those Mirabeau propounded. "That all ecclesiastics in exercise of their functions, prelates, *curés*, vicars, &c. &c. be compelled to take the civic oath with no delay whatsoever. That all ecclesiastical deputies be compelled to receive the oath in presence of the Assembly within eight days; all refusing, to be expelled. That ecclesiastics who, after having taken the oath, refuse to obey sanctioned decrees, who form or excite oppositions, be deprived of their salary, prosecuted as rebels, stripped of their rights as active citizens, and rendered incapable of any public function. That all ecclesiastics remaining in the exercise of their functions, who would do so without having taken the oath; all titularies of suppressed offices endeavoring to continue them, shall be prosecuted as disturbers of the public repose." And it needed a revolution to produce a law like that! Nero or our Mary would have enacted one as good.

Had Mirabeau's code been adopted, he would have followed it up with other reforms in the ecclesiastical law: among others was the abolition of forced celibacy, on which topic he prepared an acutely-argued discourse; but which he never delivered. He combats the celibacists in this manner:—

"A single glance upon the organization of all nature, suffices to discover what has been the real will of the Creator: he himself has given the precept of marriage: he has repro-

bated even involuntary sterility; and these men have dared to upraise themselves against God, by opposing an unnatural and cruel law to that law of peace and love; the primitive basis, the divine principle of society.

"But if marriage has founded society, society can only be preserved by marriage: it appertains, therefore, as much to polity as to religion; for they have one common end,—the union, multiplication, and happiness of man.

"What, in effect, really is marriage? A civil contract, whereof all the consequences relate to society; and which, altogether, is under the domain of the civil laws.

"In what manner, to what end, does the Church interfere in marriage? She blesses it: she adjusts it to a religious form we name a sacrament; but that holy ceremony, exterior to the matrimonial contract, cannot constitute its essence. It is meet enough for religion to proclaim marriage, to give it a character of publicity, to mark with a seal of honor and decency the cohabitation of the espoused twain, already bound by their contract: and, if it thus solemnizes their union, it is, above all, to make it an example: to cover with flowers that inevitable chain which binds the two sexes to nature as to society.

"Religion counsels, therefore, commands, therefore, the marriage it thus consecrates: and, lo and behold, the ministers of that religion shun it, combat it, despise it! Who cannot see that these ministers are not herein the organs of religion, but rather the slaves of some other doctrine less pure; of some other power less legitimate?"

"Thus the Church has been able to say to a numerous class of citizens; to those whom she selects to be an example to the world:—'It is in vain that nature imposes upon you the obligation of perpetuating your existence by your descendants; that she solicits you thereunto by the most universal, the most imperious law: it is in vain that religion incites you to conjugal union, by precepts, by examples, by authorities; it is in vain that society, agreeing with religion and nature, presses you to form that honorable, that virtuous tie; it matters naught: we withhold from you as profane that which nature, religion, society call sacred; we isolate you from the civil world; you shall be holy after your own fashion; you shall live in society, but you shall not live for her; you shall only be united to us; your holiness shall be an abnegation of the quality of man; your state, a violation of the first social duty."

On the 12th of December, he spoke at considerable length on the subject of a large issue of coin, in small pieces of silver—*billon*—and copper; and his speech is a purely mercantile and mechanical examination into tedious details.

On the 13th, he introduced a string of propositions relative to the organization of the municipalities and tribunals. On the 20th, he proposed that the king should be desired to send a corps of soldiers and three commissioners to Aix: which town had been distracted by prison-forcings and aristocratic massacres; and Mirabeau himself procured a passport, with the intent to endeavor to allay the excited frenzy in person, by his popularity and decision; but press of business prevented him from going.

And so, amid debatings and Aix riotings, and innumerable such like disturbances, did 1790 fade away from him. His last year had been reaped from the field of Time, and was gathered into the garner of Eternity; there to remain until that great day when the wheat is winnowed from the chaff; when the good and true deed is parted from the bad and false deed: that to be placed for ever, star-glittering, in the diadem of Heaven; this to be speedily blown into annihilation, or burnt in the inexorable fires of hell: for there is no act, no word, no thought even, that has not an everlasting tendency, be it good or evil; that does not remain through all eternity a testimony of our shame or glory!

CHAPTER X.

ON THE CLERGY AGAIN—WAR MEASURE—ON THE TOBACCO DUTIES—MIRABEAU PRESIDENT—DEPUTATION OF QUAKERS—SPEECH ON THE EMIGRATION LAWS—MISCELLANEOUS—ON THE REGENCY.

January 1st to March 22d, 1791.

THE story of Mirabeau's legislative career draws fleetly to a close; fading away like an expiring bale-fire, which having irradiated from its lofty mountain-seat, a beacon through the grim night season, pales slowly as the great to-morrow dawns.

The decree of the 27th of November, relative to the clergy,

having been cunningly evaded by that body, it became necessary to take cognizance of their conduct. On the 4th of January, the Assembly ordered the ecclesiastical deputies to take the oath before leaving the hall: much against the wish of Mirabeau, who was as strong an opponent of the tyranny of democracy as of that of aristocracy. The majority did not comply; and so, having been a second time ordered, the Assembly demanded that the law should have its course, and the various pains and penalties be put into immediate execution. With a view to filling the vacancies thus likely to occur, Mirabeau proposed, that any priest who had been a minister for five years should be eligible to the highest offices in the church. This was passed on the 7th; and the Assembly also, by way of vindicating its conduct to the nation, appointed a committee to prepare an address to the people, on the subject of the clerical affairs. This the committee were engaged in compiling, when they heard that Mirabeau had already completed a similar work; they, therefore, made application to him, and the result was, that on the 14th, instead of the committee bringing up its address, Mirabeau appeared in the tribune, and read one of his own composition, to which the committee had given their sanction.

If extended liberality, leagued to a firm devotion to religion and morality; if vehement denunciation, united to splendid and picturesque imagery; fierce sarcasm and invective, to tear-drawing exhortations and invitations; and these, couched in the most forcible and elegant language; and, added to all this, if the hearty and constantly-recurring plaudits of the hearers be any criterion of eloquence; we may very safely venture to affirm that this is the completest, most brilliant, and altogether masterly of all Mirabeau's parliamentary efforts. It is as the last red gleam the summer sun shoots up into the western heavens ere it sinks beneath the dim horizon. Beyond all this, it possesses the incalculable advantage of not being entirely upon a shelved topic; the greater portion being on a subject still interesting—nay, becoming day by day more interesting, and even prominent.

After a few opening remarks, he abruptly enters into the points at issue, thus:—*

* Anxious to give this oration in a garment worthy it, we have departed more than is our custom from the literal wording, though the sense has never in any instance been altered.

"We are reproached with having refused positively to decree that the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion is *the religion of the nation:*

"With having changed, without the assent of ecclesiastical authority, the ancient boundaries of the diocese; and, by that measure, as well as in several branches of the civil organization of the clergy, of having given disturbance to the episcopal power:

"Lastly, with having abolished the ancient manner of nominating pastors, transferring the election to the suffrages of the people.

"Upon these three heads hinge all these accusations of irreligion and persecution, whereby attempts are made to cast a stigma on the uprightness, the wisdom, and the orthodoxy of your representatives;* who are now about to reply, not so much for their own exculpation, as with the view of forewarning the real friends of religion against the clamors of hypocrites, who are foes to the Revolution.

"To declare the Christian† religion to be the *national* religion, would be equivalent to casting a stain upon the dearest and most necessary attribute of Christianity. For the most part, religion is not connected with civil society; it is a relation between man as an individual, and the infinite Being who created him. Could you understand his meaning who told you of a national conscience? Certainly, then, religion is no more national than conscience: for a man is not in reality pious merely because he is a member of some state church; and although there were upon the earth only one religion, and all mankind should unite in professing it, still it would be true that every man would experience a proper sensation of religion, only in proportion as he adhered firmly to his own: that is, only in proportion as he would still cling to that universal religion, were the whole human race to abjure it. . . .

"There can be nothing *national* in an empire, save institutions established for the purpose of effecting political results; and religion being merely the relation between the reason and spirituality of mankind and the Divine reason, the universal spirit it worships, that religion cannot, in that light, assume any

* It was in the form of an address to the people, be it remembered.

† He means the "Catholic," but throughout he speaks of the Roman dogmas as the sole Christian code; whereas Mohammedism is considerably nearer Christianity than they are.

early in June: on the 18th, the Assembly prayed the king to see to the safety of the viscount. The day following, Mirabeau himself, arguing upon the inviolability of members, demanded that the mayor should be ordered to deliver up the viscount, and that that individual should be summoned to answer for his conduct to the Assembly. This was agreed to; and on the 27th Mirabeau again befriended his brother, by procuring him permission to defend himself, not as a prisoner from the bar, but as a deputy from the tribune. This was also agreed to; and the viscount defended himself. But a committee appointed to examine the matter on the 27th of August, decided that there were grounds for accusation; proposing that the viscount should be tried by a council of war, or court-martial. To this the hasty and aristocratic Barrel responded by resigning his commission and seat, and crossing the Rhine to his friends, the emigrants. In the face of this, Mirabeau fought manfully for his brother, contending earnestly that there was no ground for accusation; but, on the 2d of September, the Assembly decided that there was: and so the case was ended.

Nothing of importance occurs from that day to the 2d of October; when the Assembly was to decide whether or not the Châtelet was correct, when it had arrived at the conclusion that the evidence received by them was sufficient to warrant the impeachment of the Duke of Orleans and Mirabeau, for having caused the Versailles insurrection. Having disposed of this subject already, we shall only say that the Assembly emphatically declared that it was not so: that "Mirabeau descended to his place amid the noise of the most violent and universal applause, which accompanied him unto his place, and prolonged itself long after he was seated. *The nobles, bishops, witnesses — ashamed, embarrassed — seemed to have changed places; and the accusers found themselves accused:*" * that, in our opinion, Mirabeau entirely demolishes the Châtelet evidence; and that whosoever wishes to judge for himself, will find the reply at full length in the eighth volume of the *Fils Adoptif*.

On the 21st, Mirabeau strenuously advocated the national tricolor being substituted for the old white standard in the French navy; which the foolish and culpably rash ministers

* Ferrières, ii. 181.

had hitherto excluded therefrom. Also, at the same period, he prepared a speech on the ministers having seats in the Assembly, with a view to obtaining a retraction of their former decree: but it was never introduced.

A few remarks on the aspect of Europe was found among his papers; and most probably were written somewhere about this time. They are remarkable, if it were only for their forcible conclusion, which is thus:—

"Burke has said that 'France only presents to the politician a great void:' Burke has uttered a great absurdity, for that void is a volcano; whereof one cannot, without imprudence, for one moment lose sight of either the subterraneous agitations, or the probable eruptions!"

On the 6th of November, Mirabeau appeared at the bar, at the head of a deputation of the "Society of Friends of the Constitution" (since the "Jacobins"), and there read an address, written by him, praying that the Tennis-Court should be decreed a national monument, and preserved as such. A few days after, occurred the duel between Charles Lameth and the Duke of Castries; which led to the famous sacking of the hotel of the latter on the 12th; and on the 13th, the Assembly in taking cognizance of the riot, experienced what we may term a Billingsgate debate, in which Mirabeau also joined, with a singular and reprehensible coarseness. In censuring the rioters, he was also animadverting, very justly, on the insanely irritating speeches made by the *coté droit*, when the Marquis of Foucault, interrupting him, exclaimed, "M. de Mirabeau always crushes me with irony;" to which Mirabeau replied promptly, "Since you are not fond of irony, you shall have the profoundest contempt." A reply which is curious as an instance of to what vulgarity a great man may descend.

One of the most delicate and most prominent of all topics whereunto the attention of the legislature was called, was that of the clerical affairs. The abolition of tithes—the absorption of the church property—had been far from agreeable to the whole nation; and as the priests stirred up endless strife, the Assembly, by way of silencing them, on the 12th of July, passed a batch of edicts, under the head of "The Civil Constitution of the Clergy," wherein a great onslaught was made upon the ecclesiastical privileges. The title of archbishop was entirely swept away; the number of bishops was reduced, and their dioceses equalized; the curés were thenceforth to be

elected by the people; every priest was to take an oath of fidelity to the nation; and innumerable other such-like regulations were adopted.

On no subject are evil passions aroused so easily as on that of religion; and a zealous dogmatist can hardly ever be a Christian. Therefore, there arose the most violent opposition to these decrees; the king refused his sanction timidly for some time, and then in August gave them his assent: wherefor Pope Pius VI. favored him with an insolent reproachful letter. However just their quarrel, one thing is very certain, the clergy demeaned themselves in their opposition in an outrageous and unclerical manner. The people were excited by them everywhere to rise against the constituted authorities; and nothing was spared, from Jesuitic sophistry to Papal bulls, to incite or terrify the ignorant to riot and incendiarism. This conduct, at once rebellious and dangerous, was inquired into by a special committee, who brought up its report on the 26th of November; and on the 27th Mirabeau propounded his opinion on the subjects in consideration.

His views on that momentous and delicate question are at once temperate, just, and elevated; there is a judicious admixture of tearing down numerous anomalies and superstitious prejudices, and of allaying the illiberal, persecuting spirit, then dominant among the revolutionary party in the Assembly. The former portion of his speech is devoted to a refutation of the casuistic and seditious positions taken by the clergy in their numerous pamphlets, &c.; and the latter to a brief proposal of several decrees to be passed relative thereunto.

The clergy asserted that the Pope was the power to decide the dispute, and not the National Assembly; the Pope being a higher authority to all true Catholics. This Mirabeau brands as an attempt to "arm France catholic against France free," and speedily dismisses it as an exploded usurpation. They then charged the Assembly with "straitening the ancient jurisdiction of the church, and of misconceiving the necessity and limits of a power which she exercised under the Pagan emperors, and even in the days of persecution." To this he replies with the invincible argument, that they being then unconnected with the State, and self-supported, had every right to unlimited sway over the church; which then was alone injured by their spiritual tyranny. Since when, the State, having lifted the church from its poverty and endowed her with riches, had every

right to direct her civil constitution. He paints the anxiety, the efforts of the church to effect an avowal, a union with the State, and then administers this severe reproof:

"It is at the very moment when you are rendering her inseparable from the nation; when you are incorporating her in the existence of this great empire; when you are consecrating to the perpetuating of her reign and her worship the solidest portion of the substance of the State: it is at the very moment when you are so gloriously making her share in the division of the finest kingdom in the universe, and when, planting the sign of Christianity upon the heights of all the departments of France, you are confessing before the face of all nations and all centuries that God is as necessary as liberty to the French people—it is at this very moment that our bishops have chosen to denounce you as violators of the rights of religion; to brand you with the character of the ancient persecutors of Christianity; to impute to you, by consequence, the crime of having wished to tear, to wither up, the last resource of public order; to extinguish the last hope of unfortunate virtue!"

The next objection was, that the election of the *curés* by the people would ruin religion. To this he replies, by demonstrating how pure and uncorrupt was the existing system of appointment; and manifesting that, if ancient forms were so irrefragable, the system of the congregation electing its own pastor was the earliest form of all. But to evade this, the clergy had asserted that the proposed system of popular priest-choosing was at variance with the early forms of election, and so inadmissible. This ridiculous cavil Mirabeau answers, by showing how remorselessly they could, when their interest or comfort was concerned, forget the usages of antiquity; and by impeaching the sincerity of their veneration for these ancient formulas.

"They do not sincerely desire order and justice; they only wish to sow division, and to disorganize; they are only irritated by the force of that dignity wherewith you have opposed the torrent of sacerdotal passions; they seek to paralyze the constitution of the State, in order to revive the ancient constitution of the clergy; they aspire to multiply all your labors by the length and continuity of the interruptions they give you, and to see all our political scenes resolve themselves into the horrors of a religious war."

He then goes on to the next objection, that the legislature had no right of interference with the dioceses and jurisdiction

of the bishops. The function of bishop is, Mirabeau affirms, a religious office; and in that capacity a bishop is a bishop to all catholics, whether in his diocese or not, in his capacity of divine overseer: but in that of civil lord, whose seignorial rights are confined within a certain boundary, he is only bishop to the inhabitants of his diocese; consequently, while the spiritual function of the bishop is a divine institution, that of the diocesan is purely civil. Then, proceeding to consider the deleterious results of this religious sedition, he launches at them the following warning:—

"Prelates and pastors! I do not possess beyond the rest of mortals the gift of prophecy, but I have some knowledge of the characters of men, and of the course of events. Are you aware what will happen, if the ecclesiastics, persevering in their opposition to the spirit of liberty, make the people at last despair of their conversion to the constitution, and, consequently, of their aptitude for being citizens? The public indignation, risen to its height, will no longer permit the instruction of the nation to remain confided to the enemies of your prosperity; and that which would be to-day, perhaps, a violent motion, will not be delayed from gaining the character of a reasonable and wise measure, commanded by the necessity of maintaining the safety of the State. They will propose to the National Assembly, as the only means for purifying the heart of the nation of all the ancient leaven, which would fain reinfuse itself into its organs,—they will propose to decree the universal nullity of all ecclesiastical appointments made under the old system: to submit them all to the election of the departments; to instruct the people to select for themselves pastors worthy of their confidence, that they might thus be enabled to cherish in the apostles of religion the friends of their deliverance and their liberty."

He then concluded by submitting a variety of decrees, in order, by moderate and effective present legislation, to do away with the necessity for such future severity. These were, 1st. To declare every bishop deposed who might be convicted of having applied to the Holy See for his episcopal investment. 2d. To declare the vacancy of the see of any bishop who should have solicited from the Pope any canonical investment giving him power over any district not included in his new diocese. 3d. To depose also any bishop who should refuse to ordain *curés* elected under the new system. 4th. To withhold the

salary from any ecclesiastic who should protest against any decree of the Assembly, approved and sanctioned by the king. 5th. To prosecute for the crime of nation-treason, all ecclesiastics who, in any pastoral letter, &c., should decry the laws or the revolution. 6th. To declare that vicars must be chosen from ecclesiastics constitutionally elected. 7th. To declare that none can administer confession who have not taken the civic oath before the municipality. And lastly. That, the number of priests being swollen inordinately by the opening of the convents, all ordinations should be prohibited for the time being.

If these measures seem tyrannous and too severe, let the fact of their being rejected by the Assembly as too moderate, be their excuse. There is no despotism so terrible as that of a thousand autocrats, calling themselves lovers of freedom. See how beautifully liberty of conscience and gentle castigation are blended in the decrees passed by the Assembly, instead of those Mirabeau propounded. "That all ecclesiastics in exercise of their functions, prelates, *curés*, vicars, &c. &c. be compelled to take the civic oath with no delay whatsoever. That all ecclesiastical deputies be compelled to receive the oath in presence of the Assembly within eight days; all refusing, to be expelled. That ecclesiastics who, after having taken the oath, refuse to obey sanctioned decrees, who form or excite oppositions, be deprived of their salary, prosecuted as rebels, stripped of their rights as active citizens, and rendered incapable of any public function. That all ecclesiastics remaining in the exercise of their functions, who would do so without having taken the oath; all titularies of suppressed offices endeavoring to continue them, shall be prosecuted as disturbers of the public repose." And it needed a revolution to produce a law like that! Nero or our Mary would have enacted one as good.

Had Mirabeau's code been adopted, he would have followed it up with other reforms in the ecclesiastical law: among others was the abolition of forced celibacy, on which topic he prepared an acutely-argued discourse; but which he never delivered. He combats the celibacists in this manner:—

"A single glance upon the organization of all nature, suffices to discover what has been the real will of the Creator: he himself has given the precept of marriage: he has repro-

bated even involuntary sterility; and these men have dared to upraise themselves against God, by opposing an unnatural and cruel law to that law of peace and love; the primitive basis, the divine principle of society.

"But if marriage has founded society, society can only be preserved by marriage: it appertains, therefore, as much to polity as to religion; for they have one common end,—the union, multiplication, and happiness of man.

"What, in effect, really is marriage? A civil contract, whereof all the consequences relate to society; and which, altogether, is under the domain of the civil laws.

"In what manner, to what end, does the Church interfere in marriage? She blesses it: she adjusts it to a religious form we name a sacrament; but that holy ceremony, exterior to the matrimonial contract, cannot constitute its essence. It is meet enough for religion to proclaim marriage, to give it a character of publicity, to mark with a seal of honor and decency the cohabitation of the espoused twain, already bound by their contract: and, if it thus solemnizes their union, it is, above all, to make it an example: to cover with flowers that inevitable chain which binds the two sexes to nature as to society.

"Religion counsels, therefore, commands, therefore, the marriage it thus consecrates: and, lo and behold, the ministers of that religion shun it, combat it, despise it! Who cannot see that these ministers are not herein the organs of religion, but rather the slaves of some other doctrine less pure; of some other power less legitimate?"

"Thus the Church has been able to say to a numerous class of citizens; to those whom she selects to be an example to the world:—'It is in vain that nature imposes upon you the obligation of perpetuating your existence by your descendants; that she solicits you thereunto by the most universal, the most imperious law: it is in vain that religion incites you to conjugal union, by precepts, by examples, by authorities; it is in vain that society, agreeing with religion and nature, presses you to form that honorable, that virtuous tie; it matters naught: we withhold from you as profane that which nature, religion, society call sacred; we isolate you from the civil world; you shall be holy after your own fashion; you shall live in society, but you shall not live for her; you shall only be united to us; your holiness shall be an abnegation of the quality of man; your state, a violation of the first social duty."

On the 12th of December, he spoke at considerable length on the subject of a large issue of coin, in small pieces of silver—*billon*—and copper; and his speech is a purely mercantile and mechanical examination into tedious details.

On the 13th, he introduced a string of propositions relative to the organization of the municipalities and tribunals. On the 20th, he proposed that the king should be desired to send a corps of soldiers and three commissioners to Aix: which town had been distracted by prison-forcings and aristocratic massacres; and Mirabeau himself procured a passport, with the intent to endeavor to allay the excited frenzy in person, by his popularity and decision; but press of business prevented him from going.

And so, amid debatings and Aix riotings, and innumerable such like disturbances, did 1790 fade away from him. His last year had been reaped from the field of Time, and was gathered into the garner of Eternity; there to remain until that great day when the wheat is winnowed from the chaff; when the good and true deed is parted from the bad and false deed: that to be placed for ever, star-glittering, in the diadem of Heaven; this to be speedily blown into annihilation, or burnt in the inexorable fires of hell: for there is no act, no word, no thought even, that has not an everlasting tendency, be it good or evil; that does not remain through all eternity a testimony of our shame or glory!

CHAPTER X.

ON THE CLERGY AGAIN—WAR MEASURE—ON THE TOBACCO DUTIES—MIRABEAU PRESIDENT—DEPUTATION OF QUAKERS—SPEECH ON THE EMIGRATION LAWS—MISCELLANEOUS—ON THE REGENCY.

January 1st to March 22d, 1791.

THE story of Mirabeau's legislative career draws fleetly to a close; fading away like an expiring bale-fire, which having irradiated from its lofty mountain-seat, a beacon through the grim night season, pales slowly as the great to-morrow dawns.

The decree of the 27th of November, relative to the clergy,

having been cunningly evaded by that body, it became necessary to take cognizance of their conduct. On the 4th of January, the Assembly ordered the ecclesiastical deputies to take the oath before leaving the hall: much against the wish of Mirabeau, who was as strong an opponent of the tyranny of democracy as of that of aristocracy. The majority did not comply; and so, having been a second time ordered, the Assembly demanded that the law should have its course, and the various pains and penalties be put into immediate execution. With a view to filling the vacancies thus likely to occur, Mirabeau proposed, that any priest who had been a minister for five years should be eligible to the highest offices in the church. This was passed on the 7th; and the Assembly also, by way of vindicating its conduct to the nation, appointed a committee to prepare an address to the people, on the subject of the clerical affairs. This the committee were engaged in compiling, when they heard that Mirabeau had already completed a similar work; they, therefore, made application to him, and the result was, that on the 14th, instead of the committee bringing up its address, Mirabeau appeared in the tribune, and read one of his own composition, to which the committee had given their sanction.

If extended liberality, leagued to a firm devotion to religion and morality; if vehement denunciation, united to splendid and picturesque imagery; fierce sarcasm and invective, to tear-drawing exhortations and invitations; and these, couched in the most forcible and elegant language; and, added to all this, if the hearty and constantly-recurring plaudits of the hearers be any criterion of eloquence; we may very safely venture to affirm that this is the completest, most brilliant, and altogether masterly of all Mirabeau's parliamentary efforts. It is as the last red gleam the summer sun shoots up into the western heavens ere it sinks beneath the dim horizon. Beyond all this, it possesses the incalculable advantage of not being entirely upon a shelved topic; the greater portion being on a subject still interesting—nay, becoming day by day more interesting, and even prominent.

After a few opening remarks, he abruptly enters into the points at issue, thus:—*

* Anxious to give this oration in a garment worthy it, we have departed more than is our custom from the literal wording, though the sense has never in any instance been altered.

"We are reproached with having refused positively to decree that the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion is *the religion of the nation:*

"With having changed, without the assent of ecclesiastical authority, the ancient boundaries of the diocese; and, by that measure, as well as in several branches of the civil organization of the clergy, of having given disturbance to the episcopal power:

"Lastly, with having abolished the ancient manner of nominating pastors, transferring the election to the suffrages of the people.

"Upon these three heads hinge all these accusations of irreligion and persecution, whereby attempts are made to cast a stigma on the uprightness, the wisdom, and the orthodoxy of your representatives;* who are now about to reply, not so much for their own exculpation, as with the view of forewarning the real friends of religion against the clamors of hypocrites, who are foes to the Revolution.

"To declare the Christian† religion to be the *national* religion, would be equivalent to casting a stain upon the dearest and most necessary attribute of Christianity. For the most part, religion is not connected with civil society; it is a relation between man as an individual, and the infinite Being who created him. Could you understand his meaning who told you of a national conscience? Certainly, then, religion is no more national than conscience: for a man is not in reality pious merely because he is a member of some state church; and although there were upon the earth only one religion, and all mankind should unite in professing it, still it would be true that every man would experience a proper sensation of religion, only in proportion as he adhered firmly to his own: that is, only in proportion as he would still cling to that universal religion, were the whole human race to abjure it. . . .

"There can be nothing *national* in an empire, save institutions established for the purpose of effecting political results; and religion being merely the relation between the reason and spirituality of mankind and the Divine reason, the universal spirit it worships, that religion cannot, in that light, assume any

* It was in the form of an address to the people, be it remembered.

† He means the "Catholic," but throughout he speaks of the Roman dogmas as the sole Christian code; whereas Mohammedism is considerably nearer Christianity than they are.

Among other marks of affection, Mirabeau received repeated challenges; to which he always returned this invariable answer: "Sir, your favor has been received, and your name is on my list; but I warn you that the list is long, and that I grant no preferences!"

His penetration into character, and the happiness of his descriptions thereof, are proverbial. Duport, Barnave, and A. de Lameth, he called, parodying the triumvirate, *triumgueusat*, which may be rendered triumvillainate: and if this appear a little harsh as regards Barnave, as regards the former anarchist, and the last (who, having been educated at the queen's cost, returned her bounty by slandering and ruining her), its applicability will not be questioned. Not alone to the well-known men had his inquiries extended: into the crouching felinity of Robespierre, then hardly known, he had peered; and his conclusion has been often quoted, "That man will go far—he believes everything he says."

From the very commencement of 1790 had Mirabeau's constitution been breaking up: he was subject to constantly recurring attacks of ophthalmia, attended with fever, and by the autumn he was much changed in appearance and complexion. The tenure of his life was growing very uncertain; and yet, when nature thus pealed forth her warning, as if in proud defiance of death, he set at naught the very vital principles of existence, as if determined to test their utmost limits. As we have seen, he undertook the championship of royalty, and commenced establishing—himself alone, unaided—what most men would have deemed more than sufficient employment, his secret correspondence between himself and his agents in every department of France. His diligence in attending the Assembly's debates about this time was resumed; and on the 30th of November he accepted the presidency of the Jacobins' club. He seized the opportunity this appointment afforded him to ascertain the real feeling of that association, and risked his whole influence by endeavoring to smother that spirit of fierce, terrorial republicanism, then commencing to be visible among them. He had at an earlier period expressed his fear of that club, and he now experienced that those fears were well founded. A few days after his election to the presidency he attended a meeting, and Robespierre speaking palpable incendiarism, he silenced him in his capacity of president. But

Robespierre appealed to his audience, and that audience was with him; for the room re-echoed with cries of "Continue"—"Go on," and other such encouragements; and when Mirabeau, determined to gain a clear knowledge of how far imbued the club was with the new principles, stood up and cried, "Let my friends surround me!" he found himself well-nigh isolated: the sympathies of the club were with Robespierre. It was by such arduous and bold experiments as this that he amassed his knowledge of the state of Paris, and the dangers of the constitution.

But his greatest and most daring exploit with the Jacobins was on the 28th of February, after he had silenced Robespierre and the Lameths in the Assembly. Sensible that he would be denounced to the people from the tribune of the Jacobins, he adopted a plan no other than he would have thought of; or, having thought of, had the courage to put into execution. He determined to confront his enemies face to face: to attend the club that very evening, and so "beard the lion in his den."

The hall was crowded to excess, and Duport was addressing a most excited audience; denouncing, in wild and inflammatory language, the enemies of the people, without mentioning Mirabeau: but when the speaker intimated, with a glance at him, that "such were not far distant," an outbreak of applause told Mirabeau too plainly in what odor of sanctity he there stood. He, nevertheless, had the audacity to reply in his most sarcastic style, ridiculing by deep-hidden irony the whole association; and then, amid the exasperated roars of the meeting, took his seat among them, by the side of Camille Desmoulins. The poor Camille! whom, while he censured his factious violence and dangerous principles, he admired and loved: even condescending to be present at his wedding. Alexander de Lameth undertook to give utterance to the rage of the Jacobins; which he did hotly enough: unlike Duport, he did not refrain from naming Mirabeau, but denounced him by name to his very face; addressing himself often to him personally; and when he appealed to the meeting to know if any could deny his charges, none would attempt it. While he was speaking, Mirabeau sat with great drops of perspiration coursing down his face! A quarter of an hour before entering that Jacobin's hall, he had said to his sister, that his end was accomplished: that they would not let him long survive his imperious "*silence aux trente voix!*" and the work of death was even so soon begin-

ning. But Mirabeau, with life, was not to be other than victorious, even when among his bitter foes; and so he ascended the tribune when Lameth vacated it, spoke for a very long time in a torrent of mingled satire, irony, praise, and declamation: spoke till he made the hall resound with applauses ten times louder than an hour before had been the contrary, and then strode proudly from the place, and never returned thither again any more, for ever.

But even these labors were not enough: he was elected a member of the directory of the department of the Seine; and when all his other accumulation of business inundated him, could not refrain from devoting his time to the consideration of various workmen's wages in the public service; sketching also plans for their reform. Nay, beyond all this, on the 18th of January, he accepted the commandership of the district battalion of the National Guard: accepted it, not merely as a form, but as an office with duties to be performed; among others, to give a grand dinner to his fellow-comrades, which he did in a most sumptuous manner.

Then, again, farther still, about the middle of February, six weeks before his death, he must purchase a beautiful rural residence near Argenteuil, called *Le Marais;* which also he must drain, and till, and generally improve, erecting bowers, and planning avenues and boscages; and better than all that, inquiring into the circumstances of all the poor around, employing such as were able to work, relieving the indigent and the sick: for misfortune never sounded her wail in his hearing and met with no response; the Orpheus music that could ever, in his busiest hour, melt Mirabeau into sympathetic tears, were the distresses and the sorrows of his fellow-man.

But the measure of his miraculous labors is not yet full. During these latter months he launched out into the most unbridled excesses of intrigue and sensual indulgence. At the very period when, beyond all others, his body required rest, and his mind demanded additional strength, he plunged into a round of licentious amours; so extended, so incessant, that it becomes wondrous that his body held out as long as it did, that his intellect did not altogether fail. The discarding of Madame de Nehra was the knell of his love-days. To that time there dwelt in all his connections a firm and ardent love; but with Madame le Jay this did not exist: she held no spiritual influence over him, and his incontinent desires being satisfied as

regarded her, and the restraining barriers of continency and constancy having been cast down, he entered into a wholesale connection with women whose names and haunts are undiscoverable: and unworthy notice, if discovered. Mirabeau's incontinence was known: and in a loose capital like Paris, the shame of a criminal intercourse would be absorbed in the glory of that intercourse being with the mighty orator: wherefore did all manner of women, maidens, wives, and widows, expose their blandishments unto him, if so be that they might lure him into their toils. The actresses at the theatre played to him, the singers at the opera sang to him: and lured he was to unknown liaisons. With the criminal act it unfortunately did not rest either: professional ladies Mirabeau would in no wise touch, and *amateurs* do not resign themselves to a lover for an evening and so have done with it; therefore, there is a kind of love-making, of softening into compliance in the first place, then jealousy is to be guarded against, and you must pacify and keep friendly with them, until they can be cast aside with decency, and a new batch adopted. And as a stereotyped background, there is vixenish Madame le Jay must have a sop, of money or of love, thrown now and then to her, to enforce that most difficult of female virtues, reticence: she having unpleasant secrets. And so the confused picture paints itself, until the biographer recoils with pity and tearful horror; for he finds that, complex and leviathanic as were Mirabeau's political intrigues and travails, his intrigues of the boudoir, his "labors of love," were quite as leviathanic and as complicated.

Those last six months of Mirabeau's life, are they not dreadful? To think that any mortal man should ever be condemned, and partly self-condemned, to perish by such a frightful self-consumption! Let the reader call to mind what Mirabeau had on hand, and what he was actually transacting in that period, and then ask himself, if world-history presents a parallel? His open, legitimate labor was in the Assembly: here he generally attended once, frequently twice, a day. Then he had to roar down and do battle with the Jacobins; to superintend his battalion of guards; to superintend, also, his country-house, and plan alterations; to visit or entertain his numerous private friends; to conduct his extensive departmental correspondence; to prepare his orations for the Assembly; to compile his elaborate and extended design for the preservation of the monarchy, and address his frequent letters to the queen; and in the evenings, when his

mind and body should have been relieved, to attend the theatre, and dissipate the midnight hours in the licentious orgies of the beautiful and the frail. We might almost say he never slept. It was, as at the last act of a tragedy, when all the gathered force of the company is crowded upon the stage, to give an overwhelming effect as the curtain falls.

But why did he continue this terrible career? Because there was that in him that would not suffer him to abate one iota of his habits or inclinations. The same tempestuous pride that led him to dare to the teeth, and triumph over in their very stronghold, the assembled hatred of Jacobins; the pride that prompted him to stand up against the onslaught of anarchy and misrule, even at the sacrifice of his popularity and his life; that pride also urged him to defy, in like manner, the irrevocable edicts of nature, and to determine him never, in good or in evil, to pale his fire; but to retain the immensity of his brilliance and of his baseness. his glory and his shame, his virtues and his vices, undiminished to the end!

CHAPTER XIII.

LAST EFFORTS—ILLNESS AND DEATH.

From March 25th to April 2d, 1791.

THERE is a spirit that, unseen by mortal eye, tracks the path of every man; whose calm and motionless visage is ever nigh, dimly visible, and minatory; and we name the spectre DEATH! And so, beyond all the whirlpool of Mirabeau's confused life, we can note the pale outline of this spirit standing close at hand, and growing daily clearer as the fires of life are dying out.

For a long time, as we said, Mirabeau had been ailing, but in 1791 he grew rapidly worse. In addition to his old complaint of fever and ophthalmia, he was now afflicted with rheumatism, internal pains, temporary swellings of the limbs, and all the numerous warning cries of an exhausted nature, which, as he steadily refused to heed these warnings, increased with fearful celerity.* In February, as president, Dumont saw

* Cabanis' *Journal de la Maladie*, &c., p. 238.

him bandaged in the evening sitting, to stanch the blood still trickling from the leeches applied after that of the morning; and Mirabeau himself was sensible that he had entered into the vale from whence there is no retracing—that the shadow of the grave was upon him. His parting with Dumont at that period shows this:—

"When we were parting," writes that individual, "he embraced me with an emotion such as I had never seen in him. 'I shall die little by little, my good friend,' said he to me; 'perhaps we shall never see each other more. When I shall be no more, they will know my value. *The evils that I have held back will fall upon all parts of France; that criminal faction which trembles before me will have no longer a bridle.* I have nothing before my eyes but forebodings of misfortune. Ah! my friend, we were right when we wished at the commencement to stop the Commons from declaring themselves the National Assembly: that is the origin of the evil. Since they have achieved that victory, they have not ceased to show themselves unworthy of it. They have sought to govern the king, instead of being governed by him; *but soon neither they nor he will govern: a vile faction will rule over all and cover France with horrors!*' "*

So much from a systematic detractor is a glorious tribute; but it is more as a manifestation of his consciousness of approaching death, than as a wonder-exciting instance of prophetic power, that we cite it. His sister grew alarmed; more especially as she deemed he had not a sufficiently experienced medical adviser. He had, till two years previously, been attended by a celebrated physician, named Dr. Baignères, who, from long attendance and natural skill, had acquired a perfect knowledge of his system. With this gentleman he had unfortunately quarreled, and now gave himself over to the exclusive care of a young literary surgeon, M. Cabanis; more noted as a scholar, poet, and man of letters, than as a sound practioner. Madame du Saillant used all her influence to induce him to recall Dr. Baignères, as also did Madame de Nehra; whose solicitude was unaltered by their parting: but it was all in vain; Mirabeau clung confidingly to Cabanis, and the tide of fate flowed on.

In the middle of March, a vast acceleration was given to

* Dumont, p. 267.

his end by an imprudent deviation from his accustomed moderation. He gave a midnight supper and banquet to a large and gay assembly, and exhausted himself by so doing. From that event, dates his dissolution; and he himself felt it: not now that he should soon die, but that he was actually dying. On leaving his sister one of those days, in bidding adieu to her and her lovely daughters, he said as he embraced the third, a budding beauty, "It is Death that embraces Spring!"

On Friday the 25th of March, the debate on the Regency closed; and on Saturday evening, faithful to his habits, he went down to Argenteuil to commune with the unpolluted voices of Nature, and direct the laying out of his new residence. It was the last draught of our great mother Mirabeau was destined to receive: the sun that sets so goldenly this Sabbath upon the meadows of Argenteuil shall rise again, fresh from his bathing in the inexhaustible light-fountain; the spring birds that, song-wearied, sink into slumber amid the sprouting copses, shall wake again to-morrow to pour out their songs anew; and the young flowerets that are peeping forth shall start out boldly, bloom and wither, and re-arise next year as of old: but never, ah! never shall *his* eye behold them, never shall his soul inhale their god-sent lesson: the world with all its verdure and freshness; its glad bird-songs and its tinkling brook-falls; and its proud thrones and base rascalities is dying away from him: the world recedes, and the eternities are dawning.

While at Argenteuil, on Sunday the 27th, he experienced a fearful and agonizing attack of colic, rendered doubly painful and dangerous from the absence of medical advice. In the face of all this, he determined to attend the Assembly on the Monday, to deliver a long and carefully-prepared oration on "Mines." This was an instigation of the purest friendship: the Count de Lamarck and his family had vested a very large portion of their money in the mines of Anzin, and it was to preserve this from depreciation that he had spoken on the subject a few days before (on the 21st). The Assembly had ordered his speech on that day to be printed: but still Mirabeau was not certain that his ideas would be incorporated in their decree; and so, on Monday the 28th, when almost dying, he proceeded to the Assembly.

On the way he was so much exhausted that he was obliged to call upon Lamarck, and lie for half an hour or so upon his

sofa, in such a state of weakness and almost unconsciousness, that he could only gain sufficient strength to continue his route by the aid of strong cordials. In this state he entered the Assembly, and five different times mounted the tribune, and spoke at considerable length each time—spoke till he had achieved his end and made his projects law; and then, having sung his last swan-melody, and bowed his "*moriturus vos saluto*," he staggered from the hall.

As he was walking down the terrace of the Feuillans, he was met by a young friend of his and of Cabanis, M. Lachèze; and Mirabeau accepted the support of his arm, describing, at the same time, the torture he was suffering from his immense labors that sitting. "You are killing yourself," said Lachèze. "Who could do less for justice and for friendship?" was the answer. When they descended from the terrace, a mighty concourse of people gathered round him; some cheering him, some preferring petitions, some asking questions, some gazing silently and wonderingly upon him. The noise and hubbub distracted him, and he said, half fainting, "Take me hence; I have need of repose:" and the young man took him.*

They went away together, and Mirabeau, having had a bath, felt so much invigorated as to go to the Italian Opera: but he had not been there many minutes ere he was forced to retire by another and aggravated attack, so severe and sudden as to render him well-nigh incapable of descending to his carriage; and when they found that it was not in waiting, he had to be supported by his friends till it was found, and then he was driven home to that house he was never to leave again alive.

"After inconceivable efforts," says Cabanis, "he arrived, at last, at home, in a most frightful state. I found him nearly suffocating, breathing with great difficulty, the face swollen from the stoppage of blood in the lungs, the pulse intermittent and convulsive, the extremities cold, and himself making vain efforts to repress the cries his agony drew from him. Never, at the first sight, had any invalid appeared to me so decidedly death-stricken. My emotion, which was extreme, and which it was impossible for me to disguise, made him perceive too well what I thought of his state. He said to me, 'My friend, I feel very distinctly that it is impossible for me to live many

* Cabanis's *Journal*, &c., p. 256, whence most of this chapter is taken. See, also, *Fils Adoptif*, viii. p. 413–457.

hours in these painful anxieties: hasten, therefore; they cannot long continue.'"

And so, the Monarch of the Revolution has nothing left but to turn his face towards the wall, resigning himself to that which must be. And we ourselves, after narrating, all too unworthily, memorable sayings, memorable actions, and memorable scenes, find that we have now nothing further to narrate concerning our living hero, than that most memorable scene of all; which, so scenic, so picture-like is it, we have learned to name—THE DEATH OF MIRABEAU.

And sublime and hero-like is that death: for if there could be any doubt concerning the magnanimity, the greatness of the healthful, active man, there can be none whatever of the dying one. In those last days of his, whatsoever was noblest in his nature stood out prominently without alloy, as floods forth with radiance an August sun, that, having battled with rain-clouds and tempests all the day, shines out unclouded at its setting! We shall see that, in those last and fearful hours, there dwelt no selfishness, no world-riot in his heart. The post-mortem examination will show how excruciating were his agonies; and yet, amid them all, his solicitude was not about himself, but solely about others: his thoughts dwelt not on individual prospects, on personal objects, but altogether, well-nigh, on that fair France whose peace and whose prosperity were dying with him. Let us essay to paint the picture.

Early on Tuesday morning (the 29th) his illness began to be rumored over Paris, and a few citizens, on presenting themselves at his door to make inquiries, learned the astounding tidings, that he was not merely ill, but was actually dying. One can imagine the reception of this unexpected information: not a sudden start and quick ejaculation, but a vague and semi-stupid stare, as though asking tacitly were it a dream or a reality; then a deep sigh, and a slow departure, to promulgate over the city that *Mirabeau is dying*.

Mirabeau dying! It cannot, may not be. But yesterday did we not see him? did we not hear him speak? and is he now leaving us for ever? leaving us, when more than ever his intellect, his oratory, his art of daring, are most wanting? when the Revolution wants consolidation, when our monarchy is in jeopardy, our infamous citizens rising into power, our lives and properties threatened with ruin, the man who alone could save us from universal alarm and carnage, ye say, is leaving us.

It is too sudden to be probable; too dreadful to be credited: it may not, cannot, shall not be! Fearful and incredulous, greater numbers hasten thither; finding that the rumor was too true: that God's will is not man's, and that, even when they can least spare him, they must prepare to lose their Mirabeau.

Quick—as evil tidings ever do—flies over Paris the gloomy story, and calls up from every quarter each patriotic heart, until there floods upon the Chaussée d'Antin, a countless inundation of anxious but silent multitudes. They extend down the street to the Boulevard, where a barrier is erected in order that no vehicle should disturb the sick man's quiet. To this concourse, several times in the day, a written bulletin is handed out, and then printed, and dispatched over the length and breadth of Paris, that all men may know how fares the invalid. Twice a day with due etiquette, in full formality, does the king send openly, before all men's eyes, to ascertain the latest report; and several times besides come his private messengers: for King Louis feels that a fellow monarch is departing: feels that the last hope of his salvation hinges on that life. So intense was the feeling of the people, that Desmoulins thanked Heaven that the king did not go himself in person, adding, "that step would have made him idolized."*

Meanwhile, how is it with the sick man? The lamp of life flickers in and out inconstantly, giving at times hope to the spectators; unshared in by the sufferer, who knows his hours are numbered now. On the evening of Tuesday he revived, and his sanguine physician deemed him out of danger; and when he told his hopeful opinion to his patient, received this unselfish answer: "*It is very sweet to owe our life unto a friend.*" And then, anxious lest Cabanis' housekeeper should be expecting him, Mirabeau insisted upon his returning home; and when Cabanis told him he should return to pass the night by his side, said, as he grasped his hand, "My friend, I have not courage to refuse you."

On Wednesday morning (the 30th) all was again at the worst, threatening almost instantaneous dissolution. He was so ill that he could see no visitors, and had to content himself with receiving through one of his immediate attendants a message of condolence and affection, brought by Barnave from the

* Revolutions de Paris, p. 640.

repentant Jacobins, at the head of a numerous deputation. Towards evening, however, he again grew easier; so much so that he was unattended during the hours of midnight: but when, at daybreak, Cabanis descended to his chamber, he found that he had been lying for two or three hours in the most violent pain; in which he continued to his decease. But, precisely in proportion as his bodily pangs grew more and more excruciating, his attention to his friends, and calm dignified resignation, increased. The friends who called to see him were not admitted, and even his adopted son was kept away from his chamber: his secretary de Comps, and Pellenc, and his chief friend of all, de Lamarck, were his constant attendants. His good sister, du Saillant, came frequently; and having to leave her carriage, by reason of the barrier, on the Boulevard, the dense crowd always parted reverentially, leaving an open passage for her to the door. The brother had cast a halo round the sister: as the moon reflects the sun, so she, from his splendor, was made luminous to the anxious people.

It was now painfully evident that life and death had come to hand and hand conflict, and Cabanis and all his friends entreated Mirabeau to be allowed to call in other medical advice: but he steadily refused to let any other see him; saying, "I do not forbid you doing or saying out of my chamber whatever you may please, but they must not enter here. And when Cabanis pressed him further, he said firmly, "No, I will see nobody: you have had all the trouble; if I return to life, you will have all the merit, and I wish you alone to have all the glory."

With Dr. Petit, who came but was refused admission to his chamber by Mirabeau, Cabanis held a consultation, and then, in the course of the day, administered many decisive remedies. These, however, had not the least effect; and seeing Cabanis disappointed and disconsolate, Mirabeau administered this sublime solace: "*Thou art a great physician; but the Author of the wind, that overthrows all things—of the water, that penetrates and fructifies all things—of the fire, that vivifies or decomposes all things—He is a greater physician still than thou!*"

This was the last day in March, and well-nigh his last as well; and never was a month's exit crowned with a more august display of human self-forgetfulness and thoughtful generosity: it seemed as though whatever agony he suffered

was not from his own internal torments, but from the uneasiness and sorrows of his friends. For the first time in his life he beheld the Count de Lamarck weep like a very woman. "It is," he said thereon, "a very touching sight, that of a calm and frigid man not being able to conceal a trouble against which he vainly arms himself." He spoke with warm gratitude of Frochot's attentions to him, saying, if he grew well he should have learned the art of nursing an invalid from him alone; and when that gentleman supported his burning forehead, said, with a strange admixture of friendship, and the old self-confidence "Would I could leave it thee as an heritage!"

He was supplied regularly with an account of the debates, and entered into their intricacies. His mind was most absorbed with speculations on the English diplomacy. "That Pitt," he said, "is the minister of preparatives. He governs by what he menaces, rather than by what he actually does. If I *had* lived, I think I should have given him some trouble."

When they described to him the remarkable and unexampled solicitude of the people, he cried transportively, "Ah, yes! beyond a doubt, a people so feeling and so good is well worthy that one should devote one's self to their service: that one should endure all to establish and consolidate liberty! It was glorious to me to consecrate my entire life to their cause; and I feel that it is pleasing to me to die in the midst of them."

With Friday morning (April 1), came Dr. Petit, who was this time admitted to Mirabeau's chamber. He found that death was actually then beginning, as the pulse had ceased to beat, and the arms and hands were cold and clammy as those of a corpse, although he still retained their use. After a very minute examination, Dr. Petit decided that there was not the remotest vestige of a hope. In the course of the morning came Talleyrand; who (and it is honorable to him) bent his proud resentment unsolicited, and came unexpected, but welcome, to pardon his dying friend, that they might not part as enemies. The Bishop of Autun opened the interview: an embarrassing task, considering the two years' non-friendliness, in a very frank manner: "The half of Paris," said he, "remains permanently at your door. I have come hither, like the other half, three times a day to hear tidings of you, and regretting bitterly each time my not having the power to save you." The interview thereafter was tender in the extreme. It lasted two hours;

during which Mirabeau embodied all his ideas upon the political aspect, in clear and forcible advice; at the same time giving him a speech he had prepared, "On the inequality of divisions, in succession by line direct," and begging him to read it for him at the ensuing debate: which Talleyrand did. After he had departed, Mirabeau made his visit a plausible pretext for declining the last offices of the Romish Church, informing the *curé* that he had already seen a higher ecclesiastic, the Bishop of Autun.

In the afternoon he made his will. Before commencing, he said to Frochot: "I have some debts, and I do not know the exact amount: I know no more of the state of my fortune; nevertheless, I have several obligations imperious to my conscience, and dear to my heart." When these words were told Lamarck, he generously proposed to pay all legacies Mirabeau should recommend him; and with equal nobility of spirit, Mirabeau used this liberality, though moderately and with discretion.

Slowly declined the day, and the shadows of night crept over the land—the last night of his earthly pilgrimage: but if the shades of death were upon the body, the starlight of the intellect—the meteoric soul—gleamed out in undiminished brilliance. His physician lay on a neighboring couch, and Mirabeau spoke with wondrous continuity till the morning; his words pouring forth too rapidly and too impetuously, in an unbroken fire-flood, as in the Assembly in his days of strength. Slowly also the curtains of night were in their turn drawn aside, and daylight began to dawn upon the world. His last day on earth! Think what lies in that! the past curling back like an indistinct and confused battle-picture, the present wavering like an empty vapor, and before, the dim immensity of the unknown To-Come looming up in hazy distance; unknown and dubious to the best of us Christians: but alas! doubly so to the dying Mirabeau; for he properly had no belief whatever, and in the world to come he knew not the consoling sublimity of a universal tribunal and an everlasting reward: but he looked forward unto death simply as a rest and an annihilation. And it is this that renders his death all the more heroic: for it is comparatively easy to die when death is regarded as the portal to a happier kingdom; but when an ignoble rest is the highest expectation, it is not so easy.

His first act on this last day was one of humane considera-

tion. The wife of a faithful retainer, named Legrain, had scarcely ever left his chamber since his illness, although her son was ill of a fever, and she herself very far advanced in pregnancy; and scarcely had the day dawned ere Mirabeau addressed her thus—

"Henrietta, you are a good creature. You are about to have a child, and are risking the life of another, and yet you never quit me. You owe yourself to your family: go, therefore, I desire it."

As soon as day had broken thoroughly, the windows were flung open, and the mild spring breeze stole in and fanned his feverish temples.

"My friend," he said to Cabanis, "I shall die to-day. When one is in that situation, there remains but one thing more to do; and that is to perfume me, to crown me with flowers, to environ me with music, so that I may enter sweetly into that slumber wherefrom there is no awaking."

His mention of flowers was one of the ruling passions asserting itself at the hour of death. In his little garden he had many trees and shrubs then greenly verdant, and here and there, in tuft or border, the earlier flowers were bursting into bud, and the later ones peeping from the brown earth; and that his eye might behold them once again, they wheeled his bed to the opened window, and he looked forth into the expanse of heaven. Just then, as though to greet him, the round and lustrous sun emerged from behind the clouds, and rayed forth upon him; and as he basked in the beams, and gazed up, dazzled and delighted, to its broad circle, he cried—

"If that is not God, it is at the least his cousin-german!"

He then informed Cabanis that he felt he should not live many hours, and begged him to promise not to leave him till his death; and when in promising, Cabanis burst into tears, he said, "No weakness, unworthy yourself and me! This is a moment when we ought to know how to make the most of each other. Pledge me your word that you will not make me suffer useless pain. I wish to be able to enjoy, without drawbacks, the presence of all dear to me."

He then had de Lamarck brought to him, and having placed him on one side of him on his bed, and Cabanis on the other, for three-quarters of an hour he spoke to them of private and public affairs; "gliding rapidly over the former, but dwell-

ing upon the latter:" in mentioning which he uttered his memorable words—

"*I carry in my heart the dirge of the monarchy, the ruins whereof will now be the prey of the factious.*"

Almost immediately after this he lost his power of speech, in which state he lay for an hour, apparently devoid of pain; but at about eight, the *coup-de-grace* of death was being given: his body convulsed and writhed as though in frightful and agonizing pain, and in dumb torture he signed for drink; water, wine, lemonade, jelly, were offered, but refusing them all, he signed again for paper; which being given, in hot rapidity he scrawled his wants and wishes in the words TO SLEEP! (*dormir*). Then, when that wish was not complied with, he wrote more at length, praying, for common humanity's sake, that they would give him opium. Just at that time, Dr. Petit arrived, and decided upon giving him a composing draught; and the prescription was immediately dispatched to the nearest druggist. Meanwhile his aggravated death-pangs had burst the very chains of death, and he recovered speech, to give a reproach to his friend.

"The doctors, the doctors!" he cried.—"Were not you (to Cabanis) my doctor, and my friend? Have you not promised me that I should be spared the anguish of a death like this? Do you wish me to die regretting having given you my confidence?"

Having said which, he sank into a kind of asphyxia, and lay motionless, and to all appearance insensible; but cannon firing in the distance aroused him, and he said, in dreamy surprise—

"*Are those already the Achilles' funeral?*"

And immediately after, as the chimes rang half-past eight, he opened his eyes slowly, and gazing heavenward, died!

> So fails, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,
> All that this world is proud of. From their spheres
> The stars of human glory are cast down,
> Perish the greatness and the pride of kings!*

He was forty-two years and twenty-four days old; and as he lay there a corpse, the beholders remarked that—"Except one single trace of physical suffering, one perceives with emo-

* Wordsworth's Excursion.

tion the most noble calm, and the sweetest smile upon that face, which seems enwrapped in a living sleep, and occupied with an agreeable dream."

So closes the most wonderful death-bed scene whereof we yet have annals: we called it wonderful; and not beautiful, and yet we would not have had it otherwise, for it is altogether in keeping with the man, and completes the character. A Christian's death had assuredly been more affecting, more beautiful, and less remarkable: but this stands out isolated; unlike any other, and must for many generations be esteemed as the beau-ideal of a materialist's death-bed—as the sublime of Deistic Faith!

CHAPTER XIV.

SENSATION CREATED BY HIS DEATH—POST-MORTEM EXAMINATION—WAS MIRABEAU POISONED?—FUNEREAL—EPISODIC.

THERE is no way so accurate for ascertaining the necessity and usefulness of a man, as to examine minutely the sensation created by his death; and if we measure Mirabeau by this standard, he must infallibly occupy the highest place in the temple of human excellence. His death was considered a loss by all parties: the king and court party mourned his decease, because he was the last bulwark to oppose unto the encroaching floods of republicanism; the moderate men mourned him, because they saw clearly what an unfinished and dangerous thing was the Revolution, and it was to him, and him alone, they looked for its completion; the ultras also lamented him, for they could not shake from their recollection that it was he, who, when none other dare do so, had defied absolute misrule, and stood up boldly for the unquestionable and reasonable rights of his nation. We may say that the entire nation went into mourning for him; and it was not the formal etiquette mourning of conventional life, but the inner lamentation of the heart. His loss was deemed a personal and a public calamity, and one which nothing could mitigate or repair. One young man put into the hands of Cabanis this note, just before Mirabeau's death: "I have read in the public papers that transfusion of blood has been performed in Eng-

land with success in severe illnesses. ' If to save M. de Mirabeau, the doctors think that plan useful, I offer some of my blood; and I offer it from the heart itself. The one and the other are pure." Greater proof cannot be given.

All theatres and places of public amusement were closed, and private reunions postponed; some from respect to the feelings of the people, but more from real sorrow for the death of the lamented one. On the Champs-Elysées there was a ball being held, however; and, it being deemed an insult to the national sorrow, the people burst in upon the revelers, dispersed the dancers, stripped the ladies of all their feathers and finery, and marched them all away with imprecations. Another, also in Paris, was served the same; and these were the only attempted scenes of festivity that were discovered in the whole of that immense city. There was one, too, at Argenteuil, in which the chaplain of the Carmelites figured so prominently, that he was seized, and would have been hanged had not the mayor rescued him. So very jealous was the nation, that their lost king should be duly lamented.

To this universal grief there were, of course, some few exceptions. Mirabeau had been far too high a character, and too independent, not to have made many enemies; and it is, perhaps, the highest eulogium we can pass on Mirabeau, to state who these were who earned a disgraceful notoriety by vituperating him when the nation was adoring; by rejoicing when all were mourning: these were *Robespierre* and *Marat*.

Camille Desmoulins, as usual, underwent that struggle between good and evil he experienced to his very latest minute: his heart incited him to weep for and to laud Mirabeau, and his faction, his principles (say, rather, his non-principles) led him to disparage and abuse. His *Revolutions de Paris*, therefore, for April 9, No. 91, is a strange admixture of libels, blame, denunciation, &c.; through which there is incessantly peeping forth the warm sympathies of the heart, and the admiring enthusiasm of the intellect. It is evident that Camille endeavored to bring himself to hate Mirabeau and curse his memory, but found that he could not do it.

More decided was Marat: "People! return thanks unto the gods! Thy most redoubtable enemy has just fallen before the scythe of destiny: Riquetti is no more; he has fallen the victim of his numerous treasons: victim of the barbarous foresight of

his atrocious accomplices, alarmed by having seen the depositary of their frightful secrets to be wavering."*

Robespierre's opinion is arrived at by a short but striking sentence of his: when the news was brought to him of Mirabeau's death, and his last memorable speech about the "Achilles' funeral," Robespierre cried, with much exultation, "*Achilles is dead! Then Troy shall not be taken.*" The acute-visioned terrorist knew well that the great obstacle to the spread of sans-culottism and alarm was now removed, and felt that there would thus be for him

"A way, out of his wreck, to rise in!"

But before the corpse of Mirabeau was consigned to its destination, was there not one most momentous question to be asked and answered? He had fallen suddenly: not like one that had wasted himself away, but more as one that had been unfairly dealt with; therefore, there arose the question—*Was Mirabeau poisoned or not?* And a most difficult one truly to answer: one upon which it is almost impossible to reach a positive conclusion; the circumstantial evidence is so heavy on both sides of the argument. In this state of the case, history, with hardly any exception, has written down his death as natural; leaving, however, a little doubt upon it: but we think we shall be able to show that the correcter view would be, to state his death as caused by poison; also giving, however, a little room for dubiety.

On the same day as his demise, the public accuser for the first *arrondissement* of the department of Paris demanded that his body should be examined, in these words; clearly expressing the feeling of the public: "The violence of the illness, its rapid progress, the suddenness of the dissolution; perhaps also the exaggerated fears that the celebrity of M. Riquetti, the services which he has rendened to the public cause, and the strangeness of the circumstances, seem to justify, to a certain extent, the supposition that the death of M. Riquetti could not be natural. To verify that idea, or destroy suppositions perchance ill-founded, it is necessary to proceed to open and examine the body; and to give all the publicity and authenticity possible to that examination."†

* *Ami de peuple*, No. ccccxix.

† *Procès-Verbaux de l'Ouverture et de l'Embaumement du Corps de Mirabeau l'aîné.* (In *Fils Adoptif*, vol. viii. 461.)

In pursuance of that order, about noon on Sunday, the 3d of April, the body was opened in the presence of forty-four physicians and surgeons, as well as of some magistrates and other officials; and of a deputation of seven, sent by the crowds assembled in all the neighboring streets. The result of this post-mortem examination is well known: it was that he had not been poisoned; and the state of the body, as published by Cabanis, was made to appear to corroborate that statement: for, as M. Vicq d'Azyr told the queen, the appearances of the body, as published, would argue as much that they had been caused by violent remedies, as by poison.* And if the matter rested there, natural death would be the only tenable conclusion: but it does not, and there is quite sufficient existing evidence to show that the whole *procès-verbal* was a mere time-serving job.

"The stomach, the duodenum, a great part of the liver, the right kidney, the diaphragm, and the pericardium, presented traces of inflammation, or, rather, of active congestion. The pericardium contained a considerable quantity of a thick, yellowish, opaque matter. The whole of the external surface of the heart was covered with coagulated lymph, with the exception of its apex. The cavity of the chest contained a small quantity of water."†

So ran the published result of the examination; but that description is only negatively true: negatively we say, because while there is nothing but the truth inserted, the whole truth is studiously concealed. There were forty-four medical men at the autopsy, and several survived till within a few years; and these, having been carefully hunted up and questioned by the Fils Adoptif and other interested parties, the result is, that we discover that very many of the surgeons were confident that there were traces of poison; and also that, after long years' experience, they still entertained the same conviction. The doctors thus examined amount to ten, and it is but fair to argue that many more may have held the same views. How, then, came the verdict to be rendered, when thus dubious, as indubitably natural death? It was so rendered from expediency; there can be no doubt that the populace would have extorted a fearful revenge from somebody, had it been authoritatively stated that Mirabeau had been poisoned; and therefore the doc-

* Campan, vol. ii. 135. † Cabanis, p. 314.

tors judged it advisable to extinguish that idea. And now let us turn to a most suspicious circumstance.

M. Roudel and the Baron Barbier were two pupils of the Professor Sue; and the former of the twain, on examination of the stomach, found many erosions (holes eaten into it by mineral poison), and having pointed them out to the latter, they both exclaimed that he had been poisoned; but their master, Sue, immediately drew them aside, and silenced them with these words: "He was not poisoned—*he cannot be poisoned—understand that, imprudens! Would you have them devour the King, the Queen, the Assembly, and all of us?*" The inquiring students were thus put down: but Barbier, whether he disclosed his sentiments or not, being determined to satisfy at any rate himself, took up a portion of the stomach, and found it corroded and perforated evidently by a poisonous substance. He was about to demonstrate that fact, when he was suddenly called aside for a moment, and, on returning, the affected part had vanished: neither could he recover it! So the question was burked. Barbier rose to be the surgeon-in-chief to the Val-de-Grâce, and was for many years one of the most celebrated practitioners in Paris, and still maintained the same opinion; and Sue himself assured the Fils Adoptif, that the words attributed to him were correct.

The post-mortem examination being thus unsatisfactory, it is necessary, to the obtaining of a decision, to discuss the circumstantial evidence of the likelihood of his being poisoned.

As we have intimated, this is strong on both sides; but far stronger on that of death by poison. In the first place, it was the clear and firm conviction of Mirabeau that he would be poisoned; as also of all his friends and his family. After his famous "*Silence aux trente voix,*" on his way to outface the malice of the Jacobins, he called upon his sister, as our readers will remember, and said, in the course of conversation, that he had signed his death-warrant. He was frequently seized with acute pains, after dining or supping at strange houses; and on one of these occasions, when Madame du Saillant stated her fears that they were caused by attempts at poisoning, he replied—"You are right, I feel it: they hold me; they will have me." So firmly convinced was he of this, that, for several weeks before his death, he never partook of anything from home, save at his sister's or niece's houses. To Dumont he said at parting, "If I believed in slow poisons, I should not,

doubt that I was poisoned: I feel myself decaying; I feel myself consuming by a slow fire." What more probable than that these attacks were the results of attempted poisonings, which, mortal to a weaker frame, were not so to the robust constitution of Mirabeau, and therefore served merely as a torture.

In addition to that, presents of wine, liquors, &c., were being perpetually sent him, which, while they *might* be the attribute of admiring friendship, were certainly suspicious offerings from totally unknown persons. In November, 1790, once, when out together, Mirabeau passed a cup of coffee made for him to Pellenc, and insisted upon his retaining it; that gentleman experienced internal pains after drinking the same, which excited his suspicions greatly. And a similar thing occurred to M. Frochot, in December of the same year. The family were also incessantly being put upon their guard, and admonished against suffering Mirabeau to go to certain places, and partake of certain viands—and among the number of these informants was Cazalès. A letter was also received from an unknown woman, who, through the medium of her husband, had been enabled to expose to him the time and place of a projected assassination. The result of all this was, that whenever Mirabeau strolled out in his fields or gardens at Argenteuil, Madame du Saillant used to send her son, armed to the teeth, to follow at as close a distance as was possible without being perceived by his uncle.

Against this weight of evidence, what can be adduced in favor of the verdict of natural death? There is the fact, that for a considerable period, his constitution had been breaking up: and fevers and ophthalmic blindness could not possibly be caused by poison. Moreover, his ceaseless round of sexual debaucheries, unabated to the very last, must sooner or later have exhausted his powers of life. And lastly, there is the important question of, to whose interest was it that he should perish? If the nation was so grief-stricken at his decease, how could it be that that decease was by violence?

These latter arguments, however superficially conclusive, appear to us answerable. As regards his being worn out by licentiousness, we may hint, that a man so worn out does not die suddenly and abruptly, but rather decays; gliding first into a miserable imbecility, and then slowly into death. And as for the other, that has already been answered by several writers, who have ascribed his death alternately to the Jacobins, and to the Emigrants. Without questioning those conclusions,

we would suggest a third. It is known that there is a quality in the human soul called jealousy, which, pushed to extremes, becomes revenge in its keenest form; it is known, moreover, that that quality is the fiercest and most deadly in the soul of woman, when she is aroused by the infidelities and slights of a lover: is it not highly probable, then, that one of his mistresses—wooed, won, and cast aside—revenged herself by the means of poison? However, it is time we dismiss this question; and therefore, in so doing, we would express our opinion thus:—That Mirabeau, shaken and weakened by superhuman labors, both of the mind and body, was fast hastening to his end, when that end was accelerated, and his actual dissolution caused, by means of poison.

But whether poisoned or not, Paris was determined he should not be interred without the most splendid death-tribute ever yet given to mortal man. The municipality imposed an eight-days' mourning; and the sections of Paris demanded that he should be interred in the centre of the Champ de Mars, under the "Fatherland's altar." On the evening of Sunday the Jacobins resolved, "that they would attend his funeral in a body; that they would wear mourning for eight days; that they would resume it every year on the 2d of April; that his statue should be executed for them in marble."

On the Sunday also, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld presented himself at the bar of the Assembly, at the head of the department of Paris; and, after a few introductory words from him, M. Pastoret, procurator-general, read an eloquent address from that body, wherein they demanded that "The new church of St. Geneviève should be devoted to the sepulture of great men; that the Assembly should decide who were worthy of such sepulture of honor; and that Mirabeau should be first placed therein."

The Assembly was proceeding to discuss these points, when Barnave arose, and spoke thus:—

"We are not able at present to attend to the manner to be adopted for consecrating the nation's gratitude to those who have well served her. The details, the minutiæ such a discussion would compel us to enter into, would interfere with and degrade the deep sentiments with which we all are penetrated. I move that a decree be passed in these terms:—The National Assembly declares that Honoré Riquetti de Mirabeau has merited all the honors which the nation shall decree to the great men

who have served her truly. Refer the details to the committee of the constitution, with an order that they report their conclusion without delay."

This was carried, and on the 4th (Monday), Chapelier, in the name of the committee, proposed the following decrees, which were carried:—

1st. The new edifice of St. Geneviève shall be devoted to the reception of the ashes of great men, from the date of the epoch of French liberty.

2d. The legislative body shall alone decide to whom that honor shall be decreed.

3d. Honoré Riquetti Mirabeau is judged worthy of receiving that honor.

4th. The legislature shall not be able in future to decree that honor to one of its own deceased members: such an honor shall be left to the next following.

5th. The exceptions which shall be made for several great men, deceased before the revolution, shall only be made by the legislative body.

6th. The directory of the department of Paris shall be charged to put the edifice of St. Geneviève promptly into a state suited to its new destination. Upon its front shall be engraven—

Aux Grands Hommes, la Patrie Reconnaissante.

7th. Until the new church of St. Geneviève be ready, the body of Riquetti Mirabeau shall be deposited by the side of the ashes of Descartes, in the vault of the old church of St. Geneviève.

After that, the president informed the Assembly that the funeral of Mirabeau would be ready to start by four in the afternoon; and when some member proposed a deputation thereto, he was met with an unanimous cry of "We will all go—all of us." And so they separated.

All the afternoon were the places of business closed throughout Paris, and a silence, as of the City of Death, reigned unbroken; for those whom duty compelled to be busying abroad, walked lightly, and their very footsteps imparted dreariness to the already melancholy aspect. Towards four, however, immense masses of people began, still noiseless, to gather together; and the Boulevard, and streets contiguous to the Chaussée d'Antin, and in the line of march, were speedily crowded to the uttermost: then the windows were taken out, and soon

filled with expectant thousands; after which, the very house-tops grew peopled, until, wherever the eye turned, naught could be seen save human forms, and the heart grew weary with the monotony of life.

At half past five the discharge of cannon, and the low, sullen rumbling of the drums, announces the departure of the unprecedented procession. Let us observe as it defiles along the Boulevard slowly, and very, very sadly.

First, turning from the Chaussée d'Antin, we behold a detachment of cavalry, to open the march, and clear the way for the remainder. Then a deputation from each of the sixty battalions of the sappers and gunners, together with the brave bastillers. Marching by the outside of these, in single file, comes next a deputation of the most wounded of the disabled veterans. These are followed by a deputation from the sixty battalions of the National Guard, with their état-major, and headed by Lafayette, the commander-general; and with whom were the Swiss Guards, and some chaplains; and this portion was closed by the drummers and bands of the National Guard.

Then came the committee of the section, the secretary-registrar, the judge of the peace, and M. Cerutti, appointed to deliver the funeral oration. After these the *curé* of the parish of St. Eustache, with a large number of clergy, and the charity children. Then Mirabeau's battalion of the National Guard, headed by its temporary captain, and carrying its standard, immediately preceding—

THE BODY OF MIRABEAU.

The coffin, surmounted with an elegant civic crown, and his military accoutrements, was carried by twelve sergeants of the battalion, who insisted upon so doing; and surrounded on all sides by grenadiers and fusiliers with reversed arms. The corners of the pall were held by the four representatives of Aix. At the foot of the coffin came M. Lavillette, bearing the heart, which was garlanded with a crown of flowers.

Then came the mourners for the departed; at the head of whom were, of course, those of his immediate family. After whom, escorted by hussars, and by the veteran and juvenile battalions of the National Guard, came the president and the members of the National Assembly, walking purely promiscuously, and without distinction of party: courtite walking arm in arm with revolutionist; hater of Mirabeau's political princi-

ples and acts with their warmest admirer, all mingling together; all forgetting, in the sorrow of the heart and the admiration of the genius and daring of the illustrious dead, the petty squabbles and animosities of the times.

The Jacobins were next; adopting the same plan as the members of the Assembly. Then came the ministers of the king; the members of the department of Paris; the municipal officers of Paris, and from all the adjacent towns; the judges of the tribunals; the electors. A splendid hearse, rendered useless by the zeal of the sergeants, followed here, drawn by six black horses, superbly draperied; together with two mourning coaches with four horses: a large quantity of private carriages, and a detachment of infantry and cavalry closed the mighty spectacle.

Amid the melancholy and half mystic dirge-melodies of the numerous bands; the incessant rumbling of the multitudinous drummers, and the sullen booming of the cannon discharged at stated intervals, the monster procession, extending over four miles of ground, amid the sobs and tears of five hundred thousand spectators, wended along slowly: slowly, indeed; for not until eight o'clock, when the shadows of evening were closing round, did they gain the church of St. Eustache, where the ceremonials were to be performed.

The National Assembly and Mirabeau's family were placed in the choir: and the nave and all other parts of the church were amply filled by the other members of the procession. The heart and body were placed upon an elevated platform covered by a dais; and then the funeral service of the Roman church was performed in all its imposing pomp of sorrow, rendered trebly touching by the celebrated musician, Gossec, having composed music expressly for the occasion, so touching and tear-moving that few could listen and not weep. When that was concluded, a military salute was given, by discharging twenty thousand muskets;* several whereof being loaded with ball, and the reverberation being very powerful, the cornices were in many places shaken from the roof—wounding, fortunately, only one person. After that, Cerutti, mounted upon a platform near the altar, delivered a long and exceedingly wearisome eulogium upon Mirabeau: but as it was a eulogy of some sort, it met with loud applauses.

* Revolutions de Paris, p. 649.

After this the procession re-formed itself, and proceeded to the church of St. Geneviève, where, about midnight, the long and magnificent ceremony was completed, and the body of Mirabeau deposited side by side with that of the celebrated Descartes.

Funeral ceremony, such as Mirabeau's, has no precedent, and hitherto has had no imitations; and although in popular shows and pomp-displays we see no great intrinsic value, they are, nevertheless, valuable so far as they aid us in forming an estimate of the man on whom they are lavished: the man that can engross unto himself such a tremendous and altogether unexampled funeral as this of Mirabeau, must be a great man: for an *entire* nation, from its king to its meanest servant, never has bestowed, and never can bestow, such homage on one unworthy of it.

With the actual interment, the homage was far from ceasing; it had to spread over France: for Mirabeau's celebrity, unlike any other of his cotemporaries, was not metropolitan. On the 4th of April, the department of Seine-et-Oise went into mourning for him; on the 7th, that of Seine-Inferieure; and on the 11th, those of Seine-et-Marne and Loiret. On the 3d of May, his obsequies were re-celebrated in Corsica by the authorities; the vessels there being ornamented with signs of mourning. On the 5th of April, the Chaussée d'Antin was changed into the Rue Mirabeau; and all over Paris, and all over France, poured forth such a tribute of bad literature and good, as a solitary man never before excited. We have essays upon him by Garat (afterwards minister), by Lenoir (his kind Vincennes governor), and a dozen other names unknown; odes, orations, laments, life-sketches, &c. &c., by the score. A very incomplete collection of such publications, published in the month of May alone, numbers *forty-two*. Nay, so thoroughly Mirabeau-impregnated was the atmosphere of France, that for some two months the play-writers, in rapid fecundity, had to dramatize his life and even death. On the 15th of April, the king's Italian comedians played "Mirabeau in the Champs Elysées;" which, however, did not take well. On the 7th of May they produced, the "Shade of Mirabeau," which was more successful. On the 24th, Monsieur's theatre brought out "Mirabeau on his Death-bed;" which was highly popular. And we are informed, that from these shoals there yet remain on

the French stage some four or five dramas. Such a strange thing is an admiring people. But as an instance of how soon the dead are forgotten when the purse is concerned, in the following October, when M. Frochot announced in form Mirabeau's insolvency to the Assembly, demanding them to pay his creditors, they contented themselves with enthusiastically applauding M. Frochot, and decreeing that "*Mirabeau's funeral expenses should be paid!*"

What became of Mirabeau's more illustrious friends after his demise is well known: the world is familiar with the lives of Talleyrand, Sièyes, Condorcet, and others; but of his less noted friends they will know less, and they deserve a few words. Cabanis resided in Paris undisturbed till 1808, when he died suddenly. Pellenc, after Mirabeau's death, came over to England, and formed an intimacy with Fox, Wilberforce, Brougham, &c., and then proceeded to Austria, rose to be a chancellor of State, and died in 1833. M. de Comps was proscribed, and after many adventurous dangers escaped abroad: he filled many diplomatic situations under Napoleon, and died about the time of his fall. Lamarck fled from France at the downfall of royalty, and soon after succeeded to the title of Prince of Arenberg: he died in extreme old age in 1833, cherishing his friend's memory to the last. Dumont survived till 1829, and the "Souvenirs" were not published till 1830: he had, in fact, not intended them for the press in that state; but, aware of their many inaccuracies, had postponed their publication till he had leisure to correct the whole. Madame de Nehra (to whom Mirabeau left 20,000 francs, charged on Lamarck) died in 1818; and Frochot expired suddenly, on hearing of his son's death, in 1829.

Mirabeau's uncle, the good old bailli, survived his renowned nephew three years; dying at Malta, on the 18th of April 1794, of a cancer in the toe, in his seventy-seventh year. The Viscount, Mirabeau's brother, did not so long survive him.—After his indignant farewell to France, he raised a regiment among the emigrants; and the Prince of Condé sending him one day an imperative message, his hot Mirabeau-blood was excited, and he refused to admit the messenger; the officer, however, forced an entrance, and when the viscount rushed upon him to chastise him, received him on his sword point, and so ended his drillings for ever. He died at Fribourg, on the 15th of September 1792, aged thirty-eight, and weighing

twelve score. It is generally supposed that the Mirabeau family is extinct; but it is not so: the viscount married in 1788 a very wealthy and noble lady, and had by her a son; who, marrying in his turn, had two sons, both of whom were living a few years ago. Madame du Saillant underwent her share of prison life in the Reign of Terror, but survived till very lately; and the Adopted Son enjoyed a government situation under the late dynasty: of which, let us hope, the present ochlocracy has not dispossessed him.

But while every friend and relative were thus journeying to their several destinations, the dead remains of Mirabeau were not suffered to rest undisturbed. When the celebrated iron chest was brought to light, several papers were found therein relative to Mirabeau; and, though none were either in his handwriting, or in the king's—though they all tended to prove, not the receipt of moneys, but rather the contrary—the Convention, urged on by the infamous Ruhl, veiled his bust, and *put his memory under arrest*, until the papers could be fully examined. In November 1793, they came to a definite conclusion, by decreeing that—

"The National Convention, after having heard the report of its committee of public inquiry, considering that there cannot be a great man without probity, decrees that the body of Honoré Gabriel Riquetti Mirabeau shall be withdrawn from the French Pantheon. . . . . The same day that the body of Mirabeau shall be withdrawn from the French Pantheon, *that of Marat shall be there transferred!*"

It was not, however, till the 21st of September, 1794, that the decree was executed; and as Robespierre had then fallen, it is surprising that it should have been: but though the terror-king was no more, his principles were not all eradicated, and the reaction had not come; therefore the Jacobins demanded that the law should be executed, and it was so. In the dead of the night the appointed officers received the leaden coffin containing Mirabeau's ashes, and deposited them in the centre of the cemetery of St. Catherine, in the Faubourg of St. Marcel (the burying-place for criminals), without any outward sign to mark his resting-place.

Michelet thinks France ought to re-exhume him, and re-ensepulchre him in a becoming tomb. It may be done: for in the present state of France there is no folly that could be surprising—but Heaven forbid it! Where lies the perishing earth-

portion of a man is not worth a thought—it is rottenness and corruption, be it here or there: but the soul, the estimation that is held in by mankind, is the thing to be set right and justified. So let the body sleep where it may; disturb it not: he has no need for Père-la-Chaise entombings—for Pantheon resting-places; for, nobler than them all, he is enshrined in the memories of mankind—his imperishable resting-place is in the page of history—and his mausoleum in the hearts of freemen!

CHAPTER XV.

CONCLUSIONAL.

Our work would be but incomplete, did we not endeavor to arrive at some definite and accurate conclusion regarding the wonderful man whose life we have been narrating.

The system of judging which commences by seeking out and contrasting whatever anomalies are to be found in Mirabeau's character, and exposing in strong juxtaposition the so-called contradictions; manifesting what singularities, what an agglomeration of darks and lights were in him: how he was, by turns, a demon and a saint; a virtuous orator, but a corrupt statesman; an elevated patriot, but a degraded private man; that system that would thus judge, never has, never will, and never can, reach a satisfactory or correct conclusion. No man that can rise to the eminence he did—that can sway a nation by as legal and as warrantable means as he did—can ever be the preposterous medley of conflicting principles he is described as having been. In summing up his character, we encounter the same perverseness as in detailing his hidden career: viz., that of adopting the tortuous, unlikely, and unnatural path, when the straightforward and probable way is open as the daylight. Are men of the constitutional temperament of Mirabeau such rarities, then, that we cannot comprehend him? Do we not, on the contrary, meet with them at every turn? Men, whose guide-lamp is intuition and passionate impulse—who act on the instant, more or less wisely, or more or less foolishly, as they have the faculty of insight—whom, therefore, taken piecemeal, you cannot defend, palliate, or esteem; but whom, taken altogether, you cannot, howsoever you may try, do other than love

right cordially: because the same impulse that frequently plunges them into wrong, ere they are well aware, compels them as suddenly to noble and generous actions; done so heartily that they absorb the numerous little righteousnesses of a hundred purer and more frigidly virtuous men, as the rod of the rude Israelite swallowed up those of the polished and self-inflated Egyptians. First and foremost among such was Mirabeau: we call him the personification and beau-ideal of the impulsive in man: it was he who carried that principle into its farthest extremes, and therefore are all its beauties and defects visible and glaringly apparent in him. Look at him howsoever you will, in whatever shape—whether as politician, statesman, book-writer, orator, or lover—you have ever the same man, acting precipitately and decisively from the powerful impulses of his fiery and impetuous heart. Hence it comes that Mirabeau can only be judged by men of like temperament—by his peers; the man who in his life has never experienced a fearful fire-bloodedness within him, combating his cooler judgment and his religious principles; the man who has drifted gently on, a calm conventionalist in all the opinions, ways and habits he inherited from his parents; the man who, having too little native force, too little blood to go wrong, has consequently gone right—with whom it requires no terrible struggle, no fierce soul-conflict to go right;—that man, by his very nature, can have no sympathy with Mirabeau, can never understand his actions, and has no right nor title to sit in judgment on him.

We have said that Mirabeau was a man to be loved—and we repeat it: love and pity, coupled with warm admiration, are the only sentiments to be employed towards him. Let us glance back briefly over what we have narrated, and we shall see him in such a complication of trials and adversities and untoward situations, as would have effectually broken the spirit of any other than he: and shall we withhold our pity from a fellow-mortal under such a painful eclipse? We shall, moreover, see him courageously battling through it all; by dint of hard swimming, keeping his head, at any rate, above water: and shall we not love and admire a brother so bravely fighting?

We said in our preface, that "his errors were but half his; his brilliances, his goodnesses, were his own, entirely and alone;" and we now essay to prove it.

Of all natures, of all temperaments, that of the impulsive requires the most careful training, the most perfect education:

to fire, we would liken it; which, if *taught*, if restrained within due bounds, will warm our hearths and work our factories, but, if untaught, if unrestrained, bursts forth in red conflagration, consuming and defacing many things. How, then, was Mirabeau—the fieriest of the fiery—how was he educated? We have seen it—we have read it. Cast by the hand of Providence upon, not only the most skeptical and immoral nation under heaven, but also in its most skeptical, most immoral, and most thoroughly rotten epoch—endued with a temperament naturally inclined to run into vagaries and crime with the same headlongness as into virtues; he, more than all men then living, required that his infancy should be duly nourished with the eternal God's edicts, his childhood instructed in the paths of virtue, and his youthhood fortified by kind admonitions of morality and of religion. And, instead thereof, he was utterly neglected: there was not one truly Christian principle engrafted in the child's expanding intellect; a little book learning, very little, was crammed into him, and all the rest was disgraceful and scandalous neglect. Soon as the child's eyes were opened, and looked inquiringly forth to supply itself with example-precepts, since others had not been vouchsafed him, he found a father hating him without cause, and living in open and unconcealed adultery; he found his two parents squabbling and quarreling in incessant rancorous dispute; he saw around him no monitor, no guide, but only false lights—*ignes fatui*—deluding unto death; he beheld a church, hollow and trumpery at its best, but then so hollow and so artificial that a child like him could see its paltriness, its non-vitality: and so when thus unarmed by principles, he was, at eighteen, launched upon the world, he not unnaturally fell. An intrigue, an amour: a crime committed by thousands of young men, was treated as an unpardonable offence, and punished, not by a parental lecture, but by a prison, and a talk of death by a poisonous climate. And so on, from prison to forced battlings in Corsica, to half forced marriage and no allowances, thence to fresh captivity in If and Joux; then base wife-desertion and a fresh fall; then living by the pen in Holland, and then, finally, three years' sojournment in a foul and loathsome dungeon in Vincennes; and then, at the age of thirty-two, his education was completed.

In the name of common justice (to say nothing of charity), what can you expect from such a training-up in no way what-

soever? Do goodness, virtue, piety, spring up indigenous in the human heart, or have they to be planted? If the world's appointed sower (the parent) sow the fair seed-field with nothing: or if with anything, with tares; how can the world expect an unmixed corn-crop? If the world get nothing in such a case, it is as much as it has a right to expect: if the world get a mingled crop of tares and wheat, should it not rejoice greatly in having so reaped where it did not sow, and not anathematize the field because it produced no more? Mirabeau, rising from such a wilderness of woe into the mighty man who out-thundered his everlasting word-magic from the tribune of the French Assembly, is one of the wonders of the world. The natural result of his education would have been an immoral and bad man without mitigation: many men have been immoral and bad with less excuse for their immorality and badness, and been less decried than he. How unjust, therefore, seems that decrying, when he became a man in whom badness was the exception, not the preponderance; when he became, in fact, the greatest of his nation; or rather (since the word *great* implies, as we take it, some qualities Mirabeau lacked, or, possessing, misapplied), let us call him the most *gigantic* man, not only of his own nation, but of all the world.

Gigantic is the true term: he was indeed gigantic: something like those old mythological giants who hurled mountains at the gods. His distinguishing feature is, that on whatever he labored was imprinted one broad, unmistakeble stamp of masculinity.

In whatever character we consider him, we shall discover the same peculiarities. As a man of letters, his acquirements were so extended and so varied, that history, unable to comprehend them, through ignorance of his habits of industry and facility of learning, has adopted the readiest way of *accounting* for such multifarious knowledge by questioning it entirely. But if he was only superficially acquainted with all he professed to know, how comes it that in all his public documents and private letters, whenever a quotation could give weight to his illustration or argument, he has one ready from any language, always to the point; and not usually from the noted passages of the more celebrated authors, but from the obscurest and least known? It is an indubitable fact, that Mirabeau was a perfect master of the Latin, Greek, French, Italian,

Spanish, and Dutch languages, and their literatures; that he was well grounded in the English, especially in its literature, and that he knew somewhat of the German.*

As a statesman, the same giant-like manliness is visible also. He never appeared in the light of a mere parliamentary quibbler, and cunning tergiversationist: such as our great statesmen have, for the most part, been. His measures were in no case the measures of deceitful fox-like juggling, but they were couched in plain and not evadeable language; containing no vague principles, but firm and distinct in their every feature. His measures were not always sound: they could not be, considering their number; but they were either good or bad, and never indifferent; and whether good or bad, they had a breadth and magnitude peculiarly his own.

As an orator, his immensity is the most remarkable. His voice, his action, his words, were all of the same leviathanic mould: in no other orator can be found that pomp-rhetoric, that almost oppressive comprehensiveness, which, embracing the widest limits, omits not the minutest detail—that body, that volume of fluent eloquence, and that decided rounding of his paragraphs, ending as though the whole soul of the speaker had been infused with a dash into the last sentence. Madame de Staël's inimitable expression can alone describe his oratory, when she says it contained "*a power of life.*"

As a private man, it was the same: no one could have a personal interview with him, and not be entirely captivated with his broad, open frankness: as of a giant, who feeling he was such, and knowing his power of plain force, disdained concealing it in hollow formalities and deceits. None could resist him: his governors melted before him, his uncle also: despite his ugliness, no woman's heart was proof against him. At Dijon, a tradesman to whom he owed money said, "He owes me much, but whatever I have is at his service;" at Provence, the peasants lighted bonfires at his return; in Paris, Romilly and Dumont were literally carried away by him; de Comps, when he died, attempted suicide from grief; the stern, aristocrat Lamarck, for the first time in his man's days, wept when Mirabeau was dying; and Desmoulins could not refrain from crying in a transport of feeling, "O, how I loved him!"

* We have been considerably gratified to find these acquirements fully done justice to by the Hon. Mr. Smyth, in his "Historic Fancies."

The son of the woman whom Mirabeau sent from his death-bed, out of consideration for her attention and her situation, forty years after, for long hours copied manuscripts for the Adopted Son, that he might in some little repay the benefits showered by Mirabeau on his father and his mother. And when Mirabeau came face to face with the queen, she, the proud imperious lady, was forced also to melt, and say she was "*delighted* with him."

But in this our canonization-trial, to let the detraction-side have fair play, all the great censures passed upon him shall be inserted and commented upon.

He was immoral. It is most true: he was as gigantic in that as in anything else, and was perhaps the most inordinately and wholesalely incontinent of all his cotemporaries; and the pen would be at once dangerous and disgraceful that for one moment would defend that incontinence. But, though admitting of no defence, there is room for palliation and excuse. He was victim to a physical disease, known to the faculty, whereby a man is prompted to sensual gratification to such an extent, that strong moral resolution is required to repress that prompting. Also, the state of morals was low in France; most low: amours and adulteries were taken as matters of course; and there is not the same sin in going through a common gap, though it be trespass, as in breaking the fence down, and being isolated in so trespassing.

To this latter excuse will, of course, be opposed the fact, that, great as was the license of the age and nation, Mirabeau so far outstripped that license as to be scouted by good society; until his triumph as an orator outblazoned his shame as a private man. To this we reply, by exposing the cause of that scouting. It was not that he was immoral, but that he was immoral not according to the received order of immorality. His character was ruined by his affair with Sophie: but it is curious to see why. It seems that adultery in those days had its established etiquette, and it was for infringing this that the society of France discarded him: it was because he *ran away* with her. His was the first instance of such violence ever recorded in the history of French intrigue; and it was that, and that alone, which caused his disgrace. They did not quarrel with his adultery, but merely with the way he did it: had he merely had an ordinary liaison with Sophie (that is,

been the mean villain to visit the Marquis of Mounier daily, and partake his viands and his kindness, while he was working him shame), all would have been a matter of course. Nay, we that so severely censure him now, have we not the bust of Byron in our lobbies—Don Juan on our book-shelves? Wear we not oak on Royal-Oak Day, in remembrance of the austerely continent Charles II.'s salvation? And haply the portrait of his most gracious majesty King George IV. is hanging on our walls! But beyond that, he was disinherited and had no money; and we know that certain sins are regarded with a punctilious acrimony when perpetrated by an adventurer living on his wits, which are most conveniently winked at when committed by a man with cash.

He was venal. This charge requires no excuse, but only a plain denial. Was it venality which prompted him to refuse his freedom and the payment of his expenses, provided he would leave Madame de Mounier to her fate? Was it venality which led him, when in imminent danger of starvation, to spurn Montmorin's offers of employment, because he would have no connection with a government delaying the convocation of the States? And his connection with the court; was that venal? It must first be proven that he received any money at all from the court, which cannot be done: but, ceding that position, his venality or corruption is not proved. Venality, being defined, means a man uttering sentiments at variance with his own convictions, in consideration of certain sums of money paid him for so doing; and so far from Mirabeau having done so, we cannot find any sentiment propounded by him, either privately to the court, or publicly after his alliance with the king, which he did not express before the commencement of the Revolution, and advocate during the whole of his legislative career. The means he advised the king to save himself by, were not counter-revolutionary, but constitutional; and many times after his connection with the court, he gave the Royalists some of his severest lashes. *He ought then to have saved royalty for nothing, to show that he was not influenced by mercenary motives.* Thus, for a purely egotistic motive, a feverish anxiety for his fame, he was to have committed a palpable wrong. The case stands thus: Mirabeau had numerous creditors, men to whom he owed just and honorable debts; was it not his duty, if he could, by any honest means, obtain money for

them, to do so? When he had poor and hungry creditors waiting anxiously for the settlement of their equitable demands, ought he, with (to him) cheap self-denial, to have chivalrously declined to receive his salary, fairly and well earned by him, as private minister to the crown? We conceive, if there yet linger any doubt, concerning his uprightness, this fact will prove it: that he never personally received any money from the court (that there is moral proof for, we mean: there is no direct evidence for any); but that what was paid him was done so indirectly, being a sum devoted to liquidating of a portion of his debts!

He was ambitious. That is undeniable: but then, is ambition a weakness, or a crime? Does that quality, which in a private capacity is praised, become blameable when manifested in a public function? The clerk, by diligent attention and steady application, endeavors to force his way into the same station as his master, and we call it praiseworthy thrift; the statesman endeavors, by like methods, to rise higher in the legislative scale, and it is—restless ambition! Ambition is only culpable when inordinate and misapplied: when a man struggles to become that which he has no qualification for being. And it can never be shown that Mirabean aspired to any office or function for which he had not every requisite—to which he had not the clearest and most indisputable claim.

But above all these discussions, arises one overwhelming question; viz.—Do we expect a great man to be *perfect?* We do not: and yet in summing up the characters of such men as Mirabeau, we always go upon that principle. The vocabularies of all the churches insist incessantly and positively upon the imperfectibility of our nature; and in estimating ourselves and humanity in the aggregate, we use a low and defective standard, allowing numerous weaknesses, foibles, and faults to be the necessary concomitants of our nature; but no sooner do we judge an individual fellow-man, than we fling aside our measure of humanity, and gauge him by the standard of the gods. Such a system is most unjust. Had Mirabeau possessed his miraculous genius without any alloy of loose principles and immorality, he had been no man, but a deity. Thankful, therefore, while we pity and reprobate, should we be for those errors; for, had it not been for them, we could not, in parting, have entwined our arms in spirit round him, and

looking delightedly on his rugged features, have cried, as we do now, in warm affectionate pride, "My dear, illustrious *brother!*"

But thankful in another sense should we be for these errors of Mirabeau: they may serve as warning lights unto us, so that we may avoid the rocks he struck upon. Those errors, if we accurately trace them out, will yield, at once, a valuable political and moral lesson.

First, then, the political lesson. It is the all-important, and never (especially in these times) too-often repeated one; that, under no consideration whatever, can a radical and sweeping reform be otherwise than deleterious. Mirabeau adopted and practised that system, in a manner better than which it never can be practised; he carried it out also to the full, and it signally failed: failed not only in actual effect, but also by its noble advocate discovering its dangerous character, and repenting with sad heart's sorrow that he had ever practised it. Let all radical reformers study this one fact, indubitably true; *that by the French nation, under Mirabeau's leadership, reforming their monarchy radically and sweepingly, instead of cautiously emending it, the English national debt is some eight hundred millions!*

Another political lesson is, that never is it otherwise than dangerous and reprehensible, not alone to create an improper auxiliary, but even to use it: Mirabeau did not excite the people to their force-demonstrations, neither did he approve thereof; but, to effect what he considered good and useful reforms, he employed them negatively, and entrenched himself upon them; finding, when too late, that the same brutal force which aided him in good measures was even more ready to aid others in bad ones. Whence we learn, that *to arouse and employ, for however praiseworthy an object, an unconstitutional and intimidating power is most noxious to the well-being of any nation.*

Lastly: the moral lesson. That, however rightly intentioned and naturally good the heart may be, its stability cannot be depended upon, unless some life-principle be taken up early in life, and steadily followed. This is most manifest in Mirabeau: that his disposition was generous and right, that his heart was kind and good, we cannot doubt; but, owing to the absence of those good qualities being duly trained into a proper channel, they were greatly nullified; and it was purely from

the reason that we find in him no settled, definite fixedness of purpose, no unwaveringly devoted attachment to the Upper Powers, that we were constrained to withhold from him the glorious epithet of GREAT; contenting ourselves with bestowing the bastard one of GIGANTIC. Had Mirabeau been religious, one sees not what dignified pinnacle in the Fame-temple he had not occupied: whether Shakspeare, or Luther, or Homer had not paled before him?

Mirabeau has his excuse for not having been devotional—a believer; we have already given it: it is because the love of heaven and the heavenly was never grafted in his mind; but we, born in another nation, in a less corrupt time, and of tender and right-minded parents—we have not that excuse. Morning and evening, over town and hamlet booms forth the touching music of the bells: the bells that rang our forefathers' wedding peals and funeral dirges chime there still; if not to summon us to the house they sound from, at least to tell us there is a God above us. Cold is the heart that melts not at their music; dull is the spirit that draws no lesson from their chimes. What say they, as methinks I hear them, sweet-pealing from the old gray tower, around whose base the mouldering dead lie sleeping?

"Sons of man!" runs the melody, "toil on, toil on! even so, by an inscrutable decree, is your destination here: they tell you you should not toil; they tell you you should all battle and fight for what you have not, for what God has seen fit you should not have, and they prate forever of your *rights!* Heed them not, they are false prophets; and your rights are baseless chimeras, not to be battled for; since this earth is not a place of right, of equality, of justice, but simply a place of sojournment, of probation; where no man has his deserts entirely, nor ever shall. It is a place of trial; and whoso endures that trial, be it of poverty, or be it of wealth (and both *are* trials), the most uncomplainingly, the most patiently, the most valiantly, that man is the saint of saints. In this advanced century have we yet need to tell, as with a tongue of iron, that earth is but earth; that the heaven is hereafter? The one unvariable law still remains, and must remain until the end of time: it is, that earth is no luxury-couch, but a fearful battle-field. Fight on then, O, ye heaven-conscripts! fight on: the present is confusion, and wounds, and toiling amid sorrow, and sweat, and

blood; the glory, the reward, the eternal diadem—those are the great To-COME!"

My brothers! this is not our home;
  Here Wrong's wild waves about us roar:
Rude breakers, hissing round us, foam,
  And angry billows flood the shore:
But fear not, faint not; from on high
GOD's glory cleaves the frowning sky;
And Rest, though loud the tempests rave,
Beams, grandly bright, beyond the grave.

THE END.

CATALOGUE

OF

LEA AND BLANCHARD'S

PUBLICATIONS.

THE AMERICAN ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

BROUGHT UP TO 1847.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA:

A POPULAR DICTIONARY

OF ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, HISTORY, POLITICS AND BIOGRAPHY.

IN FOURTEEN LARGE OCTAVO VOLUMES OF OVER SIX HUNDRED DOUBLE COLUMNED PAGES EACH.

For sale very low, in various styles of binding.

During the long period which this work has been before the public, it has attained a very high character as an

ENCYCLOPÆDIA FOR DAILY REFERENCE,

Containing, in a comparatively moderate space, a vast quantity of information which is scarcely to be met with elsewhere, and of the exact kind which is wanted in the daily exigencies of conversation and reading. It has also a recommendation shared by no other work of the kind now before the public, in being an American book. The numerous American Biographies, Accounts of American Inventions and Discoveries, References to our Political Institutions, and the general adaptation of the whole to our own peculiar habits and modes of thought, peculiarly suit it to readers in this country. From these causes, it is also especially fitted for all

DISTRICT SCHOOL AND OTHER PUBLIC LIBRARIES,

in some of which it has been tried with great satisfaction. It fulfils, to a greater extent than perhaps any similar work, the requirements for these institutions, presenting, in a small compass and price, the materials of a library, and furnishing a book for every-day use and reference, indispensable to those removed from the large public collections.

Some years having elapsed since the original thirteen volumes of the ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA were published, to bring it up to the present day, with the history of that period, at the request of numerous subscribers, the publishers have just issued a

SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME (THE FOURTEENTH),

BRINGING THE WORK UP TO THE YEAR 1847

EDITED BY HENRY VETHAKE, LL.D.

Vice-Provost and Professor of Mathematics in the University of Pennsylvania, Author of "A Treatise on Political Economy."

In one large octavo volume of over 650 double columned pages.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA.

The numerous subscribers who have been waiting the completion of this volume can now perfect their sets, and all who want

A REGISTER OF THE EVENTS OF THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS, FOR THE WHOLE WORLD,

can obtain this volume separately: price Two Dollars uncut in cloth, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents in leather, to match the styles in which the publishers have been selling sets.

Subscribers in the large cities can be supplied on application at any of the principal bookstores; and persons residing in the country can have their sets matched by sending a volume in charge of friends visiting the city.

Complete sets furnished at very low prices in various bindings.

"The publishers of the Encyclopædia Americana conferred an obligation on the public when, fourteen years ago, they issued the thirteen volumes from their press. They contained a wonderful amount of information, upon almost every subject which would be likely to occupy public attention, or be the theme of conversation in the private circle. Whatever one would wish to inquire about, it seemed only necessary to dip into the Encyclopædia Americana, and there the outline, at least, would be found, and reference made to those works which treat at large upon the subject. It was not strange, therefore, that the work was popular. But in fourteen years, great events occur. The last fourteen years have been full of them, and great discoveries have been made in sciences and the arts; and great men have, by death, commended their names and deeds to the fidelity of the biographer, so that the Encyclopædia that approached perfection in 1832, might fall considerably behind in 1846. To bring up the work, and keep it at the present point, has been a task assumed by *Professor* Vethake, of the Pennsylvania University, a gentleman entirely competent to such an undertaking; and with a disposition to do a good work, he has supplied a supplementary volume to the main work, corresponding in size and arrangements therewith, and becoming, indeed, a fourteenth volume. The author has been exceedingly industrious, and very fortunate in discovering and selecting materials, using all that Germany has presented, and resorting to every species of information of events connected with the plan of the work, since the publication of the thirteen volumes. He has continued articles that were commenced in that work, and added new articles upon science, biography, history, and geography, so as to make the present volume a necessary appendage in completing facts to the other. The publishers deserve the thanks of the readers of the volume, for the handsome type, and clear white paper they have used in the publication."—*United States Gazette.*

"This volume is worth owning by itself, as a most convenient and reliable compend of recent History, Biography, Statistics, &c., &c. The entire work forms the cheapest and probably now the most desirable Encyclopædia published for popular use."—*New York Tribune.*

"The Conversations Lexicon (Encyclopædia Americana) has become a household book in all the intelligent families in America, and is undoubtedly the best depository of biographical, historical, geographical and political information of that kind which discriminating readers require."—*Silliman's Journal.*

"This volume of the Encyclopædia is a Westminster Abbey of American reputation. What names are on the roll since 1832!"—*N. Y. Literary World.*

"The work to which this volume forms a supplement, is one of the most important contributions that has ever been made to the literature of our country. Besides condensing into a comparatively narrow compass, the substance of larger works of the same kind which had preceded it, it contains a vast amount of information that is not elsewhere to be found, and is distinguished, not less for its admirable arrangement, than for the variety of subjects of which it treats. The present volume, which is edited by one of the most distinguished scholars of our country, is worthy to follow in the train of those which have preceded it. It is a remarkably felicitous condensation of the more recent improvements in science and the arts, besides forming a very important addition to the department of Biography, the general progress of society, &c., &c." —*Albany Argus.*

CAMPBELL'S LORD CHANCELLORS.

JUST PUBLISHED.

LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS AND KEEPERS OF THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND,

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE IV.,

BY JOHN LORD CAMPBELL, A.M., F.R.S.E.

First Series, forming three neat volumes in demy octavo, extra cloth.

Bringing the work to the time of Lord Jeffries.

THE SECOND SERIES WILL SHORTLY FOLLOW IN FOUR VOLUMES TO MATCH.

"It is sufficient for us to thank Lord Campbell for the honest industry with which he has thus far prosecuted his large task, the general candor and liberality with which he has analyzed the lives and characters of a long succession of influential magistrates and ministers, and the manly style of his narrative. We need hardly say that we shall expect with great interest the continuation of this performance. But the present series of itself is more than sufficient to give Lord Campbell a high station among the English authors of his age."—*Quarterly Review.*

"The volumes teem with exciting incidents, abound in portraits, sketches and anecdotes, and are at once interesting and instructive. The work is not only historical and biographical, but it is anecdotal and philosophical. Many of the chapters embody thrilling incidents, while as a whole, the publication may be regarded as of a high intellectual order."—*Inquirer.*

"A work in three handsome octavo volumes, which we shall regard as both an ornament and an honor to our library. A History of the Lord Chancellors of England from the institution of the office, is necessarily a History of the Constitution, the Court, and the Jurisprudence of the Kingdom, and these volumes teem with a world of collateral matter of the liveliest character for the general reader, as well as with much of the deepest interest for the professional or philosophical mind."—*Saturday Courier.*

"The brilliant success of this work in England is by no means greater than its merits. It is certainly the most brilliant contribution to English history made within our recollection; it has the charm and freedom of Biography combined with the elaborate and careful comprehensiveness of History."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

MURRAY'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF GEOGRAPHY.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF GEOGRAPHY,

COMPRISING

A COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF THE EARTH, PHYSICAL, STATISTICAL, CIVIL AND POLITICAL.

EXHIBITING

ITS RELATION TO THE HEAVENLY BODIES, ITS PHYSICAL STRUCTURE, THE NATURAL HISTORY OF EACH COUNTRY, AND THE INDUSTRY, COMMERCE, POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS, AND CIVIL AND SOCIAL STATE OF ALL NATIONS.

BY HUGH MURRAY, F.R.S.E., &c.

Assisted in Botany, by Professor HOOKER—Zoology, &c., by W. W. SWAINSON—Astronomy, &c. by Professor WALLACE—Geology, &c., by Professor JAMESON.

REVISED, WITH ADDITIONS,

BY THOMAS G. BRADFORD.

THE WHOLE BROUGHT UP, BY A SUPPLEMENT, TO 1843.

In three large octavo volumes.

VARIOUS STYLES OF BINDING.

This great work, furnished at a remarkably cheap rate, contains about NINETEEN HUNDRED LARGE IMPERIAL PAGES, and is illustrated by EIGHTY-TWO SMALL MAPS, and a colored MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, after Tanner's, together with about ELEVEN HUNDRED WOOD CUTS executed in the best style.

STRICKLAND'S QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

A NEW AND ELEGANT EDITION
OF
LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND,
FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST;

WITH ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM OFFICIAL RECORDS AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS, PRIVATE AS WELL AS PUBLIC.

NEW EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

Forming a handsome series in crown octavo, beautifully printed with large type on fine paper, done up in rich extra crimson cloth, and sold at a cheaper rate than former editions.

Volume One, of nearly seven hundred large pages, containing Volumes One, Two, and Three, of the duodecimo edition, and Volume Two, of more than six hundred pages, containing Volumes Four and Five of the 12mo., have just been issued. The remainder will follow rapidly, two volumes in one, and the whole will form an elegant set of one of the most popular histories of the day. The publishers have gone to much expense in preparing this from the revised and improved London edition, to meet the frequent inquiries for the "Lives of the Queens of England," in better style, larger type, and finer paper than has heretofore been accessible to readers in this country. Any volume of this edition sold separately.

A few copies still on hand of the Duodecimo Edition. Ten volumes are now ready. Vol. I.—Contains Matilda of Flanders, Matilda of Scotland, Adelicia of Louvaine, Matilda of Boulogne, and Eleanor of Aquitaine. Price 50 cents, in fancy paper. Vol. II.—Berengaria of Navarre, Isabella of Angouleme, Eleanor of Provence, Eleanor of Castile, Marguerite of France, Isabella of France, Philippa of Hainault, and Anne of Bohemia. Price 50 cents. Vol. III.—Isabella of Valois, Joanna of Navarre, Katharine of Valois, Margaret of Anjou, Elizabeth Woodville, and Ann of Warwick. Price 50 cents. Vol. IV.—Elizabeth of York, Katharine of Arragon, Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Anne of Cleves, and Katharine Howard. Price 65 cents. Vol. V.—Katharine Parr and Queen Mary. Price 65 cents. Vol. VI.—Queen Elizabeth. Price 65 cents. Vol. VII.—Queen Elizabeth (continued), and Anne of Denmark. Price 65 cents. Vol. VIII.—Henrietta Maria and Catharine of Braganza. Price 65 cents. Vol. IX.—Mary of Modena. Price 75 cents. Vol. X.—Mary of Modena (continued), and Mary II. Price 75 cents.

Any volume sold separately, or the whole to match in neat green cloth.

JUST PUBLISHED

VOLUME TEN:
CONTAINING
MARY OF MODENA, AND MARY II.

Price 75 cents in fancy paper.—Also, in extra green cloth.

"These volumes have the fascination of a romance united to the integrity of history."—*Times.*

"A most valuable and entertaining work."—*Chronicle.*

"This interesting and well-written work, in which the severe truth of history takes almost the wildness of romance, will constitute a valuable addition to our biographical literature."—*Morning Herald.*

"A valuable contribution to historical knowledge, to young persons especially. It contains a mass of every kind of historical matter of interest, which industry and research could collect. We have derived much entertainment and instruction from the work."—*Athenæum.*

"The execution of this work is equal to the conception. Great pains have been taken to make it both interesting and valuable."—*Literary Gazette.*

"A charming work—full of interest, at once serious and pleasing."—*Monsieur Guizot.*

'A most charming biographical memoir. We conclude by expressing our unqualified opinion, that we know of no more valuable contribution to modern history than this ninth volume of Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queens."—*Morning Herald.*

SCHOOL BOOKS.

SCHMITZ AND ZUMPT'S CLASSICAL SERIES.

VOLUME I.

C. JULII CÆSARIS

COMMENTARII DE BELLO GALLICO.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND A GEOGRAPHICAL INDEX IN ENGLISH,

ALSO, A MAP OF GAUL, AND ILLUSTRATIVE ENGRAVINGS.

In one handsome 18mo. volume, extra cloth.

This Series has been placed under the editorial management of two eminent scholars and practical teachers, Dr. Schmitz, Rector of the High School, Edinburgh, and Dr. Zumpt, Professor in the University of Berlin, and will combine the following advantages:—

1. A gradually ascending series of School Books on a uniform plan, so as to constitute within a definite number, a complete Latin Curriculum.

2. Certain arrangements in the rudimentary volumes, which will insure a fair amount of knowledge in Roman literature to those who are not designed for professional life, and who therefore will not require to extend their studies to the advanced portion of the series.

3. The text of each author will be such as has been constituted by the most recent collations of manuscripts, and will be prefaced by biographical and critical sketches in English, that pupils may be made aware of the character and peculiarities of the work they are about to study.

4. To remove difficulties, and sustain an interest in the text, explanatory notes in English will be placed at the foot of each page, and such comparisons drawn as may serve to unite the history of the past with the realities of modern times.

5. The works, generally, will be embellished with maps and illustrative engravings,—accompaniments which will greatly assist the student's comprehension of the nature of the countries and leading circumstances described.

6. The respective volumes will be issued at a price considerably less than that usually charged; and as the texts are from the most eminent sources, and the whole series constructed upon a determinate plan, the practice of issuing new and altered editions, which is complained of alike by teachers and pupils, will be altogether avoided.

From among the testimonials which the publishers have received, they append the following to show that the design of the series has been fully and successfully carried out:—

Central High School, Phila., June 29, 1847

Gentlemen:—
I have been much pleased with your edition of Cæsar's Gallic Wars, being part of Schmitz and Zumpt's classical series for schools. The work seems happily adapted to the wants of learners. The notes contain much valuable information, concisely and accurately expressed, and on the points that really require elucidation, while at the same time the book is not rendered tiresome and expensive by a useless array of mere learning. The text is one in high repute, and your reprint of it is pleasing to the eye. I take great pleasure in commending the publication to the attention of teachers. It will, I am persuaded, command itself to all who give it a fair examination.

Very Respectfully, Your Obt. Servt.,
JOHN S. HART,
Principal Phila. High School.

To Messrs. Lea & Blanchard.

June 28, 1847.

Gentlemen:—
The edition of "Cæsar's Commentaries," embraced in the Classical Section of Chambers's Educational Course, and given to the world under the auspices of Drs. Schmitz and Zumpt has received from me a candid examination. I have no hesitation in saying, that the design expressed in the notice of the publishers, has been successfully accomplished, and that the work is well calculated to become popular and useful. The *text* appears to be unexceptionable. The *annotations* embrace in condensed form such valuable information, as must not only facilitate the research of the scholar, but also stimulate to further inquiry, without encouraging indolence. This is an important feature in the right prosecution of classical studies, which ought to be more generally understood and appreciated.

H. HAVERSTICK,
Prof. of Ancient Languages, Central High School, Phila.

VOLUME II.

P. VIRGILII MARONIS CARMINA.

NEARLY READY.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

BIRD'S NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

NEARLY READY.

ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,

BEING AN EXPERIMENTAL INTRODUCTION TO THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES.

ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER THREE HUNDRED WOOD-CUTS.

BY GOLDING BIRD, M.D.,

Assistant Physician to Guy's Hospital.

FROM THE THIRD LONDON EDITION.

In one neat volume.

"By the appearance of Dr. Bird's work, the student has now all that he can desire in one neat, concise, and well-digested volume. The elements of natural philosophy are explained in very simple language, and illustrated by numerous wood-cuts."—*Medical Gazette.*

ARNOTT'S PHYSICS.

ELEMENTS OF PHYSICS; OR, NATURAL PHILOSOPHY,

GENERAL AND MEDICAL.

WRITTEN FOR UNIVERSAL USE, IN PLAIN, OR NON-TECHNICAL LANGUAGE.

BY NIELL ARNOTT, M.D.

A NEW EDITION, BY ISAAC HAYS, M.D.

Complete in one octavo volume, with nearly two hundred wood-cuts.

This standard work has been long and favourably known as one of the best popular expositions of the interesting science it treats of. It is extensively used in many of the first seminaries.

ELEMENTARY CHEMISTRY, THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL.

BY GEORGE FOWNES, PH. D.,

Chemical Lecturer in the Middlesex Hospital Medical School, &c., &c.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

EDITED, WITH ADDITIONS,

BY ROBERT BRIDGES, M.D.,

Professor of General and Pharmaceutical Chemistry in the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, &c., &c.

SECOND AMERICAN EDITION.

In one large duodecimo volume, sheep or extra cloth, with nearly two hundred wood-cuts.

The character of this work is such as to recommend it to all colleges and academies in want of a text-book. It is fully brought up to the day, containing all the late views and discoveries that have so entirely changed the face of the science, and it is completely illustrated with very numerous wood engravings, explanatory of all the different processes and forms of apparatus. Though strictly scientific, it is written with great clearness and simplicity of style, rendering it easy to be comprehended by those who are commencing the study.

It may be had well bound in leather, or neatly done up in strong cloth. Its low price places it within the reach of all.

BREWSTER'S OPTICS.

ELEMENTS OF OPTICS,

BY SIR DAVID BREWSTER,

WITH NOTES AND ADDITIONS, BY A. D. BACHE, LL.D.

Superintendent of the Coast Survey, &c.

In one volume, 18mo., with numerous wood-cuts.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

BOLMAR'S FRENCH SERIES.

New editions of the following works, by A. BOLMAR, forming, in connection with "Bolmar's Levizac," a complete series for the acquisition of the French language.

A SELECTION OF ONE HUNDRED PERRIN'S FABLES,

ACCOMPANIED BY A KEY,

Containing the text, a literal and free translation, arranged in such a manner as to point out the difference between the French and English idiom, &c., in 1 vol., 12mo.

A COLLECTION OF COLLOQUIAL PHRASES,

ON EVERY TOPIC NECESSARY TO MAINTAIN CONVERSATION,

Arranged under different heads, with numerous remarks on the peculiar pronunciation and uses of various words; the whole so disposed as considerably to facilitate the acquisition of a correct pronunciation of the French, in 1 vol., 18mo.

LES AVENTURES DE TELEMAQUE PAR FENELON,

In 1 vol., 12mo., accompanied by a Key to the first eight books, in 1 vol., 12mo., containing, like the Fables, the text, a literal and free translation, intended as a sequel to the Fables. Either volume sold separately.

ALL THE FRENCH VERBS,

Both regular and irregular, in a small volume.

MULLER'S PHYSICS.

NEARLY READY.

PRINCIPLES OF PHYSICS AND METEOROLOGY,

BY J. MULLER,

Professor of Physics at the University of Frieburg.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NEARLY FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD, AND TWO COLORED PLATES.

In one octavo volume.

This Edition is improved by the addition of various articles, and will be found in every respect brought up to the time of publication.

"The Physics of Muller is a work, superb, complete, unique: the greatest want known to English Science could not have been better supplied. The work is of surpassing interest. The value of this contribution to the scientific records of this country may be duly estimated by the fact, that the cost of the original drawings and engravings alone has exceeded the sum of 2000*l*."—*Lancet*, March, 1847.

BUTLER'S ANCIENT ATLAS.

AN ATLAS OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY,

BY SAMUEL BUTLER, D.D.,

Late Lord Bishop of Litchfield,

CONTAINING TWENTY-ONE COLOURED MAPS, AND A COMPLETE ACCENTUATED INDEX.

In one octavo volume, half-bound.

BUTLER'S ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY.

GEOGRAPHIA CLASSICA,

OR, THE APPLICATION OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY TO THE CLASSICS.

BY SAMUEL BUTLER, D.D., F.R.S.

REVISED BY HIS SON.

FIFTH AMERICAN, FROM THE LAST LONDON EDITION,

WITH QUESTIONS ON THE MAPS, BY JOHN FROST.

In one duodecimo volume, half-bound, to match the Atlas.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

WHITE'S UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

LATELY PUBLISHED,

ELEMENTS OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY,

ON A NEW AND SYSTEMATIC PLAN;

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE TREATY OF VIENNA; TO WHICH IS ADDED, A SUMMARY OF THE LEADING EVENTS SINCE THAT PERIOD, FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND PRIVATE STUDENTS.

BY H. WHITE, B.A.,

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

WITH ADDITIONS AND QUESTIONS,

BY JOHN S. HART, A.M.,

Principal of the Philadelphia High School, and Professor of Moral and Mental Science, &c., &c.

In one volume, large duodecimo, neatly bound with Maroon Backs.

This work is arranged on a new plan, which is believed to combine the advantages of those formerly in use. It is divided into three parts, corresponding with Ancient, Middle, and Modern History; which parts are again subdivided into centuries, so that the various events are presented in the order of time, while it is so arranged that the annals of each country can be read consecutively, thus combining the advantages of both the plans hitherto pursued in works of this kind. To guide the researches of the student, there will be found numerous synoptical tables, with remarks and sketches of literature, antiquities, and manners, at the great chronological epochs.

The additions of the American editor have been principally confined to the chapters on the history of this country. The series of questions by him will be found of use to those who prefer that system of instruction. For those who do not, the publishers have had an edition prepared without the questions.

This work has already passed through several editions, and has been introduced into many of the higher Schools and Academies throughout the country. From among numerous recommendations which they have received, the publishers annex the following from the Deputy Superintendent of Common Schools for New York:

Secretary's Office,
Department of Common Schools. } State of New York.
Albany, Oct. 14th, 1845.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard:

Gentlemen:—I have examined the copy of "White's Universal History," which you were so obliging as to send me, and cheerfully and fully concur in the commendations of its value, as a comprehensive and enlightened survey of the Ancient and Modern World which many of the most competent judges have, as I perceive, already bestowed upon it. It appears to me to be admirably adapted to the purposes of our public schools; and I unhesitatingly approve of its introduction into those seminaries of elementary instruction.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
SAMUEL S. RANDALL,
Deputy Superintendent Common Schools.

This work is admirably calculated for District and other libraries: an edition for that purpose without questions has been prepared, done up in strong cloth.

HERSCHELL'S ASTRONOMY.

A TREATISE ON ASTRONOMY,

BY SIR JOHN F. W. HERSCHELL, F. R. S., &c.

WITH NUMEROUS PLATES AND WOOD-CUTS.

A NEW EDITION, WITH A PREFACE AND A SERIES OF QUESTIONS,

BY S. C. WALKER.

In one volume, 12mo.

ROSCOE'S LIVES OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

TO MATCH MISS STRICKLAND'S "QUEENS."

VOLUME ONE, CONTAINING THE

LIFE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

In neat royal duodecimo, extra cloth, or fancy paper.

"The historical reader will find this a work of peculiar interest. It displays throughout the most painstaking research, and a style of narrative which has all the lucidity and strength of Gibbon. It is a work with which, shedding such a light as we are justified in saying it will do upon English history, every library ought to be provided."—*Sunday Times.*

MEMOIRS OF THE LOVES OF THE POETS;

Biographical Sketches of Women celebrated in Ancient and Modern Poetry.

BY MRS. JAMIESON.

In one royal duodecimo volume, price 75 cents.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, HIS COURT AND TIMES.

EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ., AUTHOR OF THE "PLEASURES OF HOPE."

Second Series, in two duodecimo volumes, extra cloth.

HISTORY OF CONGRESS,

EXHIBITING A CLASSIFICATION OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE SENATE AND THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, FROM 1789 TO 1793, EMBRACING THE FIRST TERM OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

In one large octavo volume of over 700 pages, price only $1.50.

MOORE'S IRELAND—NOW COMPLETE.

THE HISTORY OF IRELAND,

FROM THE EARLIEST KINGS OF THAT REALM DOWN TO ITS LATEST CRIMES.

In two octavo volumes, extra cloth.

Mr. Moore has at length completed his History of Ireland containing the most troubled and interesting periods through which it has passed. Those who have possessed themselves of the work as far as the Great Expedition against Scotland in 1545, can procure the second volume separate.

HISTORY OF THE WAR IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM IN 1815,

CONTAINING MINUTE DETAILS OF THE BATTLES OF QUATRE-BRAS, LIGNY, WAVRE AND WATERLOO.

BY CAPTAIN W. SIBORNE.

In one octavo volume, with Maps and Plans of Battles, &c., viz.:

1. Part of Belgium, indicating the distribution of the armies on commencing hostilities. 2. Field of Quatre-Bras, at 3 o'clock, P. M. 3. Field of Quatre-Bras, at 7 o'clock, P. M. 4. Field of Ligny, at a quarter past 2 o'clock, P. M. 5. Field of Ligny, at half past 8 o'clock, P. M. 6. Field of Waterloo, at a quarter past 11 o'clock, A. M. 7. Field of Waterloo, at a quarter before 8 o'clock, P. M. 8. Field of Waterloo, at 5 minutes past 8 o'clock, P. M. 9. Field of Wavre, at 4 o'clock, P. M., 18th June. 10. Field of Wavre, at 4 o'clock, A. M., 19th June. 11. Part of France, on which is shown the advance of the Allied Armies into the Kingdom.

TEXT BOOK OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

BY J. C. I GIESELER, PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY IN GOTTINGEN. TRANSLATED FROM THE THIRD GERMAN EDITION, BY F. CUNNINGHAM.

In three octavo volumes, containing over 1200 large pages.

ELEMENTS OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY,

ON A NEW AND SYSTEMATIC PLAN, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE TREATY OF VIENNA, TO WHICH IS ADDED A SUMMARY OF THE LEADING EVENTS SINCE THAT PERIOD.

BY H. WHITE, B.A.

SIXTH AMERICAN EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS

BY JOHN S. HART, A.M.

In one large royal 12mo. volume, neat extra cloth.

GRAHAME'S COLONIAL HISTORY.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

FROM THE PLANTATION OF THE BRITISH COLONIES TILL THEIR ASSUMPTION OF INDEPENDENCE.

SECOND AMERICAN EDITION,

ENLARGED AND AMENDED,

WITH A MEMOIR BY PRESIDENT QUINCY.

IN TWO LARGE OCTAVO VOLUMES, EXTRA CLOTH,

WITH A PORTRAIT.

This work having assumed the position of a standard history of this country, the publishers have been induced to issue an edition in smaller size and at a less cost, that its circulation may be commensurate with its merits. It is now considered as the most impartial and trustworthy history that has yet appeared.

A few copies of the edition in four volumes, on extra fine thick paper, price eight dollars, may still be had by gentlemen desirous of procuring a beautiful work for their libraries.

"It is universally known to literary men as, in its original form, one of the earliest histories of this country, and certainly one of the best ever written by a foreigner. It has been constantly and copiously used by every one who has, since its appearance, undertaken the history of this country. In the course of the memoir prefixed to it, it is vindicated from the aspersions cast on it by Mr. Bancroft, who, nevertheless, has derived from it a vast amount of the information and documentary material of his own ambitious, able and extended work. It is issued in two volumes, and cannot fail to find its way to every library of any pretensions.—*New York Courier and Enquirer.*

COOPER'S NAVAL HISTORY.

HISTORY OF THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER.

THIRD EDITION, WITH CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS.

Complete, two volumes in one, neat extra cloth,

With a Portrait of the Author, Two Maps, and Portraits of PAUL JONES, BAINBRIDGE, DALE, PREBLE, DECATUR, PORTER, PERRY, AND MCDONOUGH.

WRAXALL'S HISTORICAL MEMOIRS.

HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF MY OWN TIMES,

BY SIR N. W. WRAXALL.

ONE NEAT VOLUME, EXTRA CLOTH.

This is the work for which, in consequence of too truthful a portraiture of Catherine II., the author was imprisoned and fined. Taught by this experience, his succeeding memoirs he suppressed until after his death.

WRAXALL'S POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS.

POSTHUMOUS MEMOIRS OF HIS OWN TIMES,

BY SIR N. W. WRAXALL.

IN ONE VOLUME, EXTRA CLOTH.

This work contains much secret and amusing anecdote of the prominent personages of the day, which rendered its posthumous publication necessary

WALPOLE'S LETTERS AND MEMOIRS.

THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD,

CONTAINING NEARLY THREE HUNDRED LETTERS.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINALS, AND FORMING AN UNINTERRUPTED SERIES FROM 1736 TO 1797.

In four large octavo volumes, with a portrait of the Author.

SUPPRESSED LETTERS.

THE LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD, TO SIR HORACE MANN, FROM 1760 TO 1785.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINAL MSS.

In two octavo volumes, to match the above.

WALPOLE'S GEORGE THE THIRD.

MEMOIRS OF THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD,

BY HORACE WALPOLE.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE ORIGINAL MSS.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY SIR DENIS LE MARCHANT.

These Memoirs comprise the first twelve years of the reign of George III.; and recommend themselves especially to the reader in this country, as containing an account of the early troubles with America. They form a sequel to the "Memoirs of George the Second," by the same author.

BROWNING'S HUGUENOTS.

HISTORY OF THE HUGUENOTS—A NEW EDITION,

CONTINUED TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY W. S. BROWNING.

In one large octavo volume, extra cloth.

"One of the most interesting and valuable contributions to modern history."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

"Not the least interesting portion of the work has reference to the violence and persecutions of 1815."—*Times.*

INGERSOLL'S LATE WAR.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE SECOND WAR BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND GREAT BRITAIN, DECLARED BY ACT OF CONGRESS, JUNE 18, 1812, AND CONCLUDED BY PEACE, FEBRUARY 15, 1815.

BY CHARLES J. INGERSOLL.

One volume octavo of 516 pages, embracing the events of 1812—1813.

Beautifully printed, and done up in neat extra cloth.

RUSH'S COURT OF LONDON.

MEMORANDA OF A RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF LONDON,

COMPRISING INCIDENTS OFFICIAL AND PERSONAL, FROM 1819 TO 1825;

INCLUDING NEGOTIATIONS ON THE OREGON QUESTION, AND OTHER UNSETTLED RELATIONS BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

BY RICHARD RUSH,

Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States, from 1817 to 1825.

In one large and beautiful octavo volume, extra cloth.

NIEBUHR'S ROME.

THE HISTORY OF ROME,

BY B. G. NIEBUHR.

COMPLETE IN TWO LARGE OCTAVO VOLUMES.

Done up in extra cloth; or five parts, paper, price $1.00 each.

The last three parts of this valuable book have never before been published in this country, having only lately been printed in Germany, and translated in England. The two last of these comprise Professor Niebuhr's Lectures on the latter part of Roman History, so long lost to the world.

"It is an unexpected surprise and pleasure to the admirers of Niebuhr—that is, to all earnest students of ancient history—to recover, as from the grave, the lectures before us."—*Eclectic Review.*

"The world has now in Niebuhr an imperishable model."—*Edinburgh Review*, Jan. 1844.

"Here we close our remarks upon this memorable work, a work which, of all that have appeared in our age, is the best fitted to excite men of learning to intellectual activity: from which the most accomplished scholar may gather fresh stores of knowledge, to which the most experienced politician may resort for theoretical and practical instruction, and which no person can read as it ought to be read, without feeling the better and more generous sentiments of his common human nature enlivened and strengthened."—*Edinburgh Review.*

"It is since I saw you that I have been devouring with the most intense admiration the third volume of Niebuhr. The clearness and comprehensiveness of all his military details is a new feature in that wonderful mind, and how inimitably beautiful is that brief account of Terni."—*Dr Arnold* (Life, vol. ii.)

PROFESSOR RANKE'S HISTORICAL WORKS.

HISTORY OF THE POPES,

THEIR CHURCH AND STATE, IN THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

BY LEOPOLD RANKE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LAST EDITION OF THE GERMAN, BY WALTER K. KELLY, ESQ., B. A.

In two parts, paper, at $1.00 each, or one large volume, extra cloth.

"A book extraordinary for its learning and impartiality, and for its just and liberal views of the times it describes. The best compliment that can be paid to Mr. Ranke, is, that each side has accused him of partiality to its opponent; the German Protestants complaining that his work is written in too Catholic a spirit;—the Catholics declaring, that generally impartial as he is, it is clear to perceive the Protestant tendency of the history."—*London Times.*

THE TURKISH AND SPANISH EMPIRES,

IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY AND BEGINNING OF THE SEVENTEENTH,

BY PROFESSOR LEOPOLD RANKE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LAST EDITION OF THE GERMAN, BY WALTER K. KELLY, ESQ.

Complete in one part, paper, price 75 cents.

This work was published by the author in connexion with the "History of the Popes," under the name of "Sovereigns and Nations of Southern Europe, in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries." It may be used separately, or bound up with that work, for which purpose two titles will be found in it.

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION IN GERMANY,

BY PROFESSOR LEOPOLD RANKE.

PARTS FIRST, SECOND AND THIRD NOW READY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SECOND EDITION, BY SARAH AUSTIN.

To be completed in Five parts, each part containing one volume of the London edition.

"Few modern writers possess such qualifications for doing justice to so great a subject as Leopold Ranke.—Indefatigable in exertions, he revels in the toil of examining archives and state papers: honest in purpose, he shapes his theories from evidence; not like D'Aubigne, whose romance of the Reformation selects evidence to support preconceived theory. Ranke never forgets the statesman in the theologian, or the historian in the partisan."—*Athenæum.*

BROUGHAM ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

One volume 12mo., paper, price 50 cents.

STUDIES OF THE LIFE OF WOMAN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME NECKER DE SAUSSURE.

In one neat 12mo. volume, fancy paper. Price 75 cents.

THE EDUCATION OF MOTHERS; OR, CIVILIZATION OF MANKIND BY WOMEN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF L. AIME MARTIN.

In one 12mo. volume, paper, price 75 cents; or in extra cloth.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

PHILOSOPHY IN SPORT, MADE SCIENCE IN EARNEST,

BEING AN ATTEMPT TO ILLUSTRATE THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, BY THE AID OF THE POPULAR TOYS AND SPORTS OF YOUTH.

FROM THE SIXTH AND GREATLY IMPROVED LONDON EDITION.

In one very neat royal 18mo. volume, with nearly one hundred illustrations on wood. Fine extra crimson cloth.

"Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have issued, in a beautiful manner, a handsome book, called 'Philosophy in Sport, made Science in Earnest.' This is an admirable attempt to illustrate the first principles of Natural Philosophy, by the aid of the popular toys and sports of youth. Useful information is conveyed in an easy, graceful, yet dignified manner, and rendered easy to the simplest understanding. The book is an admirable one, and must meet with universal favour."—*N. Y. Evening Mirror.*

ENDLESS AMUSEMENT.

JUST ISSUED.

ENDLESS AMUSEMENT,

A COLLECTION OF

NEARLY FOUR HUNDRED ENTERTAINING EXPERIMENTS IN VARIOUS BRANCHES OF SCIENCE,

INCLUDING

ACOUSTICS, ARITHMETIC, CHEMISTRY, ELECTRICITY, HYDRAULICS, HYDROSTATICS, MAGNETISM, MECHANICS, OPTICS, WONDERS OF THE AIR PUMP, ALL THE POPULAR TRICKS AND CHANGES OF THE CARDS, &c., &c.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF PYROTECHNY, OR THE ART OF MAKING FIRE-WORKS:

THE WHOLE SO CLEARLY EXPLAINED AS TO BE WITHIN REACH OF THE MOST LIMITED CAPACITY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

FROM THE SEVENTH LONDON EDITION.

In one neat royal 18mo. volume, fine extra crimson cloth.

This work has long supplied instructive amusement to the rising generations in England, and will doubtless be hailed with pleasure by those of this country who like (and what boy does not) the marvellous tricks and changes, experiments and wonders afforded by the magic of science and jugglery.

CHEMISTRY OF THE FOUR SEASONS,

SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, AND WINTER.

AN ESSAY, PRINCIPALLY CONCERNING NATURAL PHENOMENA, ADMITTING OF INTERPRETATION BY CHEMICAL SCIENCE, AND ILLUSTRATING PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

BY THOMAS GRIFFITHS,

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY IN THE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, ETC.

In one large royal 12mo. volume, with many Wood-Cuts, extra cloth.

"Chemistry is assuredly one of the most useful and interesting of the natural sciences. Chemical changes meet us at every step, and during every season, the winds and the rain, the heat and the frosts, each have their peculiar and appropriate phenomena. And those who have hitherto remained insensible to these changes and unmoved amid such remarkable, and often startling results, will lose their apathy upon reading the Chemistry of the 'Four Seasons,' and be prepared to enjoy the highest intellectual pleasures. Conceived in a happy spirit, and written with taste and elegance, the essay of Mr. Griffiths cannot fail to receive the admiration of cultivated minds; and those who have looked less carefully into nature's beauties, will find themselves led on step by step, until they realize a new intellectual being. Such works, we believe, exert a happy influence over society, and hence we hope that the present one may be extensively read."—*The Western Lancet.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

KIRBY AND SPENCE'S ENTOMOLOGY, FOR POPULAR USE.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ENTOMOLOGY;

OR, ELEMENTS OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF INSECTS; COMPRISING AN ACCOUNT OF NOXIOUS AND USEFUL INSECTS, OF THEIR METAMORPHOSES, FOOD, STRATAGEMS, HABITATIONS, SOCIETIES, MOTIONS, NOISES, HYBERNATION, INSTINCT, &c., &c.

With Plates, Plain or Colored.

BY WILLIAM KIRBY, M.A., F.R.S., AND WILLIAM SPENCE, ESQ., F.R.S.

FROM THE SIXTH LONDON EDITION, WHICH WAS CORRECTED AND CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED.

In one large octavo volume, extra cloth.

"We have been greatly interested in running over the pages of this treatise. There is scarcely, in the wide range of natural science, a more interesting or instructive study than that of insects, or one than is calculated to excite more curiosity or wonder.

"The popular form of letters is adopted by the authors in imparting a knowledge of the subject, which renders the work peculiarly fitted for our district school libraries, which are open to all ages and classes."—*Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.*

ANSTED'S ANCIENT WORLD.

JUST ISSUED.

THE ANCIENT WORLD, OR, PICTURESQUE SKETCHES OF CREATION.

BY D. T. ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c.

PROFESSOR OF GEOLOGY IN KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

In one very neat volume, fine extra cloth, with about One Hundred and Fifty Illustrations.

The object of this work is to present to the general reader the chief results of Geological investigation in a simple and comprehensive manner. The author has avoided all minute details of geological formations and particular observations, and has endeavoured as far as possible to present striking views of the wonderful results of the science, divested of its mere technicalities. The work is got up in a handsome manner, with numerous illustrations, and forms a neat volume for the centre table.

GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY,

WITH INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE QUALITATIVE ANALYSIS OF MINERALS.

BY JOSHUA TRIMMER, F.G.S.

With two Hundred and Twelve Wood-Cuts, a handsome octavo volume, bound in embossed cloth.

This is a systematic introduction to Mineralogy, and Geology, admirably calculated to instruct the student in these sciences. The organic remains of the various formations are well illustrated by numerous figures, which are drawn with great accuracy.

NEW AND COMPLETE MEDICAL BOTANY.

NOW READY.

MEDICAL BOTANY,

OR, A DESCRIPTION OF ALL THE MORE IMPORTANT PLANTS USED IN MEDICINE, AND OF THEIR PROPERTIES, USES AND MODES OF ADMINISTRATION.

BY R. EGLESFELD GRIFFITH, M.D., &c., &c.

In one large octavo volume. With about three hundred and fifty Illustrations on Wood.

A POPULAR TREATISE ON VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY;

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF POPULAR INSTRUCTION; WITH NUMEROUS WOOD-CUTS.

BY W. B. CARPENTER.

In one volume, 12mo., extra cloth.

A TREATISE ON COMPARATIVE ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY,

BY W. B. CARPENTER.

REVISED AND MUCH IMPROVED BY THE AUTHOR. WITH BEAUTIFUL STEEL PLATES.

(Now preparing.)

CARPENTER'S ANIMAL PHYSIOLOGY,

WITH ABOUT THREE HUNDRED WOOD-CUTS.

(Preparing.)

HUMAN HEALTH:

OR, THE INFLUENCE OF ATMOSPHERE AND LOCALITY, CHANGE OF AIR AND CLIMATE, SEASONS, FOOD, CLOTHING, BATHING, MINERAL SPRINGS, EXERCISE, SLEEP, CORPOREAL AND MENTAL PURSUITS, &c., &c., ON HEALTHY MAN,

CONSTITUTING ELEMENTS OF HYGIENE.

BY ROBLEY DUNGLISON, M.D., &c., &c.

In one octavo volume.

*** Persons in the pursuit of health, as well as those who desire to retain it, would do well to examine this work. The author states the work has been prepared "to enable the general reader to understand the nature of the actions of various influences on human health, and assist him in adopting such means as may tend to its preservation: hence the author has avoided introducing technicalities, except where they appeared to him indispensable."

REMARKS ON THE INFLUENCE OF MENTAL EXCITEMENT, AND MENTAL CULTIVATION UPON HEALTH.

BY A. BRIGHAM, M.D.

Third edition; one volume, 18mo.

A TREATISE ON

CORNS, BUNIONS, THE DISEASES OF THE NAILS,

AND THE GENERAL MANAGEMENT OF THE FEET.

BY LEWIS DURLACHER,

SURGEON CHIROPODIST TO THE QUEEN.

In one duodecimo volume, cloth.

BRIDGEWATER TREATISES.

The whole complete in 7 vols. 8vo., various bindings,

CONTAINING:

ROGET'S ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY, in 2 vols., with many cuts.

KIRBY ON THE HISTORY, HABITS AND INSTINCT OF ANIMALS, 1 vol., with plates.

PROUT ON CHEMISTRY—CHALMERS ON THE MORAL CONDITION OF MAN—WHEWELL ON ASTRONOMY—BELL ON THE HAND—KIDD ON THE PHYSICAL CONDITION OF MAN, 2 volumes.

BUCKLAND'S GEOLOGY, 2 vols., with numerous plates and maps.

Roget, Buckland, and Kirby are sold separate.

THE DOMESTIC MANAGEMENT OF THE SICK ROOM,

NECESSARY, IN AID OF MEDICAL TREATMENT, FOR THE CURE OF DISEASES.

BY A. T. THOMSON, M.D., &c. &c.

First American, from the Second London Edition. Edited by R. E. GRIFFITH, M.D. In one royal 12mo. volume, extra cloth, with cuts.

"There is no interference with the duties of the medical attendant, but sound, sensible, and clear advice what to do, and how to act, so as to meet unforeseen emergencies, and co-operate with professional skill."—*Literary Gazette.*

THE MILLWRIGHT AND MILLER'S GUIDE.

BY OLIVER EVANS.

THE ELEVENTH EDITION,

WITH ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS, BY THE PROFESSOR OF MECHANICS IN THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE OF PENNSYLVANIA,

AND A DESCRIPTION OF AN IMPROVED MERCHANT FLOUR MILL.

WITH ENGRAVINGS.

BY C. & O. EVANS, ENGINEERS.

This is a practical work, and has had a very extended sale.

JOHNSON AND LANDRETH ON FRUIT, KITCHEN, AND FLOWER GARDENING.

A DICTIONARY OF MODERN GARDENING,

BY GEORGE WILLIAM JOHNSON, ESQ.

Author of the "Principles of Practical Gardening," "The Gardener's Almanac," &c.

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY WOOD-CUTS.

EDITED, WITH NUMEROUS ADDITIONS, BY DAVID LANDRETH, OF PHILADELPHIA.

In one large royal duodecimo volume, extra cloth, of nearly Six Hundred and Fifty double columned Pages.

This edition has been greatly altered from the original. Many articles of little interest to Americans have been curtailed or wholly omitted, and much new matter, with numerous illustrations, added, especially with respect to the varieties of fruit which experience has shown to be peculiarly adapted to our climate. Still, the editor admits that he has only followed in the path so admirably marked out by Mr. Johnson, to whom the chief merit of the work belongs. It has been an object with the editor and publishers to increase its popular character, thereby adapting it to the larger class of horticultural readers in this country, and they trust it will prove what they have desired it to be, an Encyclopædia of Gardening, if not of Rural Affairs, so condensed and at such a price as to be within reach of nearly all whom those subjects interest.

"This is a useful compendium of all that description of information which is valuable to the modern gardener. It quotes largely from the best standard authors, journals, and transactions of societies; and the labours of the American editor have fitted it for the United States, by judicious additions and omissions. The volume is abundantly illustrated with figures in the text, embracing a judicious selection of those varieties of fruits which experience has shown to be well suited to the United States.—*Silliman's Journal.*

"This is the most valuable work we have ever seen on the subject of gardening; and no man of taste who can devote even a quarter of an acre to horticulture ought to be without it. Indeed ladies who merely cultivate flowers *within-doors*, will find this book an excellent and convenient counsellor. It contains one hundred and eighty wood-cut illustrations, which give a distinct idea of the fruits and garden-arrangements they are intended to represent.

"Johnson's Dictionary of Gardening, edited by Landreth, is handsomely printed, well-bound, and sold at a price which puts it within the reach of all who would be likely to buy it."—*Evergreen.*

THE COMPLETE FLORIST.

A MANUAL OF GARDENING,

CONTAINING PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF GREENHOUSE PLANTS, AND FOR THE CULTIVATION OF THE SHRUBBERY—THE FLOWER GARDEN, AND THE LAWN—WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF THOSE PLANTS AND TREES MOST WORTHY OF CULTURE IN EACH DEPARTMENT.

WITH ADDITIONS AND AMENDMENTS,

ADAPTED TO THE CLIMATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

In one small volume. Price only Twenty-five Cents.

THE COMPLETE KITCHEN AND FRUIT GARDENER.

A SELECT MANUAL OF KITCHEN GARDENING,

AND THE CULTURE OF FRUITS,

CONTAINING FAMILIAR DIRECTIONS FOR THE MOST APPROVED PRACTICE IN EACH DEPARTMENT, DESCRIPTIONS OF MANY VALUABLE FRUITS, AND A CALENDAR OF WORK TO BE PERFORMED EACH MONTH IN THE YEAR.

THE WHOLE ADAPTED TO THE CLIMATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

In one small volume, paper. Price only Twenty-five Cents.

LANDRETH'S RURAL REGISTER AND ALMANAC, FOR 1848,

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

STILL ON HAND,

A FEW COPIES OF THE REGISTER FOR 1847,

WITH OVER ONE HUNDRED WOOD-CUTS.

This work has 150 large 12mo. pages, double columns. Though published annually, and containing an almanac, the principal part of the matter is of permanent utility to the horticulturist and farmer.

LAW BOOKS.

HILLIARD ON REAL ESTATE.

NOW READY.

THE AMERICAN LAW OF REAL PROPERTY.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED, CORRECTED, AND ENLARGED.

BY FRANCIS HILLIARD,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

In two large octavo volumes, beautifully printed, and bound in best law sheep.

This book is designed as a substitute for *Cruise's Digest*, occupying the same ground in American law which that work has long covered in the English law. It embraces all that portion of the English Law of Real Estate which has any applicability in this country; and at the same time it embodies the statutory provisions and adjudged cases of all the States upon the same subject; thereby constituting a complete elementary treatise for American students and practitioners. The plan of the work is such as to render it equally valuable in all the States, embracing, as it does, the peculiar modifications of the law alike in MASSACHUSETTS and MISSOURI, NEW YORK and MISSISSIPPI. In this edition, the statutes and decisions subsequent to the former one, which are very numerous, have all been incorporated, thus making it one-third larger than the original work, and bringing the view of the law upon the subject treated quite down to the present time. The book is recommended in the highest terms by distinguished jurists of different States, as will be seen by the subjoined extracts.

"The work before us supplies this deficiency in a highly satisfactory manner. It is beyond all question the best work of the kind that we now have, and although we doubt whether this or any other work will be likely to supplant Cruise's Digest, we do not hesitate to say, that of the two, this is the more valuable to the American lawyer. We congratulate the author upon the successful accomplishment of the arduous task he undertook, in reducing the vast body of the American Law of Real Property to 'portable size,' and we do not doubt that his labours will be duly appreciated by the profession."—*Law Reporter, Aug.*, 1846.

Judge Story says:—"I think the work a very valuable addition to our present stock of juridical literature. It embraces all that part of Mr. Cruise's Digest which is most useful to American lawyers. But its higher value is, that it presents in a concise, but clear and exact form, the substance of American Law on the same subject. *I know no work that we possess, whose practical utility is likely to be so extensively felt.*" "The wonder is, that the author has been able to bring so great a mass into so condensed a text, at once comprehensive and lucid."

Chancellor Kent says of the work (Commentaries, vol. ii., p. 635, note, 5th edition):—"It is a work of great labour and intrinsic value."

Hon. Rufus Choate says:—"Mr. Hilliard's work has been for three or four years in use, and I think that Mr. Justice Story and Chancellor Kent express the general opinion of the Massachusetts Bar."

Professor Greenleaf says:—"I had already found the first edition a very convenient book of reference, and do not doubt, from the appearance of the second, that it is greatly improved."

Professor J. H. Townsend, of Yale College, says:—

"I have been acquainted for several years with the first edition of Mr. Hilliard's Treatise, and have formed a very favourable opinion of it. I have no doubt the second edition will be found even more valuable than the first, and I shall be happy to recommend it as I may have opportunity. I know of no other work on the subject of Real Estate, so comprehensive and so well adapted to the state of the law in this country."

LAW BOOKS.

ADDISON ON CONTRACTS.

A TREATISE ON THE LAW OF CONTRACTS AND RIGHTS AND LIABILITIES EX CONTRACTU.

BY C. G. ADDISON, ESQ.,

Of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law.

In one volume, octavo, handsomely bound in law sheep.

In this treatise upon the most constantly and frequently administered branch of law, the author has collected, arranged and developed in an intelligible and popular form, the rules and principles of the Law of Contracts, and has supported, illustrated or exemplified them by references to nearly four thousand adjudged cases. It comprises the Rights and Liabilities of Seller and Purchaser; Landlord and Tenant; Letter and Hirer of Chattels; Borrower and Lender; Workman and Employer; Master, Servant and Apprentice; Principal, Agent and Surety; Husband and Wife; Partners; Joint Stock Companies; Corporations; Trustees; Provisional Committeemen; Shipowners; Shipmasters; Innkeepers; Carriers; Infants; Lunatics, &c.

WHEATON'S INTERNATIONAL LAW.

ELEMENTS OF INTERNATIONAL LAW.

BY HENRY WHEATON, LL.D.,

Minister of the United States at the Court of Russia, &c.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED.

In one large and beautiful octavo volume of 650 pages, extra cloth, or fine law sheep.

"Mr. Wheaton's work is indispensable to every diplomatist, statesman and lawyer, and necessary indeed to all public men. To every philosophic and liberal mind, the study must be an attractive, and in the hands of our author it is a delightful one."—*North American.*

HILL ON TRUSTEES.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE LAW RELATING TO TRUSTEES,

THEIR POWERS, DUTIES, PRIVILEGES AND LIABILITIES.

BY JAMES HILL, ESQ.,

Of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law.

EDITED BY FRANCIS J. TROUBAT,

Of the Philadelphia Bar.

In one large octavo volume, best law sheep, raised bands.

"The editor begs leave to iterate the observation made by the author that the work is intended principally for the instruction and guidance of trustees. That single feature very much enhances its practical value."

ON THE PRINCIPLES OF CRIMINAL LAW.

In one 18mo. volume, paper, price 25 cents.

BEING PART 10, OF "SMALL BOOKS ON GREAT SUBJECTS."

LAW BOOKS.

SPENCE'S EQUITY JURISDICTION.

THE EQUITABLE JURISDICTION OF THE COURT OF CHANCERY,

COMPRISING

ITS RISE, PROGRESS AND FINAL ESTABLISHMENT.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED, WITH A VIEW TO THE ELUCIDATION OF THE MAIN SUBJECT, A CONCISE ACCOUNT OF THE LEADING DOCTRINES OF THE COMMON LAW, AND OF THE COURSE OF PROCEDURE IN THE COURTS OF COMMON LAW, WITH REGARD TO CIVIL RIGHTS; WITH AN ATTEMPT TO TRACE THEM TO THEIR SOURCES; AND IN WHICH THE VARIOUS ALTERATIONS MADE BY THE LEGISLATURE DOWN TO THE PRESENT DAY ARE NOTICED.

BY GEORGE SPENCE, ESQ.,

One of her Majesty's Counsel.

IN TWO OCTAVO VOLUMES.

Volume I., embracing the Principles, is now ready. Volume II. is rapidly preparing and will appear early in 1848. It is based upon the work of Mr. Maddock, brought down to the present time, and embracing so much of the practice as counsel are called on to advise upon.

A NEW LAW DICTIONARY,

CONTAINING EXPLANATIONS OF SUCH TECHNICAL TERMS AND PHRASES AS OCCUR IN THE WORKS OF LEGAL AUTHORS, IN THE PRACTICE OF THE COURTS, AND IN THE PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND COMMONS, TO WHICH IS ADDED, AN OUTLINE OF AN ACTION AT LAW AND OF A SUIT IN EQUITY.

BY HENRY JAMES HOLTHOUSE, ESQ.,

Of the Inner Temple, Special Pleader.

EDITED FROM THE SECOND AND ENLARGED LONDON EDITION,

WITH NUMEROUS ADDITIONS,

BY HENRY PENINGTON,

Of the Philadelphia Bar.

In one large volume, royal 12mo., of about 500 pages, double columns, handsomely bound in law sheep.

"This is a considerable improvement upon the former editions, being bound with the usual law binding, and the general execution admirable—the paper excellent, and the printing clear and beautiful. Its peculiar usefulness, however, consists in the valuable additions above referred to, being intelligible and well devised definitions of such phrases and technicalities as are peculiar to the practice in the Courts of this country.—While, therefore, we recommend it especially to the students of law, as a safe guide through the intricacies of their study, it will nevertheless be found a valuable acquisition to the library of the practitioner himself."—*Alex. Gazette.*

"This work is intended rather for the general student, than as a substitute for many abridgments, digests, and dictionaries in use by the professional man. Its object principally is to impress accurately and distinctly upon the mind the meaning of the technical terms of the law, and as such can hardly fail to be generally useful. There is much curious information to be found in it in regard to the peculiarities of the ancient Saxon law. The additions of the American edition give increased value to the work, and evince much accuracy and care."—*Pennsylvania Law Journal.*

TAYLOR'S MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE.

A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE.

BY ALFRED S. TAYLOR,

Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence and Chemistry at Guy's Hospital, London.

With numerous Notes and Additions, and References to American Law,

BY R. E. GRIFFITH, M.D.

In one volume, octavo, neat law sheep.

TAYLOR'S MANUAL OF TOXICOLOGY.

IN ONE NEAT OCTAVO VOLUME.

A NEW WORK, NOW READY.

TRAILL'S

OUTLINES OF A COURSE OF LECTURES ON MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE.

IN ONE SMALL OCTAVO VOLUME.

LAW BOOKS.

EAST'S REPORTS.

REPORTS OF CASES
ADJUDGED AND DETERMINED IN THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

WITH TABLES OF THE NAMES OF THE CASES AND PRINCIPAL MATTERS.

BY EDWARD HYDE EAST, ESQ.,
Of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law.

EDITED, WITH NOTES AND REFERENCES,

BY G. M. WHARTON, ESQ.,
Of the Philadelphia Bar.

In eight large royal octavo volumes, bound in best law sheep, raised bands and double titles. Price, to subscribers, only twenty-five dollars.

In this edition of East, the sixteen volumes of the former edition have been compressed into eight—two volumes in one throughout—but nothing has been omitted; the entire work will be found, with the notes of Mr. Wharton added to those of Mr. Day. The great reduction of price, (from $72, the price of the last edition, to $25, the subscription price of this,) together with the improvement in appearance, will, it is trusted, procure for it a ready sale.

A NEW WORK ON COURTS-MARTIAL.

A TREATISE ON AMERICAN MILITARY LAW,
AND THE
PRACTICE OF COURTS-MARTIAL,
WITH SUGGESTIONS FOR THEIR IMPROVEMENT.

BY JOHN O'BRIEN,
LIEUTENANT UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.

In one octavo volume, extra cloth, or law sheep.

"This work stands relatively to American Military Law in the same position that Blackstone's Commentaries stand to Common Law."—*U. S. Gazette.*

CAMPBELL'S LORD CHANCELLORS.

LIVES OF THE LORD CHANCELLORS AND KEEPERS OF THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND,

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE IV.,

BY JOHN LORD CAMPBELL, A.M., F.R.S.E.

FIRST SERIES,

In three neat demy octavo volumes, extra cloth,

BRINGING THE WORK TO THE TIME OF JAMES II., JUST ISSUED.

PREPARING,

SECOND SERIES,

In four volumes, to match,

CONTAINING FROM JAMES II. TO GEORGE IV.

YOUATT AND SKINNER'S

STANDARD WORK ON THE HORSE.

THE HORSE.

BY WILLIAM YOUATT.

A NEW EDITION, WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

TOGETHER WITH A

GENERAL HISTORY OF THE HORSE;

A DISSERTATION ON

THE AMERICAN TROTTING HORSE;

HOW TRAINED AND JOCKEYED.

AN ACCOUNT OF HIS REMARKABLE PERFORMANCES;

AND

AN ESSAY ON THE ASS AND THE MULE,

BY J. S. SKINNER,

Assistant Post-Master-General, and Editor of the Turf Register.

This edition of Youatt's well-known and standard work on the Management, Diseases, and Treatment of the Horse, has already obtained such a wide circulation throughout the country, that the Publishers need say nothing to attract to it the attention and confidence of all who keep Horses or are interested in their improvement.

"In introducing this very neat edition of Youatt's well-known book, on 'The Horse,' to our readers, it is not necessary, even if we had time, to say anything to convince them of its worth; it has been highly spoken of, by those most capable of appreciating its merits, and its appearance under the patronage of the 'Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,' with Lord Brougham at its head, affords a full guaranty for its high character. The book is a very valuable one, and we endorse the recommendation of the editor, that every man who owns the 'hair of a horse,' should have it at his elbow, to be consulted like a family physician, 'for mitigating the disorders, and prolonging the life of the most interesting and useful of all domestic animals.'"—*Farmer's Cabinet.*

"This celebrated work has been completely revised, and much of it almost entirely re-written by its able author, who, from being a practical veterinary surgeon, and withal a great lover and excellent judge of the animal, is particularly well qualified to write the history of the noblest of quadrupeds. Messrs. Lea and Blanchard of Philadelphia have republished the above work, omitting a few of the first pages, and have supplied their place with matter quite as valuable, and perhaps more interesting to the reader in this country; it being nearly 100 pages of a general history of the horse, a dissertation on the American trotting horse, how trained and jockeyed, an account of his remarkable performances, and an essay on the Ass and Mule, by J. S. Skinner, Esq., Assistant Post-master-General, and late editor of the Turf Register and American Farmer. Mr. Skinner is one of our most pleasing writers, and has been familiar with the subject of this horse from childhood, and we need not add that he has acquitted himself well of the task. He also takes up the important subject, to the American breeder, of the Ass, and the Mule. This he treats at length and con *amore*. The Philadelphia edition of the Horse is a handsome octavo, with numerous wood-cuts."—*American Agriculturist.*

YOUATT ON THE PIG.

THE PIG;

A TREATISE ON THE BREEDS, MANAGEMENT, FEEDING, AND MEDICAL TREATMENT OF SWINE,

WITH DIRECTIONS FOR SALTING PORK, AND CURING BACON AND HAMS.

BY WILLIAM YOUATT, V.S.

Author of "The Horse," "The Dog," "Cattle," "Sheep," &c., &c.

ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS DRAWN FROM LIFE BY WILLIAM HARVEY.

In one handsome duodecimo volume, extra cloth, or in neat paper cover, price 50 cents.

This work, on a subject comparatively neglected, must prove of much use to farmers, especially in this country, where the Pig is an animal of more importance than elsewhere. No work has hitherto appeared treating fully of the various breeds of swine, their diseases and cure, breeding, fattening, &c., and the preparation of bacon, salt pork, hams, &c., while the name of the author of "The Horse," "The Cattle Doctor," &c., is sufficient authority for all he may state. To render it more accessible to those whom it particularly interests, the publishers have prepared copies in neat illustrated paper covers, suitable for transmission by mail; and which will be sent through the post-office on the receipt of fifty cents, free of postage.

CLATER AND YOUATT'S CATTLE DOCTOR.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN CATTLE DOCTOR:

CONTAINING THE CAUSES, SYMPTOMS AND TREATMENT OF ALL DISEASES INCIDENT TO OXEN, SHEEP AND SWINE;

AND A SKETCH OF THE

ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY OF NEAT CATTLE.

BY FRANCIS CLATER.

EDITED, REVISED AND ALMOST RE-WRITTEN, BY

WILLIAM YOUATT, AUTHOR OF "THE HORSE."

WITH NUMEROUS ADDITIONS,

EMBRACING AN ESSAY ON THE USE OF OXEN AND THE IMPROVEMENT IN THE BREED OF SHEEP,

BY J. S. SKINNER.

WITH NUMEROUS CUTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

In one 12mo. volume, cloth.

"As its title would import, it is a most valuable work, and should be in the hands of every American farmer; and we feel proud in saying, that the value of the work has been greatly enhanced *by* the contributions of Mr. Skinner. Clater and Youatt are names treasured by the farming communities of Europe as household-gods; nor does that of Skinner deserve to be less esteemed in America."—*American Farmer.*

CLATER'S FARRIER.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN FARRIER:

CONTAINING THE CAUSES, SYMPTOMS, AND MOST APPROVED METHODS OF CURE OF THE DISEASES OF HORSES.

BY FRANCIS CLATER,

Author of "Every Man his own Cattle Doctor,"

AND HIS SON, JOHN CLATER.

FIRST AMERICAN FROM THE TWENTY-EIGHTH LONDON EDITION.

WITH NOTES AND ADDITIONS,

BY J. S. SKINNER.

In one 12mo. volume, cloth.

HAWKER AND PORTER ON SHOOTING.

INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN IN ALL THAT RELATES TO GUNS AND SHOOTING.

BY LIEUT. COL. P. HAWKER.

FROM THE ENLARGED AND IMPROVED NINTH LONDON EDITION,

TO WHICH IS ADDED THE HUNTING AND SHOOTING OF NORTH AMERICA, WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF ANIMALS AND BIRDS, CAREFULLY COLLATED FROM AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

BY W. T. PORTER, ESQ.

EDITOR OF THE N. Y. SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

In one large octavo volume, rich extra cloth, with numerous Illustrations.

"Here is a book, a hand-book, or rather a text-book—one that contains the whole routine of the science. It is the Primer, the Lexicon, and the Homer. Everything is here, from the minutest portion of a gun-lock, to a dead Buffalo. The sportsman who reads this book understandingly, may pass an examination. He will know the science, and may give advice to others. Every sportsman, and sportsmen are plentiful, should own this work. It should be a "vade mecum." He should be examined on its contents, and estimated by his abilities to answer. We have not been without treatises on the art, but hitherto they have not descended into all the minutiæ of equipments and qualifications to proceed to the completion. This work supplies deficiencies, and completes the sportsman's library."—*U. S. Gazette.*

"No man in the country that we wot of is so well calculated as our friend of the 'Spirit' for the task he has undertaken, and the result of his labours has been that he has turned out a work which should be in the hands of every man in the land who owns a double-barrelled gun."—*N. O. Picayune.*

"A volume splendidly printed and bound, and embellished with numerous beautiful engravings, which will doubtless be in great demand. No sportsman, indeed, ought to be without it, while the general reader will find in its pages a fund of curious and useful information."—*Richmond Whig.*

YOUATT ON THE DOG.

THE DOG,

BY WILLIAM YOUATT,

Author of "The Horse," &c.

WITH NUMEROUS AND BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS.

EDITED BY E. J. LEWIS, M.D. &c. &c.

In one beautifully printed volume, crown octavo.

LIST OF PLATES.

Head of Bloodhound—Ancient Greyhounds—The Thibet Dog—The Dingo, or New Holland Dog—The Danish or Dalmatian Dog—The Hare Indian Dog—The Greyhound—The Grecian Greyhound—Blenheims and Cockers—The Water Spaniel—The Poodle—The Alpine Spaniel or Bernardine Dog—The Newfoundland Dog—The Esquimaux Dog—The English Sheep Dog—The Scotch Sheep Dog—The Beagle—The Harrier—The Foxhound—Plan of Goodwood Kennel—The Southern Hound—The Setter—The Pointer—The Bull Dog—The Mastiff—The Terrier—Skeleton of the Dog—Teeth of the Dog at seven different ages.

"Mr. Youatt's work is invaluable to the student of canine history; it is full of entertaining and instructive matter for the general reader. To the sportsman it commends itself by the large amount of useful information in reference to his peculiar pursuits which it embodies—information which he cannot find elsewhere in so convenient and accessible a form, and with so reliable an authority to entitle it to his consideration. The modest preface which Dr. Lewis has made to the American edition of this work scarcely does justice to the additional value he has imparted to it; and the publishers are entitled to great credit for the handsome manner in which they have got it up."—*North American.*

THE SPORTSMAN'S LIBRARY,

OR HINTS ON HUNTERS, HUNTING, HOUNDS, SHOOTING, GAME, DOGS, GUNS, FISHING, COURSING, &c., &c.

BY JOHN MILLS, ESQ.,

Author of "The Old English Gentleman," &c.

In one well printed royal duodecimo volume, extra cloth.

STABLE TALK AND TABLE TALK,

OR SPECTACLES FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

In one very neat duodecimo volume, extra cloth.

"These lively sketches answer to their title very well. Wherever Nimrod is welcome, there should be cordial greeting for Harry Hieover. His book is a very clever one, and contains many instructive hints, as well as much light-hearted reading."—*Examiner.*

THE DOG AND THE SPORTSMAN,

EMBRACING THE USES, BREEDING, TRAINING, DISEASES, ETC., OF DOGS, AND AN ACCOUNT OF THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF GAME, WITH THEIR HABITS.

Also, Hints to Shooters, with various useful Recipes, &c., &c.

BY J. S. SKINNER.

With Plates. In one very neat 12mo. volume, extra cloth.

FRANCATELLI'S MODERN FRENCH COOKERY.

THE MODERN COOK,

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO THE CULINARY ART, IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, ADAPTED AS WELL FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENTS AS FOR THE USE OF PRIVATE FAMILIES.

BY CHARLES ELMÈ FRANCATELLI,

Pupil of the celebrated Careme, and late Maitre D'Hotel and Chief Cook to her Majesty the Queen.

In one large octavo volume, extra cloth, with numerous illustrations.

"It appears to be the book of books on cookery, being a most comprehensive treatise on that art preservative and conservative. The work comprises, in one large and elegant octavo volume, 1447 recipes for cooking dishes and desserts, with numerous illustrations; also bills of fare and directions for dinners for every month in the year, for companies of six persons to twenty-eight.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

"The ladies who read our Magazine, will thank us for calling attention to this great work on the noble science of cooking, in which everybody, who has any taste, feels a deep and abiding interest. Francatelli is the Plato, the Shakspeare, or the Napoleon of his department; or perhaps the La Place, for his performance bears the same relation to ordinary cook books that the Mecanique Celeste does to Daboll's Arithmetic. It is a large octavo, profusely illustrated, and contains everything on the philosophy of making dinners, suppers, etc., that is worth knowing.—*Graham's Magazine.*

MISS ACTON'S COOKERY.

MODERN COOKERY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES,

REDUCED TO A SYSTEM OF EASY PRACTICE, FOR THE USE OF PRIVATE FAMILIES. IN A SERIES OF PRACTICAL RECEIPTS, ALL OF WHICH ARE GIVEN WITH THE MOST MINUTE EXACTNESS.

BY ELIZA ACTON.

WITH NUMEROUS WOOD-CUT ILLUSTRATIONS.

TO WHICH IS ADDED, A TABLE OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

THE WHOLE REVISED AND PREPARED FOR AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

From the Second London Edition. In one large 12mo. volume.

"Miss Eliza Acton may congratulate herself on having composed a work of great utility, and one that is speedily finding its way to every 'dresser' in the kingdom. Her Cookery-book is unquestionably the most valuable compendium of the art that has yet been published. It strongly inculcates economical principles, and points out how good things may be concocted without that reckless extravagance which good cooks have been wont to imagine the best evidence they can give of skill in their profession."—*London Morning Post.*

THE COMPLETE COOK.

PLAIN AND PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS FOR COOKING AND HOUSEKEEPING,

WITH UPWARDS OF SEVEN HUNDRED RECEIPTS,

Consisting of Directions for the Choice of Meat and Poultry, Preparations for Cooking; Making of Broths and Soups; Boiling, Roasting, Baking and Frying of Meats, Fish, &c.; Seasonings, Colorings, Cooking Vegetables; Preparing Salads; Clarifying; Making of Pastry, Puddings, Gruels, Gravies, Garnishes, &c., &c., and with general Directions for making Wines.

WITH ADDITIONS AND ALTERATIONS.

BY J. M. SANDERSON,

OF THE FRANKLIN HOUSE.

In one small volume, paper. Price only Twenty-five Cents.

THE COMPLETE CONFECTIONER, PASTRY COOK AND BAKER.

PLAIN AND PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS

FOR MAKING CONFECTIONARY AND PASTRY, AND FOR BAKING.

WITH UPWARDS OF FIVE HUNDRED RECEIPTS,

Consisting of Directions for making all sorts of Preserves, Sugar Boiling, Comfits, Lozenges, Ornamental Cakes, Ices, Liqueurs, Waters, Gum Paste Ornaments, Syrups, Jellies, Marmalades, Compotes, Bread Baking, Artificial Yeasts, Fancy Biscuits, Cakes, Rolls, Muffins, Tarts, Pies, &c., &c.

WITH ADDITIONS AND ALTERATIONS.

BY PARKINSON,

PRACTICAL CONFECTIONER, CHESTNUT STREET.

In one small volume, paper. Price only Twenty-five Cents.

SMALL BOOKS ON GREAT SUBJECTS.

A SERIES OF WORKS

WHICH DESERVE THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC, FROM THE VARIETY AND IMPORTANCE OF THEIR SUBJECTS, AND THE CONCISENESS AND STRENGTH WITH WHICH THEY ARE WRITTEN.

They form a neat 18mo. series, in paper, or strongly done up in three neat volumes, extra cloth.

THERE ARE ALREADY PUBLISHED,

No. 1.—PHILOSOPHICAL THEORIES AND PHILOSOPHICAL EXPERIENCE.
2.—ON THE CONNEXION BETWEEN PHYSIOLOGY AND INTELLECTUAL SCIENCE.
3.—ON MAN'S POWER OVER HIMSELF, TO PREVENT OR CONTROL INSANITY.
4.—AN INTRODUCTION TO PRACTICAL ORGANIC CHEMISTRY, WITH REFERENCES TO THE WORKS OF DAVY, BRANDE, LIEBIG, &c.
5.—A BRIEF VIEW OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY UP TO THE AGE OF PERICLES.
6.—GREEK PHILOSOPHY FROM THE AGE OF SOCRATES TO THE COMING OF CHRIST.
7.—CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE IN THE SECOND CENTURY.
8.—AN EXPOSITION OF VULGAR AND COMMON ERRORS, ADAPTED TO THE YEAR OF GRACE MDCCCXLV.
9.—AN INTRODUCTION TO VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY, WITH REFERENCES TO THE WORKS OF DE CANDOLLE, LINDLEY, &c.
10.—ON THE PRINCIPLES OF CRIMINAL LAW.
11.—CHRISTIAN SECTS IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.
12.—THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF GRAMMAR.

"We are glad to find that Messrs. Lea & Blanchard are reprinting, for a quarter of their original price, this admirable series of little books, which have justly attracted so much attention in Great Britain."—*Graham's Magazine.*

"The writers of these thoughtful treatises are not labourers for hire; they are men who have stood apart from the throng, and marked the movements of the crowd, the tendencies of society, its evils and its errors, and, meditating upon them, have given their thoughts to the thoughtful."—*London Critic.*

"A series of little volumes, whose worth is not at all to be estimated by their size or price. They are written in England by scholars of eminent ability, whose design is to call the attention of the public to various important topics, in a novel and accessible mode of publication."—*N. Y. Morning News.*

MACKINTOSH'S DISSERTATION ON THE PROGRESS OF ETHICAL PHILOSOPHY,

WITH A PREFACE BY

THE REV. WILLIAM WHEWELL, M.A.

In one neat 8vo. vol., extra cloth.

OVERLAND JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD,

DURING THE YEARS 1841 AND 1842,

BY SIR GEORGE SIMPSON,

GOVERNOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S TERRITORIES.

In one very neat crown octavo volume, rich extra crimson cloth, or in two parts, paper, price 75 cents each.

"A more valuable or instructive work, or one more full of perilous adventure and heroic enterprise, we have never met with."—*John Bull.*

"It abounds with details of the deepest interest, possesses all the charms of an exciting romance and furnishes an immense mass of valuable information."—*Inquirer.*

UNITED STATES EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

THE NARRATIVE OF THE

UNITED STATES EXPLORING EXPEDITION,

DURING THE YEARS 1838, '39, '40, 41, AND '42.

BY CHARLES WILKES, ESQ., U. S. N.

COMMANDER OF THE EXPEDITION, ETC.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

A New Edition, in Five Medium Octavo Volumes, neat Extra Cloth, particularly done up with reference to strength and continued use: containing TWENTY-SIX HUNDRED PAGES of Letter-press. Illustrated with Maps, and about THREE HUNDRED SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

PRICE ONLY TWO DOLLARS A VOLUME.

Though offered at a price so low, this is the complete work, containing all the letter-press of the edition printed for Congress, with some improvements suggested in the course of passing the work again through the press. All of the wood-cut illustrations are retained, and nearly all the maps; the large steel plates of the quarto edition being omitted, and neat wood-cuts substituted for forty-seven steel vignettes. It is printed on fine paper, with large type, bound in very neat extra cloth, and forms a beautiful work, with its very numerous and appropriate embellishments.

The attention of persons forming libraries is especially directed to this work, as presenting the novel and valuable matter accumulated by the Expedition in a cheap, convenient, and readable form.

SCHOOL and other PUBLIC LIBRARIES should not be without it, as embodying the results of the First Scientific Expedition commissioned by our government to explore foreign regions.

"We have no hesitation in saying that it is destined to stand among the most enduring monuments of our national literature. Its contributions not only to every department of science, but every department of history, are immense; and there is not an intelligent man in the community—no matter what may be his taste, or his occupation, but will find something here to enlighten, to gratify, and to profit him."—*Albany Religious Spectator.*

ANOTHER EDITION.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

IN FIVE MAGNIFICENT IMPERIAL OCTAVO VOLUMES;

WITH AN ATLAS OF LARGE AND EXTENDED MAPS.

BEAUTIFULLY DONE UP IN EXTRA CLOTH.

This truly great and National Work is issued in a style of superior magnificence and beauty, containing Sixty-four large and finished Line Engravings, embracing Scenery, Portraits, Manners, Customs, &c., &c. Forty-seven exquisite Steel Vignettes, worked among the letter-press; about Two Hundred and Fifty finely-executed Wood-cut Illustrations, Fourteen large and small Maps and Charts, and nearly Twenty-six Hundred pages of Letter-press.

ALSO, A FEW COPIES STILL ON HAND.

THE EDITION PRINTED FOR CONGRESS,

IN FIVE VOLUMES, AND AN ATLAS.

LARGE IMPERIAL QUARTO, STRONG EXTRA CLOTH.

PRICE SIXTY DOLLARS.

JUST ISSUED,

THE ETHNOGRAPHY AND PHILOLOGY OF THE UNITED STATES EXPLORING EXPEDITION,

UNDER THE COMMAND OF CHARLES WILKES, ESQ., U. S. NAVY.

BY HORATIO HALE,

PHILOLOGIST TO THE EXPEDITION.

In one large imperial octavo volume of nearly seven hundred pages. With two Maps, printed to match the Congress copies of the "Narrative."

Price TEN DOLLARS, in beautiful extra cloth, done up with great strength.

*** This is the only edition printed, and but few are offered for sale.

The remainder of the scientific works of the Expedition are in a state of rapid progress. The volume on Corals, by J. D. Dana, Esq., with an Atlas of Plates, will be shortly ready, to be followed by the others.

DON QUIXOTE—ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

NEARLY READY.

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA,

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

BY CHARLES JARVIS, ESQ.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED, WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR AND NOTICE OF HIS WORKS.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY TONY JOHANNOT.

In two beautifully printed volumes, crown octavo, rich extra crimson cloth.

The publishers are happy in presenting to the admirers of Don Quixote an edition of that work in some degree worthy of its reputation and popularity. The want of such a one has long been felt in this country, and in presenting this, they have only to express their hope that it may meet the numerous demands and inquiries. The translation is that by Jarvis, which is acknowledged superior in both force and fidelity to all others. It has in some few instances been slightly altered to adapt it better to modern readers, or occasionally to suit it to the inimitable designs of Tony Johannot. These latter are admitted to be the only successful pictorial exponents of the wit and humor of Cervantes, and a choice selection of them have been engraved in the best manner. A copious memoir of the author and his works has been added by the editor. The volumes are printed in large clear type, on fine paper, and handsomely bound, and the whole is confidently offered as worthy the approbation of all readers of this imperishable romance.

PICCIOLA.

ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

PICCIOLA, THE PRISONER OF FENESTRELLA;

OR, CAPTIVITY CAPTIVE.

BY X. B. SAINTINE.

A NEW EDITION, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

In one elegant duodecimo volume, large type, and fine paper; price in fancy covers 50 cents, or in beautiful extra crimson cloth.

"Perhaps the most beautiful and touching work of fiction ever written, with the exception of Undine."—*Atlas.*

"The same publishers have shown their patriotism, common sense, and good taste by putting forth their fourth edition of this work, with a set of very beautiful engraved embellishments. There never was a book which better deserved the compliment. It is one of greatly superior merit to Paul and Virginia, and we believe it is destined to surpass that popular work of St. Pierre in popularity. It is better suited to the advanced ideas of the present age, and possesses peculiar moral charms in which Paul and Virginia is deficient. St. Pierre's work derived its popularity from its bold attack on feudal prejudices; Saintine's strikes deeper, and assails the secret infidelity which is the bane of modern society, in its stronghold. A thousand editions of *Picciola* will not be too many for its merit."—*Lady's Book.*

"This is a little gem of its kind—a beautiful conceit, beautifully unfolded and applied. The style and plot of this truly charming story require no criticism; we will only express the wish that those who rely on works of fiction for their intellectual food, may always find those as pure in language and beautiful in moral as Picciola."—*New York Review.*

"The present edition is got up in beautiful style, with illustrations, and reflects credit upon the publishers. We recommend to those of our readers who were not fortunate enough to meet with Picciola some years ago, when it was first translated, and for a season all the rage, to lose no time in procuring it now—and to those who read it then, but do not possess a copy, to embrace the opportunity of supplying themselves from the present very excellent edition."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

"A new edition of this exquisite story has recently been issued by Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, embellished and illustrated in the most elegant manner. We understand that the work was completely out of print, and a new edition will then be welcomed. It contains a delightful letter from the author, giving a painful insight into the personal history of the characters who figure in the story."—*Evening Bulletin.*

"The most charming work we have read for many a day."—*Richmond Enquirer.*

LOVER'S RORY O'MORE.

RORY O'MORE—A NATIONAL ROMANCE,

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

A new and cheap edition, with Illustrations by the Author. Price only 25 cents.

Also, a beautiful edition in royal 12mo., price 50 cents, to match the following.

"A truly Irish, national, and characteristic story."—*London Literary Gazette.*

"Mr. Lover has here produced his best work of fiction, which will survive when half the Irish sketches with which the literary world teems are forgotten. The interest we take in the varied adventures of Rory is never once suffered to abate. We welcome him with high delight, and part from him with regret."—*London Sun.*

LOVER'S IRISH STORIES.

LEGENDS AND STORIES OF IRELAND,

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

In one very neat 12mo. volume, fine paper, extra cloth or fancy paper, With Illustrations by the Author.

LOVER'S SONGS AND BALLADS,

INCLUDING THOSE OF THE "IRISH EVENINGS."

In one neat 12mo. volume, price 25 cents.

MARSTON,

OR THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN AND SOLDIER.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY,

Author of "Salathiel," "Angel of the World," &c.

In one octavo volume, paper, price fifty cents.

"A work of high character and absorbing interest."—*New Orleans Bee.*

BIOGRAPHY AND POETICAL REMAINS

OF THE LATE

MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

A NEW EDITION, REVISED.

POETICAL REMAINS

OF THE LATE

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY HER MOTHER, WITH A BIOGRAPHY BY MISS SEDGWICK.

A NEW EDITION, REVISED.

SELECTIONS FROM THE

WRITINGS OF MRS. MARGARET M. DAVIDSON,

THE MOTHER OF LUCRETIA AND MARGARET.

WITH A PREFACE BY MISS SEDGWICK.

The above three works are done up to match in a neat duodecimo form, fancy paper, price fifty cents each; or in extra cloth.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS,

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE POETRY; TO WHICH ARE NOW ADDED THE CALENDAR OF FLOWERS, AND THE DIAL OF FLOWERS.

SEVENTH AMERICAN, FROM THE NINTH LONDON EDITION.

Revised by the Editor of the "Forget-Me-Not."

In one very neat 18mo. volume, extra crimson cloth, gilt. With six colored Plates.

CAMPBELL'S POETICAL WORKS,

THE ONLY COMPLETE AMERICAN EDITION,

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR BY IRVING, AND AN ESSAY ON HIS GENIUS BY JEFFREY.

In one beautiful crown octavo volume, extra cloth, or calf gilt: with a Portrait and 12 Plates.

KEBLE'S CHRISTIAN YEAR,

EDITED BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP DOANE.

Miniature Edition, in 32mo., extra cloth, with Illuminated Title.

RELIGIO MEDICI, AND ITS SEQUEL, CHRISTIAN MORALS,

BY SIR THOMAS BROWNE, KT.,

WITH RESEMBLANT PASSAGES FROM COWPER'S TASK.

In one neat 12mo. volume.

HEMANS'S COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS,

IN SEVEN VOLUMES, ROYAL 12MO., PAPER OR CLOTH.

ROGERS'S POEMS,

ILLUSTRATED,

IN ONE IMPERIAL OCTAVO VOLUME, EXTRA CLOTH OR WHITE CALF.

DICKENS'S WORKS.

VARIOUS EDITIONS AND PRICES.

CHEAPEST EDITION IN NINE PARTS PAPER,

AS FOLLOWS:

THE PICKWICK PAPERS, 1 large vol. 8vo., paper, price 50 cents.

OLIVER TWIST, 1 vol. 8vo., paper, price 25 cents.

SKETCHES OF EVERY-DAY-LIFE, 1 vol. 8vo., paper, price 37½ cents.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY, 1 large vol. 8vo., paper, price 50 cents.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP, 1 vol. 8vo., paper, with many Cuts, price 50 cents.

BARNABY RUDGE, 1 vol. 8vo., with many Cuts, price 50 cents.

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT, 1 vol. 8vo., with plates, price 50 cents.

CHRISTMAS STORIES.—THE CAROL, THE CHIMES, THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH, and THE BATTLE OF LIFE—together with PICTURES FROM ITALY, 1 vol. 8vo., price 37½ cents.

DOMBEY AND SON, Part I., to be completed in Two Parts, price 25 cents each.

Forming a neat and uniform Edition of these popular works. Any work sold separately.

ALSO,

A UNIFORM AND CHEAP EDITION OF

DICKENS'S NOVELS AND TALES,

IN THREE LARGE VOLUMES.

THE NOVELS AND TALES OF CHARLES DICKENS,

(BOZ,)

In Three large and beautiful Octavo Volumes, done up in Extra Cloth,

CONTAINING ABOUT TWENTY-TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY LARGE DOUBLE COLUMNED PAGES.

PRICE FOR THE WHOLE, ONLY THREE DOLLARS AND SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS.

The frequent inquiries for a uniform, compact and good edition of Boz's works, have induced the publishers to prepare one, which they now offer at a price so low that it should command a very extended sale. It is printed on fine white paper, with good type, and forms three large volumes, averaging about seven hundred and fifty pages each, done up in various styles of extra cloth, making a beautiful and portable edition.—Some of the works are illustrated with Wood Engravings.

This Edition comprehends the first seven parts, and will be completed with the issue of the Fourth Volume, on the completion of "Dombey and Son," now in progress of publication, containing that work, the "Christmas Stories," and "Pictures from Italy." Purchasers may thus rely on being able to perfect their sets.

ALSO, AN EDITION PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED WITH

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FOUR PLATES, AND ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY WOOD-CUTS.

In Imperial octavo, extra cloth, on fine white paper.

☞ The above are the only Complete and Uniform Editions of Dickens's Works now before the public.

NOW PUBLISHING,

DOMBEY AND SON.

FINE EDITION.

In twenty numbers, price 8 cents each, with two illustrations by Hablot K. Browne in each number.

This is the only edition which presents the plates accompanying the text to which they refer.

SELECT WORKS OF FIELDING AND SMOLLETT,

Printed in a neat and uniform style, to match the cheap edition of Dickens's Works.

SELECT WORKS OF TOBIAS SMOLLETT,

WITH A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THIS EDITION CONTAINS:

THE ADVENTURES OF RODERICK RANDOM. Price twenty-five cents.
THE ADVENTURES OF PEREGRINE PICKLE. Price fifty cents.
THE EXPEDITION OF HUMPHREY CLINKER. Price twenty-five cents.
THE ADVENTURES OF FERDINAND COUNT FATHOM. Price twenty-five cents.
THE ADVENTURES OF SIR LAUNCELOT GREAVES, THE HISTORY AND ADVENTURES OF AN ATOM, AND SELECT POEMS. Price twenty-five cents.

Or, the whole done up in one very large octavo volume, extra cloth.

SELECT WORKS OF HENRY FIELDING,

WITH A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT,

AND AN ESSAY ON HIS LIFE AND GENIUS, BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

THIS EDITION CONTAINS:

TOM JONES, OR THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING. Price fifty cents.
THE ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH ANDREWS, AND HIS FRIEND MR. ABRAHAM ADAMS. Price fifty cents.
AMELIA. Price twenty-five cents.
THE LIFE OF JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT. Price twenty-five cents.

Or, the whole in one large octavo volume, extra cloth.

COOPER'S NOVELS AND TALES.

A UNIFORM EDITION,

IN TWENTY-THREE LARGE DUODECIMO VOLUMES,
WELL BOUND IN SHEEP GILT,
Forming a beautiful series, each volume comprehending a novel.

ALSO, A CHEAP EDITION,

IN FORTY-SIX VOLUMES, DUODECIMO,

DONE UP IN NEAT PAPER COVERS.

Price only twenty-five cents a volume, each work in two volumes. Any novel sold separate.

COMPRISING:

THE SPY—THE WATERWITCH—HEIDENMAUER—PRECAUTION—HOMEWARD BOUND—HOME AS FOUND—THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS—THE HEADSMAN—THE TWO ADMIRALS—THE PIONEERS—THE PILOT—LIONEL LINCOLN—THE PATHFINDER—THE WISH-TON-WISH—MERCEDES OF CASTILE—THE MONIKINS—THE BRAVO—THE DEERSLAYER—THE PRAIRIE—THE RED ROVER—WING AND WING—WYANDOTTE, OR THE HUTTED KNOLL; AND THE TRAVELING BACHELOR.

ALSO, NED MYERS; OR, A LIFE BEFORE THE MAST,

In one 12mo. volume. Price twenty-five cents.

ALSO, COOPER'S SEA TALES,

In six neat volumes, royal 12mo., extra cloth.

COOPER'S LEATHER STOCKING TALES,

In five neat volumes, royal 12mo., extra cloth.

BOY'S TREASURY OF SPORTS.

THE BOY'S TREASURY OF SPORTS, PASTIMES AND RECREATIONS.

WITH FOUR HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY SAMUEL WILLIAMS.

IS NOW READY.

In one very neat volume, bound in extra crimson cloth; handsomely printed and illustrated with engravings in the first style of art, and containing about six hundred and fifty articles. A present for all seasons.

PREFACE.

This illustrated Manual of "Sports, Pastimes, and Recreations," has been prepared with especial regard to the Health, Exercise, and Rational Enjoyment of the young readers to whom it is addressed.

Every variety of commendable Recreation will be found in the following pages. First, you have the little Toys of the Nursery; the Tops and Marbles of the Play-ground; and the Balls of the Play-room, or the smooth Lawn.

Then, you have a number of Pastimes that serve to gladden the fireside; to light up many faces right joyfully, and make the parlour re-echo with mirth.

Next, come the Exercising Sports of the Field, the Green, and the Play-ground; followed by the noble and truly English game of Cricket.

Gymnastics are next admitted; then, the delightful recreation of Swimming; and the healthful sport of Skating.

Archery, once the pride of England, is then detailed; and very properly followed by Instructions in the graceful accomplishment of Fencing, and the manly and enlivening exercise of Riding.

Angling, the pastime of childhood, boyhood, manhood, and old age, is next described; and by attention to the instructions here laid down, the lad with a stick and a string may soon become an expert Angler.

Keeping Animals is a favourite pursuit of boyhood. Accordingly, we have described how to rear the Rabbit, the Squirrel, the Dormouse, the Guinea Pig, the Pigeon, and the Silkworm. A long chapter is adapted to the rearing of Song Birds; the several varieties of which, and their respective cages, are next described. And here we may hint, that kindness to Animals invariably denotes an excellent disposition; for, to *pet* a little creature one hour, and to treat it harshly the next, marks a capricious if not a cruel temper. Humanity is a jewel, which every boy should be proud to wear in his breast.

We now approach the more sedate amusements—as Draughts and Chess; two of the noblest exercises of the ingenuity of the human mind. Dominoes and Bagatelle follow. With a knowledge of these four games, who would pass a dull hour in the dreariest day of winter; or who would sit idly by the fire?

Amusements in Arithmetic, harmless Legerdemain, or sleight-of-hand, and Tricks with Cards, will delight many a family circle, when the business of the day is over, and the book is laid aside.

Although the present volume is a book of amusements, Science has not been excluded from its pages. And why should it be? when Science is as entertaining as a fairy tale. The changes we read of in little nursery-books are not more amusing than the changes in Chemistry, Optics, Electricity, Magnetism, &c. By understanding these, you may almost become a little Magician.

Toy Balloons and Paper Fireworks, (or Fireworks *without* Fire,) come next. Then follow Instructions for Modelling in Card-Board; so that you may build for yourself a palace or a carriage, and, in short, make for yourself a little paper world.

Puzzles and Paradoxes, Enigmas and Riddles, and Talking with the Fingers, next make up plenty of exercise for "Guess," and "Guess again." And as you have the "Keys" in your own hand, you may keep your friends in suspense, and make yourself as mysterious as the Sphynx.

A chapter of Miscellanies—useful and amusing secrets—winds up the volume.

The "Treasury" contains upwards of four hundred Engravings; so that it is not only a collection of "secrets worth knowing," but it is a book of pictures, as full of prints as a Christmas pudding is of plums.

It may be as well to mention that the "Treasury" holds many new games that have never before been printed in a book of this kind. The old games have been described afresh. Thus it is, altogether, a new book.

And now we take leave, wishing you many hours, and days, and weeks of enjoyment *over* these pages; and we hope that you may be as happy as this book is brimful of amusement.

JAN 4 - 1954